

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER

Book News.....	iv	Through a Fiery Hell with the Red Cross..	ix
Off Duty—A Picture of War.....	viii	The Little Town of Montignies St. Christophe	xii
Shear Nonsense.....	xvi		

A Review of the World

America's Part in the World's Great Drama of War.....	377-381	How Germany Stands the Strain of Her Great War.....	386-389
Reversing the Lever in Our National Politics..	381-384	Latest Aspect of the British Peril in India....	389-390
Benedict XV. Between the Entente and the Alliance.....	384-385	Turkey's Mystifying Adventure as a Belligerent..	391-392
Development of the Plan for the Invasion of England.....	385-386	Effects of the Japanese Triumph in the East..	393-394

Persons in the Foreground

Sir John Jellicoe: The Sea King of Great Britain	395	"Young Jim" Wadsworth, the Successor of Senator Root.....	396
Bethmann-Hollweg: The Simple Chancellor of a Complex Germany	398		

Music and Drama

David Belasco Thrills New York with a Dream Play—"The Phantom Rival".....	400	A Great Actor's Explanation of the Decay of Acting.....	406
How the American Stage Reflects the False Note in American Life.....	404	Effects of the World's Present Emotional Strain on Musical Expression.....	407

Science and Discovery

A Vivisector of Plants whose Discoveries may Open a New Period in Anatomy.....	408	Triumph of the Chemical Engineer in the Belgian Campaign.....	412
A Physicist's Review of the War between Atomics and Energetics.....	409	Why the Napoleonic Idea may Render the Great War a Deadlock.....	413
Practicability of the Contemplated Raid of Zeppelin Airships.....	410	Critical Factors in the Shackleton Antarctic Expedition.....	414

Religion and Social Ethics

An English Revelation of Germany's Imperial Religion of Valor.....	415	Uncomfortable Liberty from the Woman's Movement.....	420
The American Spirit that Overcomes Race Prejudices.....	417	Effecting a Reformation in the Country Church	421
A Mohammedan Indictment of the Christian Civilization of White Races.....	418	The Death of Mystic Christianity as a Result of the Present War.....	422

Literature and Art

The Literary World.....	423	The Mystery of John Trevena's Puzzling Genius	429
The Introduction of Russia's Most Sinister Novelist to American Readers.....	426	A Duel in the Sky—An Incident of the Raid upon Paris.....	430
Robert Chanler—America's Most Imaginative Decorator	428	Voices of the Living Poets.....	431

The Business World

Developing the Fighting Edge in Business...	433	Christmas Shopping a National Pastime.....	439
Dust and Noise—Th Little Holes where Profits Leak Through.....	434	Pulling a Business out of the Ruts.....	440
The Efficiency Expert in Verse.....	436	An Endless Chain of Investments.....	441
The Rapid Increase of Chain Stores.....	436	Signs of an Upward Turn in Business.....	443
		Judge Gary on Business Wars and National Wars	445

CURRENT OPINION should be on the news-stands and in the hands of the subscriber on or about the first of the month. Patrons unable to get the magazine will confer a favor by notifying the Circulation Manager. News-stand patrons should instruct News-dealers to reserve their copy of CURRENT OPINION, otherwise they are likely to find the magazine "sold out."

TERMS: \$3.00 a year, \$1.50 for Six months; 25 cents a copy. Foreign postage 84 cents per year additional; Canadian postage 50 cents per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: To avoid missing a number notice of change of address must reach us by the 15th of the month preceding issue you wish change to start with. Thus, if you want the January issue to reach you at the new address, notice must be in our hands by December 15th.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO.

EDWARD J. WHEELER
President
134-140 West 29th St., N. Y. City

134-140 WEST 29th ST.
NEW YORK CITY

ADAM DINGWALL
Secretary and Treasurer
134-140 West 29th St., N. Y. City

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York.

Copyright, 1914, by Current Literature Publishing Company.

PRINTED BY ISAAC GOLDMANN CO., N. Y.



Science can pay no higher tribute

FOR this Gold Medal represents the Grand Prix of the jury of the International Congress of Medicine—the world's greatest medical gathering. Convening once in four years, the Congress assembles the foremost physicians of every country of the globe, and its deliberations bear the stamp of final authority. So when under the auspices of such a tribunal to Sanatogen alone among the many foods and tonics exhibited, is awarded the Grand Prix—there can be no question of Sanatogen's

standing as the best and most dependable food tonic.

More than 21,000 physicians have already signified in writing their personal faith in Sanatogen. But this award symbolizes the world-wide, professional recognition of Sanatogen as the one, rational FOOD-tonic that feeds and rebuilds impoverished cell and tissue, helping digestion and recalling the strength and vigor of youth.

Sanatogen is sold by druggists everywhere in 3 sizes, from \$1.00 up.

Send for Elbert Hubbard's new book—"Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is free.

THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO. 26E Irving Place, New York

SANATOGEN

ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT

writes to the Current Opinion Scholarship Fund:

"I heartily endorse your Scholarship Plan. I earned \$425 this last summer, altho I had no previous experience whatever. One of the features of your Plan is that it enables a student to work whenever he has spare time after school, and on Saturdays, as well as during vacations.

I know of no better proposition for self-supporting students, and I recommend it to all who may want to earn their way through college." (Signed) FRANK KUEHN.

The Current Opinion Scholarship Fund has enabled hundreds of High-School students to go through college on their own resources. The Fund is ready to help **YOU**.

Send **AT ONCE** for our free booklet, "The Open Door to a College Education."

**CURRENT OPINION
SCHOLARSHIP FUND, Dept. F,**

**134-140 West 29th Street
New York City**

BOOK NEWS

The notices of books in this Department are designed not as critical reviews, but as brief descriptive notices for the information of book buyers. Any book reviewed in our columns will be forwarded on receipt of the publisher's price. Orders may be sent direct to the publishers or to the Current Literature Publishing Co.

Treitschke and the Present War.

What Rousseau was to the French Revolution the German historian, Treitschke, seems to have been to the present struggle upon which Germany has entered. G. P. Putnam's Sons are now publishing "The Life and Work of Professor Heinrich von Treitschke," by Adolph Hausrath, in which the historian's vision of a German world-empire is clearly revealed. Twelve of his essays are included in the volume.

An Efficiency Cyclopedia.

The subject of Efficiency has been served up to us in all sorts of ways, raw, rare and well done. Clarence Bertrand Thompson, of Harvard, has made a selection from all that has been written on the subject and has given us the well-done in a volume entitled "Scientific Management," which is published by the Harvard Press. The selections are well made and a useful work is the result. It would be more useful if there were an index.

Germany and Her Destiny.

Another prophetic book on the war has appeared. It is by Colonel Frobenius, an officer of the German army, and it is entitled, "The German Empire's Hour of Destiny." It was written and published just before the war began and has now appeared in this country in English, published by McBride, Nast & Co. A preface to the English edition is written by Sir Valentine Chirol, foreign editor of the London Times, who has recently asserted that Germany planned, during the latter stages of the South African war, to trap England into an alliance that would have meant an attempt to override the Monroe Doctrine.

A Promising First Novel.

Henry James Forman, author of that delightful book of travel sketches, "In the Foot-Prints of Heine," has now given us (McBride, Nast & Co.) a novel entitled "The Captain of His Soul." A reviewer in the New York Times speaks of it as an exceptional first novel, with none of the earmarks of the beginner, but with the style

NEW BOOK

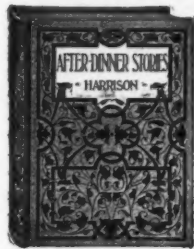
The Pulse of Men

by

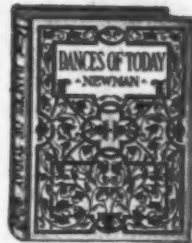
Clarence Stone

A book not built in the usual way, a clear essence free from the customary small talk. Brief close-packed papers, put together in a companionable book of pocket size, and published at fifty cents a copy, postpaid. Remit to **The Arnold Press, 204 East Twenty-Fifth Street, Baltimore, Maryland.**

Useful Books for Everybody



SOME books are designed for entertainment, others for information. This series combines both features. The information is not only complete and reliable, it is condensed and readable. These volumes are replete with valuable material, compact in form and unequalled in point of merit and cheapness. They are the latest as well as the best books on the subjects of which they treat. No one who wishes to have a fund of general information or who has the desire for self-improvement can afford to be without them. They are 6 x 4½ inches in size, well printed on good paper, handsomely bound in green cloth; with a heavy paper wrapper to match.



EACH 50 CENTS

ETIQUETTE. By Agnes H. Morton. Success in life is often marred by bad manners. A perusal of this work will prevent such blunders.

LETTER WRITING. By Agnes H. Morton. This admirable book shows, by numerous examples, just what kind of letters to write for all occasions.

BUSINESS LETTERS. By Calvin O. Althouse. An expert here shows by numerous complete examples from real business, how to write business letters effectively. Every letter and form a business man needs.

QUOTATIONS. By Agnes H. Morton. A clever compilation of pithy quotations, from a great variety of sources, alphabetically arranged according to the sentiment.

SHAKESPEAREAN QUOTATIONS. By C. S. Rex. Here are more than one thousand subjects, arranged alphabetically. It is Shakespeare condensed, in a form for practical and universal use.

BIBLICAL QUOTATIONS. By John H. Bechtel. Thousands of quotations arranged alphabetically by subjects, providing an apt illustration for any phase of experience.

ENGLISH WRITERS. By R. V. Gilbert. All the writers that anyone needs to know about are described in this book.

EPITAPHS. By Frederick W. Unger. This volume is full of quaint pieces of obituary fancy, with a touch of the gruesome here and there for a relish. It is the most carefully made collection of the kind.

PROVERBS. By John H. Bechtel. A representative collection of proverbs, old and new; and the indexes, topical and alphabetical, enable one to find what he needs.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING. By John H. Bechtel. Contains information for everybody, whether it pertains to health, household, business, affairs of state, foreign countries, or the planets, all conveniently indexed.

A DICTIONARY OF MYTHOLOGY. By John H. Bechtel. The average person will not take the time to look up mythological subjects. This book tells at a glance just what is wanted.

SLIPS OF SPEECH. By John H. Bechtel. No necessity for studying rules of rhetoric or grammar, when this book teaches both without the study of either.

PRONUNCIATION. By John H. Bechtel. Over 5,000 words pronounced in the clearest and simplest manner, and according to the best authority.

PRACTICAL SYNONYMS. By John H. Bechtel. Any one with the least desire to add to his vocabulary should have a copy of this book.

READY-MADE SPEECHES. By George Hapgood, Esq. A book of carefully planned model speeches to aid those who, without some slight help, must remain silent.

AFTER-DINNER STORIES. By John Harrison. Nothing adds so much zest to a dinner as a good story well told. Here are hundreds of them, short and pithy.

TOASTS. By William Pittenger. What would you not give for the ability to respond to them? No need to give much when this book will teach you so easily.

THE DEBATER'S TREASURY. By William Pittenger. Contains directions for organizing debating societies, and suggestions for all who desire to discuss questions in public.

PUNCTUATION. By Paul Allardice. Few persons can punctuate properly. A perusal of this book will remove all difficulties and make all points clear.

ORATORY. By Henry Ward Beecher. This volume contains a famous address of Mr. Beecher, giving a masterly exposition of the principles of free oratory.

CONVERSATION. By J. P. Mahaffy. Some people are accused of talking too much. What to say, just how and when to say it, is the general aim of this work.

STORIES WORTH TELLING. By Herbert Leonard Coggins. Illustrated by Clair Victor Dwiggin. Here is the cream of the funny stories, none objectionable. Mr. Dwiggin's pictures add to the fun.

DANCES OF TO-DAY. By A. L. Newman. An up-to-date manual of the latest dances. Clear diagrams and photographs teach the beginner every step. The various forms of the Tango, the Hesitation Waltz, the American One-Step, and others are described with all the latest features. A book to keep for your own use or to give to your dance-loving friends.

SOCIALISM. By Charles H. Olin. Socialism is "in the air." This book gives in a clear and interesting manner a complete idea of the economic doctrines taught by the leading socialists.

JOURNALISM. By Charles H. Olin. What is news, how is it obtained, how handled, and how can one become a journalist? These questions are all answered.

VENTRILLOUISM. By Charles H. Olin. This book exposes the secrets of the art completely and shows how almost anyone may learn to "throw the voice" both near and far. Fully illustrated.

CONUNDRUMS. By Dean Rivers. An excellent collection of over a thousand of the latest and brightest conundrums, to which are added many Biblical, poetical, and French conundrums.

MAGIC. By Ellis Stanyon. This complete volume contains full and intelligible descriptions of all the well-known tricks with coins, handkerchiefs, hats, cards, flowers, etc. Illustrated.

HYPNOTISM. By Edward H. Eldridge, A.M. By following the simple instructions given, anyone can readily learn how to exercise this unique and strange power.

PARLOR GAMES. By Helen E. Hollister. This volume contains an excellent collection of all kinds of games for amusement, entertainment and instruction.

HOME GAMES. By George Hapgood, Esq. A splendid collection of conveniently indexed games with cards, pencil and paper, charades, action games, games of memory, and many novel suggestions for "forfeits."

BRIDGE, AND HOW TO PLAY IT. By Boston. An expert here explains how to play a game and win it, with every principle and play fully illustrated. The book gives also the complete Laws of Bridge.

WHIST. By Cavendish. Twenty-third edition. No whist player, whether a novice or an expert, can afford to be without the aid and support of Cavendish.

SOLITAIRE AND PATIENCE. By George Hapgood, Esq. With this book and two decks of cards anyone, anywhere, can make a lonely hour pass quickly.

ASTRONOMY: THE SUN AND HIS FAMILY. By Julia MacNair Wright. What causes day and night, seasons and years, tides and eclipses? These, and a thousand other questions, are answered. Illustrated.

BOTANY: THE STORY OF PLANT LIFE. By Julia MacNair Wright. The scientific subject of Botany is here made as interesting as a fairy tale. Illustrated.

FLOWERS: HOW TO GROW THEM. By Eben E. Rexford. This volume treats mainly of indoor plants and flowers, those for window gardening, all about their selection, care, light, air, warmth, etc.

DANCING. By Marguerite Wilson. A complete instructor for all dances. A full list of calls for square dances and 100 figures for the German. Illustrated.

FORTUNE TELLING. By Madame Xanto. All the approved ways of piercing the future, by cards, dominoes, dice, palmistry, tea or coffee grounds.

ASTROLOGY. By M. M. Macgregor. If you wish to know in what business you will succeed, or whom you should marry, you will find these and many other vital questions solved in this book.

DREAM BOOK. By Madame Xanto. This book presents the old traditions proved by time and the experience of famous Oriental, Celtic and early English observers.

PHRENOLOGY. By Charles H. Olin. With a little study of this fascinating science you can analyze your friend's character, give useful advice, and find a way to success for yourself and others.

PHYSIOGNOMY. By Leila Lomax. Physiognomy as here explained shows how to read character, with every point explained by illustrations and photographs.

GRAPHOLOGY. By Clifford Howard. Anyone who understands graphology can tell by simply examining your handwriting just what kind of a person you are.

CURIOUS FACTS. By Clifford Howard. Why do you raise your hat to a lady? Why do you always offer the right hand? These and many other questions find answers here.

PRACTICAL PALMISTRY. By Henry Frith. This volume furnishes full and trustworthy information on the subject, and by means of it anyone will be able to read character. Illustrated.

CIVICS: WHAT EVERY CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW. By George Lewis. Contains complete information of such topics as the Monroe Doctrine, Behring Sea Controversy, Extradition Treaties, etc.

LAW, AND HOW TO KEEP OUT OF IT. By Paschal H. Coggins, Esq. This book furnishes to the busy man and woman information on just such points as are likely to arise in everyday affairs.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW. By Paschal H. Coggins, Esq. This is parliamentary law in a nutshell for people who need plain rules, and the reasons for them, arranged for quick use.

STORIES OF THE OPERAS. By Ethel Shubert. The story of every opera usually performed in America, and biographical sketches of the composers.

CLASSICAL DICTIONARY. By Edward S. Ellis, A.M. All the classical allusions worth knowing, arranged so as to require little or no time in looking up.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES. By Edward S. Ellis, A.M. The lives of the leading Greeks and Romans of ancient times in concise and condensed form.

THE DOG. By John Maxtee. All the essentials of dog-keeping are given, from kennel to show-bench, and from biscuits to fleabane. Illustrated.

CHICKENS. By A. T. Johnson. Illustrated. A book all about chickens, how to combat disease and vermin, how to feed and otherwise care for the growing brood.

THE HORSE. By C. T. Davis. This book, based on the latest researches of veterinary science, and fully illustrated, gives complete information relative to choosing and raising horses or anything pertaining to them.

DAIRY FARMING. Dr. D. S. Burch, State Dairy Commissioner of Kansas. A practical and indispensable book for beginners. It contains full information on all phases of the subject.

GOLF. By Horace Hutchinson. A complete history of the game, together with instructions for the selection of implements, and full directions for playing.

RECEIPTS AND REMEDIES. By Louis A. Fleming. A thousand and one "best ways" to preserve health, comfort and appearance. It has something for every member of the family.

HEALTH: HOW TO GET AND KEEP IT. By Walter V. Woods, M.D. This book tells what Health is, what makes it, what hurts it, and how to get it.

DEATH DEFERRED. By Hereward Carrington. A practical, scientific discussion of human life and the means for prolonging it.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED. By F. J. Warwick. What to do in all kinds of accidents as well as in the first stages of illness, with a brief and simple statement of the human anatomy. Illustrated.

NURSING. By S. Virginia Lewis. The fullest particulars are given for the care of the sick, not only in the simple, but also in the more serious ailments.

ELECTRICITY. By George L. Fowler. If you wish to install an electric door-bell, construct a telephone, or wire a house, this volume will furnish the required information. Illustrated.

The following titles are published in full red morocco leather, flexible, with the title in gold, and each book in a box. In this form they make very handsome gift books. Price, \$1.00 each.

After-Dinner Stories
Bridge, and How to Play It
Business Letters
Stories of the Operas

Conundrums
Etiquette
Letter Writing
Toasts

Parlor Games
Quotations
Solitaire and Patience
Dances of Today

For sale at all bookstores or will be sent to any part of the world upon receipt of price

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO., 911 Filbert Street, Philadelphia



Selling 8000 Copies Daily
HAROLD BELL WRIGHT'S

New Novel is
A Real Love Story

Delightfully Wholesome, Stirring in Action and Sweet with Sentiment for Christmas Giving.

The Genuine Charm

of the story is its style, color, conception and fancies. Its heart histories and soul tragedies are gripping with interest from start to finish. Its setting in Southern California is refreshing and romantic.

The Christmas Book of the Year



"Well, what do you want? What are you doing here?"

Beautiful and Appropriate for any Man or Woman or Boy or Girl
THE EYES OF THE WORLD

Illustrations in Colors by F. Graham Coates

Cloth 12mo \$1.35 Net

Nearly 1,000,000 Copies Already Sold

A Real Love Story with bigger plot and more action, deeper mystery and greater love, sweeter sentiment and stronger passions than any novel the author has yet written.

Philadelphia North American—"In the novelist's 'Their Yesterdays,' the immediate predecessor of the present work, the mere duty and joy of living and loving was the underlying motive and theme. But in 'The Eyes of the World,' in addition to an intricate and finely wrought love story, the narrative conveys not only heart history, but sturdy censure of baser ideals in literature and art.



Harold Bell Wright has told this delightful romance so convincingly and has so clearly defined the underlying purpose of the story that it is stamped with the truthfulness of a chapter out of real life.

Kansas City Star—"The Eyes of the World" is powerfully written. It deserves a high place, whether you take it for its literary value or its moral lesson. Beyond a doubt the author has written a book that will rank with 'The Shepherd of the Hills' and 'The Winning of Barbara Worth.'

Other Books by Harold Bell Wright

Each volume is beautifully illustrated, handsomely bound, uniform with "The Eyes of the World," in red cloth and stamped in gold. Each \$1.35 Net

Their Yesterdays **The Calling of Dan Matthews**
That Printer of Udell's **The Winning of Barbara Worth**
 The Shepherd of the Hills

Harold Bell Wright's books—six volumes—are also uniformly bound in Limp Full Leather, Gilt Tops, Each \$1.85 Net
Boxed in Sets, 6 Volumes, Cloth \$7.50—Full Leather \$10.50

Their Yesterdays

Popular Edition

Now 50 Cents Everywhere

Mr. Wright's Allegory of Life
The Uncrowned King

Illustrations by Neill—16mo

Cloth 50c, Leather \$1.00

Harold Bell Wright's Books are Sold by all Booksellers

Our Catalogue of Other Publishers' Books

will be sent to you free upon request. It is 8½ x 5½ inches in size and contains over 400 pages advertising 25,000 of the best books of all the publishers. We list books on all subjects and carry every book advertised in stock. Our catalogue is a carefully compiled book-buyer's guide. A letter or post card today will bring it to you.

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, Publishers and Booksellers
ESTABLISHED 1895 E. W. REYNOLDS, President 231-233 W. Monroe St., CHICAGO

IMPORTANT!

When notifying *Current Opinion* of a change in address, subscribers should give both the old and the new address. This notice should reach us about two weeks before the change is to take effect.



SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

By Dr. WINFIELD SCOTT HALL, Medical Teacher and Lecturer
Satisfactory or Money Back
Plain Truths of Sex Life and Eugenics, according to latest Medical Science Researches.
All About Sex Matters

New Book All need to Read

(Illustrated: 320 pages) Sent in Box Vests Hitherto Misunderstood Only \$1.00; postage 10c. extra; mailed under plain wrapper
AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Dept. L-110, P. O. Box 651, Philadelphia

Write for offer to Agents and Mail-order Dealers



and the skill in plot of a veteran. Mr. Forman is managing editor of *Collier's*—the youngest managing editor, it is said, that that periodical ever had.

Soldier and Doctor Too.

A delightful book by a delightful man has just been published by the Harpers. It is "With Saber and Scalpel," by the well-known physician, Dr. John Allen Wyeth. Dr. Wyeth has been a farmer, a Confederate soldier, a cotton-planter, a cattle-buyer, a river pilot, a building contractor and a successful physician, having twice been elected president of the N. Y. Academy of Medicine and having been a founder of the Polyclinic. His book is replete with interesting experiences and anecdotes of the great and near great in North and South.

Gertrude Atherton As Historian.

Even in her novels, Mrs. Atherton has been a good deal of a historian. Now she turns, for the time being, to history pure and simple. "California: An Intimate History" is her latest book, and it gives a history of that romantic state from its geological beginnings down to the end of 1914. She is a Californian and this has been evidently a labor of love. There are many of her own personal reminiscences in the work and some vivid descriptions of social life and of scenery. It is published by Harpers.

The Story of the Shackleton Expedition.

A new and revised edition, in one volume, of the thrilling narrative of the Shackleton expedition has been published by the Lippincott Company, under the title, "The Heart of the Antarctic." It has a map and illustrations in color. In addition to the wonderful tale of adventure, the work embodies many of the scientific results achieved by the expedition.

A Christmas Tale of the South.

Molly Elliott Seawell, the writer of many pleasing and popular books of fiction, has just produced "Betty's Virginia Christmas." It has four illustrations in color and has been bound with the idea of pleasing the eye of the Christmas shopper. Miss Seawell is a Virginian by birth. Her father was the nephew of President Tyler, and in her home in Washington she has kept in close touch with Southern life and Southern people.

St. Paul and Nietzsche.

The philosophy of the German writer who is responsible for the "Superman," and whose teachings are held responsible in large measure for the present war in Europe, are strongly contrasted with the teachings of St. Paul in a series of chapters in "The Moral Paradoxes of St. Paul." The author is Dr. W. L. Watkinson and the publisher Revell.

The Men Behind the Scenes in Germany.

"The German Enigma" is the title of a volume just published by Dutton. It is written by George Bourdon, one of the most popular contributors to the *Paris Figaro*. He is a witty and alert journalist and in his interviews with leading German and French statesmen he manages to give very vivid and intimate sketches of their personalities. It is not at all partisan. The author is an artist in words and not a propagandist.

Mrs. Taft Publishes Her Autobiography.

Men as well as women will read with pleasure the new book by the former mistress of the White House. Mrs. Taft's life

has been a varied and prominent one. She writes of the Philippines, of Japan and of Panama, from the side not only of the traveler and the sight-seer, but of the house-keeper. She is very full and explicit in her descriptions of the social life of the White House and of Washington—the receptions, the diplomatic dinners and all the arrangements and problems that fall to the wife of the first magistrate of the land. Dodd, Mead & Company.

—XX—

The Madness of Germany.

An indictment of Germany is made by the late Dr. Emil Reich, who was professor of international law in the University of Vienna. Dr. Reich's book, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., bears the suggestive title of "Germany's Madness." He takes much the same view that Professor Cramb takes in his book—that Germany is imbued with the idea that she is destined to achieve a great world-empire, and to dominate the world as it has not been dominated by any one power since the overthrow of Rome. This idea has become a positive religion in Germany, and is carried, according to Dr. Reich, to an unbelievable extent. The author was a Hungarian but had a German education. He also spent a long time in England and has been appreciation for English qualities.

—XX—

By Barrie—That's Enough.

Scribners are publishing four plays by James M. Barrie—pardon us, Sir James M. Barrie. They are: "Pantaloons," "The Twelve-Pound Look," "Rosalind," and "The Will." In a day of assertive realism, the popularity of the charming fantasies by Barrie is refreshing. Another play of Barrie's, an old favorite, "The Admirable Crichton," is being published by Doran in a special edition.

—XX—

Having Fun With the Idle Rich.

Those who think that idle people, especially idle rich people, have no function in our busy life must do some more thinking. Stephen Leacock, the latest of our humorists to arrive, has given them a function. They furnish a much-needed subject for amusement and for moralizing. "Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich," published by John Lane Co., brings us into contact with financiers, clubmen, English Dukes of the impecunious sort, and bloated bondholders.

—XX—

A Novel of the Balkans.

In "The Pawns of Liberty," by Corinne S. and Radoslaw A. Tsaneff, the scenes are laid in Macedonia and have to do with events that have led up to the present war. It is full of picturesque life, adventure and romance. The struggle of the Macedonians against the Turks is the back-ground of the story. Outing Publishing Co.

—XX—

Scandinavia to the Front.

A series of "Scandinavian Classics" is to be published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation, and the first volume of the series is now out. It contains three plays by Ludvig Holberg, the Danish dramatist. The plays are: "Jeppe of the Hill," "The Political Tinker," and "Erasmus Montanus." They are not pervaded with gloom, as are the plays of Ibsen and Strindberg, but are full of cheer and light-hearted laughter. They are translated by Professor C. J. Campbell, Jr., of Wisconsin University.

Books for the Holidays

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

PHILADELPHIA

ILLUSTRATED HOLIDAY CATALOGUE MAILED ON REQUEST

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF OUT-DOOR ROSE GROWING

By GEORGE C. THOMAS, Jr.

96 perfect reproductions in full color of all varieties of roses. Octavo. Cloth. In a box. \$4.00 net. Postage extra. The rose-lover and the rose-grower should be keenly interested in this beautiful and comprehensive book on roses. The exquisite illustrations and general attractiveness of the volume make it a practical gift-book for any one engaged in flower-culture.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF PERIOD FURNITURE

By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN and ABBOT McCLURE

250 illustrations. Octavo. Cloth. In a box. \$5.00 net. Postage extra.

A practical book for those who wish to know and buy period furniture. It contains all that is necessary to know about the subject. By means of an illustrated chronological key (something entirely new) one is enabled to identify the period to which any piece of furniture belongs.

OUR PHILADELPHIA

By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL, illus. by JOSEPH PENNELL

(Regular Edition.) 105 illustrations from lithographs. Quarto. In a box. \$7.50 net. (Autographed Edition.) Signed by both author and artist, with ten additional lithographs. Special buckram binding in a box. \$18.00 net. Carriage charges extra. (This edition limited to advance subscribers.)

An intimate personal record in text and in picture of the lives of the famous author and artist in the city whose recent story will be to many an absolute surprise. Mr. Pennell's illustrations, made especially for this volume, are the greatest he has yet accomplished.

ESSAYS, POLITICAL AND HISTORICAL

By CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, LL.D.

Former Minister of the United States to Austria-Hungary. Ambassador to Russia and to Germany. \$1.50 net. Postage extra.

Essays upon vital subjects by one of our greatest figures in the diplomatic world will demand instant attention. The book will be widely read for its important revelations in the light of the present disturbed conditions.

HEROES AND HEROINES OF FICTION

By WILLIAM S. WALSH

Half morocco. \$3.00 net. Postage extra.

Mr. Walsh has compiled the famous characters and famous names in modern novels, romances, poems, and dramas. These are classified, analyzed, and criticized and supplemented with citations from the best authorities. A valuable, interesting reference book.

COLONIAL MANSIONS OF MARYLAND AND DELAWARE

By JOHN MARTIN HAMMOND

Limited edition, printed from type, which has been distributed. With 65 illustrations. Octavo. In a box. \$5.00 net. Postage extra.

Uniform in style and price with others in the Limited Edition Series—"Colonial Homes of Philadelphia," "Manors of Virginia," etc., all of which are now out of print and at a premium.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BUFFALO BILL AND THE OVERLAND TRAIL

By EDWIN L. SABIN

Illustrated in color and black and white. \$1.25 net. Postage extra.

This new volume in the Trail Blazer's Series in addition to being a thrilling story of the adventures of a boy in the days of the Overland Trail, is also a true sketch of the great pioneer Indian fighter, Colonel William F. Cody.

A New Volume in

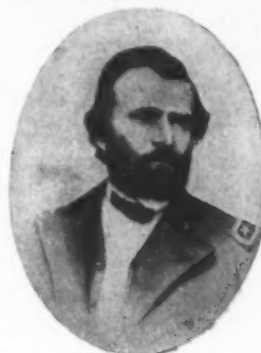
STORIES ALL CHILDREN LOVE SERIES

THE CUCKOO CLOCK

By MRS. MOLESWORTH

8 full-page illustrations in color by Maria L. Kirk. Ornamental cloth. \$1.25 net.

This famous book is one of the most delightful children's stories ever written. The story has much of the charm of "Alice in Wonderland," and can justly be called a classic. The boy or girl who does not read it misses one of the greatest treats of childhood.



THE TRUE ULYSSES S. GRANT

By GENERAL CHARLES KING

24 illustrations. Octavo. Buckram. \$2.00 net. Half levant. \$5.00 net. Postage extra.

This new volume in the True Biography and History Series is the work of a writer peculiarly fitted to deal with Grant. Not only Grant the general, but Grant the man, and Grant the president, are treated with the same regard for truth that characterizes all the volumes in the series.

CHARMING CHRISTMAS BOOKS

BETTY'S VIRGINIA CHRISTMAS

By MOLLIE ELLIOT SEAWELL

Four illustrations in color by Henry J. Soulen. Page Decorations. 12mo. Cloth, decorated in green and gold. \$1.50 net. Postage extra.

A Southern story that carries the true spirit of Christmas to the hearts of young and old.

OUR SENTIMENTAL GARDEN

By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE

Illustrated in color by Charles Robinson. Head and tail pieces and decorative lining papers. Octavo. Cloth. \$1.75 net. Postage extra.

This book is a sheer delight, filled with the whims and fancies of garden-lovers. If one cannot own such a sentimental garden the next best thing is to know all about one.

THE MYSTERY OF THE ORIENTAL RUG

By Dr. G. GRIFFIN LEWIS

Frontis in color and 30 full-page plates. \$1.50 net. Postage extra.

This charming book is compact with information and no one should buy rugs without its aid.

TEN GIFTS FOR \$14.30

Make this a *book* Christmas and give lasting pleasure at a small expense. Here are books for every taste—all new—all good. Select your gifts from this list and save time and money.

The Poet

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

A story radiant with sunshine and good cheer. Admirers of James Whitcomb Riley and of Meredith Nicholson will read with equal pleasure this charming romance in which "the poet all the people love" is the chief character. Tinted marginal decorations and illustrations in colors by Franklin Booth make this the season's ideal gift book.

Weight 22 ounces. Net, \$1.30.

The Nightingale: A Lark

By ELLENOR STOO THOFF

Have you friends who are bored by domesticity? Give them this irresistible story of a woman who tried to run away from responsibility. Just the book for Christmas, deliciously amusing with a dash of blithe romance.

Weight 22 ounces. Net, \$1.25.

The Joyful Heart

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

This inspiring volume of essays is a guide-book to joy for the sad, the bored, the anxious, the discouraged. Bound in a handsome rough buckram with a leather label it makes a most distinguished and dignified gift.

Weight 20 ounces. Net, \$1.25.

Byways in Bookland

By WALTER A. MURSELL

A book for the bookish. Feather-weight paper and unusual covers lend distinction to this delightful volume of literary gossip.

Weight, 17 ounces. Net, \$1.25.

Songs of the Outlands

By HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

Just the book for a man. Whether or not he likes poetry, these ringing, swinging verses will hold him from the first page to the last. Illustrated.

Weight 11 ounces. Net, \$1.25.

Cut this list out now and put it in your pocket as a reminder. Better still, mail it to your bookseller or to us with a check or money order and shipping instructions. The books will be sent whenever and wherever you wish with no bother to you.

N. B.—In ordering by mail, add to the price the amount necessary to carry the volumes to their destination by parcel post.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

::

4½ Park St., Boston

Meditations on Votes for Women

By SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

Have you any suffragettes on your Christmas list? This attractive volume is one of the best arguments ever made for equal suffrage, while its rich kindly humor will bring a chuckle from the most determined "anti."

Weight 16 ounces. Net, \$1.00.

The Lure of the Camera

By CHARLES S. OLCOTT

Lovers either of photography or of literature will appreciate this interesting and superbly illustrated volume, telling of the rambles of an amateur photographer among the literary shrines of the New World and the Old. With 48 full-page illustrations.

Weight 39 ounces. Net, \$3.00.

The Boys' Book of Battles

Boys from ten to eighteen who like to read of brave deeds and desperate fighting will find pleasure and inspiration in these forty thrilling battle scenes. Many illustrations from great historical paintings.

Weight 43 ounces. Net, \$2.00.

The Old Diller Place

By WINIFRED KIRKLAND

Girls of from 10 to 16 will thoroughly enjoy this wholesome story of the development of a spoiled boy through the influence of a country girl. Illustrated.

Weight 16 ounces. Net, \$1.00.

The Eskimo Twins

By LUCY FITCH PERKINS

Every boy and girl from five to ten is sure to like this jolly, instructive story, the latest in a series that has proved immensely popular. Charming illustrations.

Weight 26 ounces. Net, \$1.00.

OFF DUTY—A PICTURE OF THE WAR

[Irving S. Cobb was one of four American newspaper men who, hunting for the war in Belgium, stumbled into the headquarters of the German army and were "detained" as "guests." This was in Beaumont, Belgium. He gives us, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, an engaging view of the German soldiers off duty disporting themselves in a Belgium schoolhouse.]

SCOUTING up a narrow winding alley, one of the party who spoke German found a courtyard behind a schoolhouse called imposingly L'École Moyenne de Beaumont, where he obtained permission from a German sergeant to stable our mare for the night in the aristocratic company of a troop of officers' horses. Through another streak of luck we preempted a room in the schoolhouse and held it against all comers by right of squatter sovereignty. There my friends and I slept on the stone floor, with a scanty amount of hay under us for a bed and our coats for coverlets. But before we slept we dined.

We dined on hard-boiled eggs and stale cheese—which we had saved from midday—in a big, bare study hall full of lancers. They gave us rye bread and some of the Prince de Chimay's wine to go with the provender we had brought, and they made room for us at the long benches that ran lengthwise of the room. Afterward one of them—a master musician, for all his soiled gray uniform and grimed fingers—played a piano that was in the corner, while all the rest sang.

IT WAS a strange picture they made there. On the wall, on a row of books, still hung the small umbrellas and book-satchels of the pupils. Presumably at the coming of the Germans they had run home in such a panic that they left their school-traps behind. There were sums in chalk, half erased, on the blackboard; and one of the troopers took a scrap of chalk and wrote "On to Paris!" in big letters here and there.

A sleepy parrot, looking like a bundle of ruffled green feathers, squatted on its perch in a cage behind the master's desk, occasionally emitting a loud squawk as tho protesting against this intrusion on its privacy.

When their wine had warmed them our soldier-hosts sang and sang unendingly. They had been on the march all day, and the next day would probably march half the day and fight the other half, for the French and English were just ahead; but now they sprawled over the school benches and pounded on the boards with their fists and feet, and sang at the tops of their voices. They sang their favorite marching songs—Die Wacht am Rhein, of course; and Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles! which has a fine, sonorous cathedral swing to it; and God Save the King!—



When you think of writing
think of Whiting



WHITING'S KEWPY PAPER

Here are the Kewpies on note paper for children. The Kewpies themselves are famous the world over. Every child loves them and will want a box of this dainty stationery. We can furnish the Kewpie Papers both for correspondence and for party invitations. They are especially appropriate for holiday presents, and will undoubtedly be one of the most popular papers for children ever made.

WHITING PAPER COMPANY
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO



with different words to the air, be it said; and Haltet Aus!

Also, for variety, they sang Tannenbaum—with the same tune as Maryland, My Maryland!—and Heil dir im Siegerkranz; and snatches from various operas.

WHEN BENNETT asked for Heine's Lorelei they sang not one verse of it, or two, but twenty or more; and then, by way of compliment to the guests of the evening, they reared up on their feet and gave us The Star-Spangled Banner, to German words. Suddenly two of them began dancing. In their big rawhide boots, with hobbled soles and steel-shod heels, they pounded back and forth, the others whooping them on.

One of the dancers gave out presently; but the other seemed still unimpaired in wind and limb. He darted into an adjoining room and came back in a minute dragging a half-frightened, half-pleased little Belgian scullery maid and whirled her about to waltz music until she dropped for want of breath to carry her another turn; after which he did a solo—Teutonic version—of a darky breakdown, stopping only to join in the next song.

It was eleven o'clock and they were still singing when we left them and went groping through dark hallways to the simple hay mattress that awaited us.

THROUGH A FIERY HELL WITH THE RED CROSS

[Three ambulances attached to the staff of the English hospital in Belgium set out October 21 for the firing-line under the command of Lieutenant de Broqueville, son of the Belgian war minister. Two automobiles accompanied them. In one of these was Philip Gibbs, a special correspondent of the London *Chronicle* and *N. Y. Times*. The vivid narrative below is from his pen.]

AT A TURN in the road the battle lay before us, and we were in the zone of fire. Away across the fields was a line of villages with the town of Dixmude a little to the right of us, perhaps a mile and a quarter away. From each little town smoke was rising in separate columns which met at the top in a great black pall. At every moment this blackness was brightened by puffs of electric blue, extraordinarily vivid, as shells burst in the air. From the mass of houses in each town came jets of flame, following explosions which sounded with terrific thudding shocks. On a line of about nine miles there was an incessant cannonade. The farthest villages were already on fire.

Quite close to us, only about half a mile across the fields to the left, there were Belgian batteries at work and rifle fire from many trenches. We were between two fires, and Belgian and German shells came screeching over our heads. The German shells were dropping quite close to us, plowing up the fields with great pits. We could hear them burst and scatter and could see them burrow.

We went forward at what seemed to me a crawl, tho I think it was a fair pace, shells bursting around us now on

NEW BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS



Portion of an illustration from
"Wild Woods and Waterways"

Wild Woods and Waterways

By William Chalmers Covert

Author of "Glory of the Pines"

Illustrated, \$1.35 net

He makes his readers eager to go to the North Woods where he has used his ears and eyes to such good advantage; and satisfies the hunger of those who long for touch with the wild woods yet are unable to make the journey except by the aid of one who possesses the wonderful power to portray nature, as in this, his latest book.

Living Bread from the Fourth Gospel

\$1.25 net

By William Hiram Foulkes, D.D.

A unique devotional commentary upon the Fourth Gospel. "Living Bread from the Fourth Gospel" has been published in especially pleasing form. The volume will be attractive as a gift book.

Paul's Message for Today

\$1.25 net

By J. R. Miller, D.D.

Thousands will welcome this volume, which puts windows into The Acts and into the Epistles of Paul, as no one but Dr. Miller could put them.

The Book of God's Providence

\$1.00 net

By John T. Faria, D.D.

A book for spare moments, which will instantly grip the attention. In it the Sunday-school teacher and Christian worker will find many usable illustrations.

The Book of Answered Prayer

\$1.00 net

By John T. Faria, D.D.

Seventy striking instances of answers both at home and on the mission field. The volume will be found stimulating for devotional reading.

The Growth of the Christian Church

Two volumes, \$1.00 each, net

By Robert H. Nichols, Ph.D., Prof. of Church History, Auburn Theolog. Seminary

Vol. 1.—Ancient and Medieval Christianity

Vol. 2.—Modern Christianity

A presentation of Church history suitable for the uses of classes of young people of high-school age. The completeness and authoritativeness of its treatment, however, will commend the volumes to individual readers.

Intimate Letters on Personal Problems

\$1.25 net

By J. R. Miller, D.D. Selected and arranged by John T. Faria, D.D.

Many of those who are privileged to read these letters will feel that a personal message is coming to them, and pupils in life's school will gladly note the strengthening words of him who learned the secret of helpfulness from the Friend who was his constant companion.

The Pew and the Pupil

75c. net

By Rev. R. P. D. Bennett

In this book Mr. Bennett speaks of the need of bringing the pupil into the church, and then—in thirty or more object-sermons for children—he shows how he talks to the children of his own church.

By-Products of the Rural Sunday School

60c. net

By John M. Somerndike

A book of special interest in connection with the topic of mission study during the year 1914-1915, which is "The Social Force of Christian Missions."

The Triumph Ministry

40c. net

By "Timothy Kilbourn" with an Introduction by Chas. R. Erdman, D.D.

A gripping presentation of the life of the devoted minister of the gospel written in the form of letters from a minister of experience to a younger brother, who is just beginning his work.

THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION

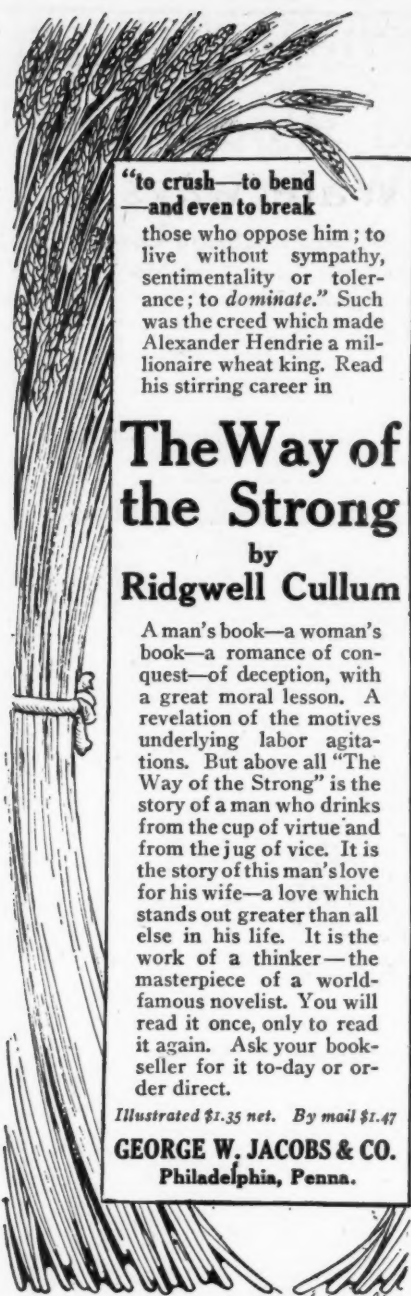
Headquarters: PHILADELPHIA, Witherspoon Building

NEW YORK
NASHVILLE
ST. LOUIS

CHICAGO

ANY BOOK—ANY PUBLISHER

CINCINNATI
SAN FRANCISCO
PITTSBURGH



**"to crush—to bend
—and even to break**

those who oppose him; to live without sympathy, sentimentality or tolerance; to *dominate*." Such was the creed which made Alexander Hendrie a millionaire wheat king. Read his stirring career in

The Way of the Strong by Ridgwell Cullum

A man's book—a woman's book—a romance of conquest—of deception, with a great moral lesson. A revelation of the motives underlying labor agitations. But above all "The Way of the Strong" is the story of a man who drinks from the cup of virtue and from the jug of vice. It is the story of this man's love for his wife—a love which stands out greater than all else in his life. It is the work of a thinker—the masterpiece of a world-famous novelist. You will read it once, only to read it again. Ask your bookseller for it to-day or order direct.

Illustrated \$1.35 net. By mail \$1.47

GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO.
Philadelphia, Penna.

EVERYMAN'S Cloth 35c LIBRARY Leather 70c

World's Best Books at Low Prices

You have the masterpieces of literature, embracing practically all the better known classics—700 well-printed, uniformly bound books—to choose from in Everyman's Library.

Sold by Dealers or Direct by Mail. Examine an Everyman's volume at your book store. Note the wonderful book value for the money. Ask for a complete list of the 700 volumes. There's no better way to buy books than from Everyman's Library.

Descriptive Booklet Sent Free

—or—Dictionary Catalog of Everyman's sent for 10c. This cloth-bound book of 173 pages explains scope and extent of Everyman's Library, and gives historical notes on the various authors. A book in itself worth having.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Dept. J, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

all sides, while shrapnel bullets sprayed the earth about us. It appeared to me an odd thing that we were still alive. Then we came into Dixmude.

WHEN I saw it for the first and last time it was a place of death and horror. The streets through which we passed were utterly deserted and wrecked from end to end, as tho by an earthquake. Incessant explosions of shell fire crashed down upon the walls, which still stood. Great gashes opened in the walls, which then toppled and fell. A roof came tumbling down with an appalling clatter. Like a house of cards blown by a puff of wind, a little shop suddenly collapsed into a mass of ruins. Here and there, further into the town, we saw living figures. They ran swiftly for a moment, and then disappeared into dark caverns under toppling porticos. They were Belgian soldiers.

We were now in a side street leading into the Town Hall square. It seemed impossible to pass, owing to the wreckage strewn across the road. "Try to take it," said Dr. Munro, who was sitting beside the chauffeur. We took it, bumping over heaps of debris and then swept around into the square. It was a spacious place with the Town Hall at one side of it—or what was left of the Town Hall; there was only the splendid shell of it left, sufficient for us to see the skeleton of a noble building which had once been the pride of Flemish craftsmen. Even as we turned toward it parts of it were falling upon the ruins already on the ground. I saw a great pillar lean forward and then topple down. A mass of masonry crashed from the portico. Some stiff, dark forms lay among the fallen stones; they were dead soldiers. I hardly glanced at them, for we were in search of the living.

OUR cars were brought to a halt outside the building, and we all climbed down. I lighted a cigaret, and I noticed two of the other men fumble for matches for the same purpose. We wanted something to steady our nerves. There was never a moment when shell fire was not bursting in that square. Shrapnel bullets whipped the stones. The Germans were making a target of the Town Hall and dropping their shells with dreadful exactitude on either side of it.

I glanced toward the flaming furnace to the right of the building. There was a wonderful glow at the heart of it, yet it did not give me any warmth. At that moment Dr. Munro and Lieut. de Broqueville mounted the steps of the Town Hall, followed by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett and myself. Mr. Gleeson was already taking down a stretcher; he had a little smile about his lips.

A French officer and two men stood under the broken archway of the entrance between the fallen pillars and masonry. A yard away from them lay a dead soldier, a handsome young man with clear-cut features turned upward to the

Prepare for College at Home

meet all entrance requirements; they are written by members of the faculties of Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Mass. Inst. of Technology, Illinois, Chicago, Michigan and other leading universities. The American School is one of the largest educational institutions in the world and employs no agents, solicitors or collectors. Write for special College Preparatory Booklet.

AMERICAN SCHOOL of CORRESPONDENCE
5763 DREXEL AVENUE CHICAGO, U. S. A.

S. O. S.

Belgians Are Starving

**"He Gives Twice
Who Gives Quickly"**

MILLIONS of Belgians face starvation. They will perish if succor does not come at once. Their plight is desperate. It cries out as imperiously as the wireless S.O.S. from a sinking ship. And this call is being heeded. Fast ships bearing food have been rushed to the rescue. But more must follow.

Succor From America

In America how different the picture. This magazine will reach its readers just about Thanksgiving time. We have had bountiful harvests and despite rather dull times we have great surpluses of food and money. So 40 national magazines are carrying in their Christmas issues this appeal to their millions of readers to succor the starving Belgians. Divide your Christmas plenty with them. Be sure that the gift be "twice blessed."

Send a Christmas Check Today

Send a check today, before it slips your mind, to J. P. MORGAN & CO., 28 Wall Street, New York, and mark it for the Belgian Relief Fund. You will receive a receipt and the money will at once go to the Belgian Relief Committee, which will use it for these two purposes:

1. To relieve immediate distress of Belgian refugees and the hundreds of thousands of destitute women and children and other non-combatants in Belgium.
2. To rehabilitate as soon as practicable the poor Belgian peasant and working classes by helping them get roofs over their heads and tools to work with.

BELGIAN RELIEF COMMITTEE 10 BRIDGE ST., NEW YORK

S. O. S.—Checks, Money Orders, etc., should be made to J. P. MORGAN & CO., for "BELGIAN RELIEF FUND," 23 Wall Street, and sent to that address.

gaping roof. A stream of blood was coagulating around his head, but did not touch the beauty of his face. Another dead man lay huddled up quite close, and his face was hidden.

"Are there any wounded here, Sir?" asked our young Lieutenant. The other officer spoke excitedly. He was a brave man, but he could not hide the terror in his soul, because he had been standing so long waiting for death, which stood beside him, but did not touch him. It appeared from his words that there were several wounded men among the dead down in the cellar, and that he would be obliged to us if we could rescue them.

WE STOOD on some steps, looking down into that cellar. It was a dark hole, illumined dimly by a lantern, I think. I caught sight of a little heap of bodies. Two soldiers, still unwounded, dragged three of them out and handed them up to us. The work of getting those three men into the first ambulance seemed to us interminable; it was really no more than fifteen or twenty minutes. I had lost consciousness of myself. Something outside myself, as it seemed, was saying that there was no way of escape; that it was monstrous to suppose that all these bursting shells would not smash the ambulance to bits and finish the agony of the wounded, and that death was very hideous. I remember thinking, also, how ridiculous it was for men to kill one another like this and to make such hells on earth.

Then Lieut. de Broqueville spoke a word of command; the first ambulance must now get back. I was with the first ambulance, in Mr. Gleeson's company. We had a full load of wounded men, and we were loitering. I put my head outside the cover and gave the word to the chauffeur. As I did so a shrapnel bullet came past my head, and, striking a piece of ironwork, flattened out and fell at my feet. I picked it up and put it in my pocket, tho God alone knows why, for I was not in search of souvenirs.

So we started with the first ambulance through those frightful streets again and out into the road to the country. . . . A little later we made a painful discovery: Lieut. de Broqueville, our gallant young leader, was missing. By some horrible mischance he had not taken his place in either of the ambulances or the motor cars. None of us had the least idea what had happened to him; we had all imagined that he had scrambled up like the rest of us, after giving the order to get away.

There was only one thing to do—to get back in search of him. Even in the half hour since we had left the town Dixmude had burst into flames and was a great blazing torch. If de Broqueville were left in that hell he would not have a chance of life.

It was Mr. Gleeson and Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett who, with great gallantry, volunteered to go back and search for our leader. They took the light car, and sped back toward the burning town.

BY THIS time there were five towns blazing in the darkness, and in spite of the awful suspense which we were now suffering we could not help staring at the fiendish splendor of that sight.

Dr. Munro joined us again, and after consultation we decided to get as near to Dixmude as we could in case our friends

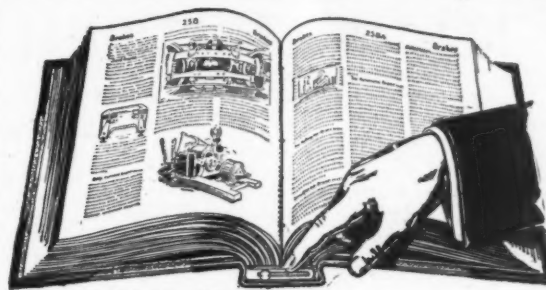
When All Other Encyclopaedias Fail Look It Up in NELSON'S

Nelson's is the recognized standard reference work wherever English is spoken, maintaining three great Editorial Staffs, employing over 1,200 of the greatest scientists, experts and writers in all parts of the globe, who are authorities or actual eye-witnesses of the subjects upon which they write. The fact that over 500,000 people in every quarter of the globe are using NELSON'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA is in itself the highest recommendation; for no book which is not thoroughly reliable could stand the inquisition of these hundreds of thousands of readers.

NELSON'S

Perpetual Loose-Leaf ENCYCLOPÆDIA

& Research Bureau for Special Information



Reg. U.S. Patent Office

That Little Bar and Nut has solved the problem
Bound in 12 Handsome Volumes

REVISION PAGES.—Nelson's perfected Patented Binding Device has demonstrated to Colleges, Libraries, School Boards and leading men in all walks of life that Nelson's Loose-Leaf Encyclopedia is the only perfect Reference Work for to-day, to-morrow and all time. To keep subscribers up to date we furnish 250 or more revised pages every six months. By simply turning that small nut at the top and bottom of each volume you loosen the binder—take out the obsolete pages and replace them with the new pages which contain the world's happenings and activities of the past six months—and your Encyclopedia is fresh and new again.

It is a Complete Library in Itself

It provides you with the knowledge of centuries. It gives you the essence of all books. It furnishes precisely the information wanted on every possible subject. It contains over 70,000 subjects, featuring upward of one million topics, seven thousand illustrations, 500 maps and plans, among them being Aeronautics (including all kinds of flying machines), Agriculture, Anthropology (the science of mankind), Ethnology (the science which accounts for racial diversities), Biology (the science of life), Astronomy, Biography, Botany, Chemistry, Education, Electricity, Engineering, Mechanics and Machinery, Gazetteer, Geology and Geography, History, Law, Mathematics, Medicine and Surgery, Music and Fine Arts, Political Science, Sociology and Economics, Religion, Sports, Technology and Manufacture, Military and Naval Science and thousands of others.

The Present War in Europe Will Change

the map and history of the world. When the war is over all other works of reference will be out of date. Only Nelson's Loose-leaf system can keep step with the progress of the world. Nelson's now contains a complete record of the present war, its causes and consequences down to November 15, 1914. NELSON NEVER GROWS OLD.

Mail the coupon today for Handsome Pages and full particulars

EXCHANGE We are constantly receiving inquiries asking us to make an allowance for old encyclopaedias to apply as part payment on NELSON'S. We have therefore prepared a price-list stating the amount allowed, which will be mailed upon request.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS

Publishers Since 1798—Bibles, Hymnals, and Prayer Books

Dept. 13 M

381-385 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Besides This Great Encyclopaedia

Every purchaser of Nelson's is entitled to membership in Nelson's Information Bureau absolutely without cost. This means that if at any time you wish a special report on any subject, large or small, old or new, you simply write to Nelson's Research Bureau with the positive assurance that you will promptly receive the latest obtainable and most dependable information on that subject. Thousands of satisfied patrons have endorsed Nelson's Research Bureau.

Dept. 18 M

THOMAS NELSON
& SONS
381-385 Fourth Ave.
New York City

Please send me portfolio of sample pages, also full information how, by easy monthly payments, I can own NELSON'S PERPETUAL LOOSE-LEAF ENCYCLOPÆDIA. This incurs no obligation on my part.

Name.....
Address.....
State.....City.....

"The Standard Bible for the English Speaking World"

THE AMERICAN STANDARD BIBLE

Edited by the
American Revision
Committee



The most correct translation by the largest body of the most eminent Christian scholars, from the oldest manuscripts, making it the best version of the Scriptures ever produced.

1,200 COPIES WERE RECENTLY PLACED IN ONE CHURCH IN CHICAGO Over 300 styles. Prices from 35 Cents up. For Sale by All Booksellers. Send for Booklet, "The Wonderful Story of how the Bible came down through the Ages"

THOMAS NELSON & SONS

Bible Publishers for
Over Sixty Years

381-O Fourth Avenue (Corner 27th Street)

NEW YORK

"Weighs only 7 lbs."

The INDIA-PAPER Edition of WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL

The Merriam Webster



It is a real pleasure to use The Supreme Authority in this new and convenient edition. A delighted purchaser writes: "The volume is so flexible, so portable, so agreeable, so readable, that looking up a word has lost all its terror." 2½ inches of shelf room hold this wonderfully compact storehouse of authentic information. What a satisfaction to own the work in a form so light, durable, and really accessible!

400,000 Vocabulary Terms.

Thousands of other References.

Hundreds of New Words not given in any other dictionary.

New Gazetteer having nearly 30,000 Subjects.

12,000 Biographical Entries.

6000 Illustrations.

2700 Pages.

Colored Plates and Engravings.

How much such a Christmas Gift will be enjoyed! It will be treasured, admired and used.

The only dictionary with the new divided page. The type matter is equivalent to that of a 15-volume encyclopedia.

India-Paper Edition. Only half as thick, only half as heavy as the Regular Edition. Printed on expensive, thin, strong, opaque, imported India paper. Size, 12¾ x 9¾ x 2½ inches. Weight, only 7 lbs.

More Scholarly, Accurate, Convenient, and Authoritative than any other English Dictionary. Critical comparison with all other dictionaries are invited.

WRITE for specimen pages of both India-Paper and Regular Edition

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

For over 70 years publishers of the Genuine Webster Dictionaries

Regular Edition. Printed on strong book paper of the highest quality. Size, 12¾ x 9¾ x 5 inches. Weight, 14¾ lbs.



Please send me specimens of the NEW DIVIDED PAGE, Illustrations, India and Regular Papers, etc.

Name.....

Address.....
FREE a useful set of pocket maps if you mention G. O. P. N.

had to come out without their car or had been wounded.

The German bombardment was now terrific. All the guns were concentrated upon Dixmude and the surrounding trenches. In the darkness under a stable wall I stood listening to the great crashes for an hour, when I had not expected such a lease of life. Inside the stable soldiers were sleeping in the straw, careless that at any moment a shell might burst through upon them. The hour seemed a night; then we saw the gleam of headlights, and an English voice called out.

Ashmead-Bartlett and Gleeson had come back. They had gone to the entrance to Dixmude, but could get no further, owing to the flames and shells. They, too, had waited for an hour, but had not found de Broqueville. It seemed certain that he was dead; and very sorrowfully we drove back to Furnes.

At the gate of the convent were some Belgian ambulances which had come from another part of the front with their wounded. I helped to carry one of them in, and strained my shoulders with the weight of the stretcher. Another wounded man put his arm around my neck, and then, with a dreadful cry, collapsed, so that I had to hold him in a strong grip. A third man, horribly smashed about the head, walked almost unaided into the operating room. Mr. Gleeson and I led him with just a touch on his arm. This morning he lies dead on a little pile of straw that has been placed in a quiet corner of the courtyard.

I sat down to a supper, which I had not expected to eat. There was a strange excitement in my body, which trembled a little after the day's adventures. It seemed very strange to be sitting down to table with cheerful faces about me. But some of the faces were not cheerful. Those of us who knew of the disappearance of de Broqueville sat silently over our soup.

Then suddenly Lady Dorothie Feilding gave a little cry of joy, and Lieut. de Broqueville came walking briskly forward.

THE LITTLE TOWN OF MONTIGNIES ST. CHRISTOPHE

[This is one of the stories told by Irvin S. Cobb, the American correspondent who followed for days in the wake of the German army, in its first triumphal dash through Belgium. Cobb and his companions came upon this little town about twenty-four hours after the Germans passed through. His description forms part of an article in the *Saturday Evening Post*.]

ALMOST without warning we came on this little village called Montignies St. Christophe. A six-armed signboard at a crossroads told us its name—a rather impressive name ordinarily for a place of perhaps twenty houses, all told. But now tragedy had given it distinction; had painted that straggling frontier hamlet over with such colors that the picture of it is going to live in my memory as long as I do live.

At the upper end of the single street, like an outpost, stood an old chateau, the seat, no doubt, of the local gentry, with a small park of beeches and elms round it; and here, right at the park entrance, we had our first intimation that there had been a fight.

The gate stood ajar between its chipped stone pillars, and just inside the blue coat of a French cavalry officer, jaunty and

new and much braided with gold lace on the collars and cuffs, hung from the limb of a small tree. Beneath the tree were a sheaf of straw in the shape of a bed and the ashes of a dead camp fire; and on the grass, plain to the eye, a plump, well-picked pullet, all ready for the pot or the pan.

Looking on past these things we saw much scattered dunnage: Frenchmen's knapsacks, flannel shirts, playing cards, fagots of firewood mixed together like jackstraws, canteens covered with slate-blue cloth and having queer little horn-like protuberances on their tops—which proved them to be French canteens—tumbled straw, old shoes with their lacings undone, a tottilted service shelter of canvas; all the rattle of a camp that had been suddenly and violently disturbed was visible in every direction.

AS I think back it seems to me that not until that moment had it occurred to me to regard the cottages and shops beyond the clumped trees of the chateau grounds closely. We were desperately weary, to begin with, and our eyes, those past three days, had grown used to the signs of misery and waste and ruin, abundant and multiplying in the wake of the ironshod hard-pounding hoofs of the German conquerors.

Now, all of a sudden, I became aware that this town had been literally shot to bits. From our side—that is to say, from the north and likewise from the west—the Germans had shelled it. From the south, plainly, the French had answered. The village, in between, had caught the full force and fury of the contending fires. Probably the inhabitants had warning; probably they fled when the German skirmishers surprised that outpost of Frenchmen camping in the park.

One imagined them scurrying like rabbits across the fields and through the cabbage patches. But they had left their belongings behind, all their small petty gearings and garnishings, to be wrecked in the wrenching and rocking apart of their homes.

A railroad track emerged from the fields and ran along the one street. Shells had fallen on it and had exploded, ripping the steel rails from the cross-ties, so that they stood up all along in a jagged formation, like rows of snagged teeth. Other shells, dropping in the road, had so wrought with the stone blocks that they were piled here in heaps, and there were

ALL HUMAN KNOWLEDGE SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN IS CONCENTRATED IN



THE FUNK & WAGNALLS New Standard Dictionary

It gives accurate, concise, and the most recent information on every Word, Name, Place, Person, and Thing; on every Phrase, Term, and Expression in the living English language—on everything alive that can be spelled in English.

U. S. Commissioner of Education Claxton: "This great work can not fail to be a distinct contribution to English scholarship."

Lavish Expenditure to Make It Superior

It cost nearly \$1,500,000 to complete; for nearly four years 380 of the world's foremost editors and specialists labored upon it unceasingly.

John Wanamaker, Famous Merchant: "Artistic, complete and of unrivaled excellence."

A Reference Work Beyond Comparison

There are over 3,000 pages; 7,000 pictorial illustrations, including many beautiful colored plates; it defines 450,000 terms, many thousands more than any other dictionary. It is the only dictionary the contents of which are arranged in one alphabetical order—an immense time-saver.

Earl Kitchener, Secretary of State for War: "A valuable book which will be of great utility to me."

Most Authoritative Dictionary

Six months after publication 75,000 copies had been sold; it is the dependable authority in all branches of the United States Government, in Courts of Law, in the leading Universities and Colleges, and in the Public Schools. In commercial life the NEW Standard is popularly recognized as the one dictionary that never fails.

George W. Kirchwey, LL.D., Columbia University Law School: "It makes all other dictionaries look pale and insignificant beside it."

LEARN WHAT THE WAR-WORDS MEAN

Burgomaster	Mitrailleuse	Belligerent	Neutrality
Reservist	Moratorium	Entente	Landsturm
Contraband	Armistice	Dreibund	Landwehr
Mobilize	Armageddon	Enfilade	Cossack

Every Word used in War or Peace is fully defined in the NEW Standard

A SUPERB CHRISTMAS GIFT

For the home, the school, the business and professional office, no present can be more useful or acceptable than this handsome volume; it will serve for years to come as a constant and valuable reminder of the giver.

FREE Descriptive Booklet

Sign the coupon and mail it to us so that we may send you by mail interesting information regarding this peerless work, with descriptions of the different beautiful bindings, prices and easy terms of payment.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO.
Dept. 254, New York

Send me free, by mail,
Standard Dictionary Booklet
and prices.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

\$1.50 postpaid

YOU WOULD LIKE
TO KNOW WHAT IS
RIGHT AND WRONG
IN BUSINESS AND
WHY IT IS SO

—READ—

Trade Morals

—BY—

EDWARD D. PAGE

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Haven New York

Your Christmas Gift Delivered for You



Merely Fill in Coupon and Send Us Your Card

with money order, and this excellent gift set—a modern, accurate, complete reference work—will be sent to anyone you wish.

The Everyman Encyclopaedia

The Set Complete in 12 Volumes (boxed)

Cloth Binding Reinforced Cloth Limp Leather
\$6.00 Net \$8.00 Net \$10.00 Net
Quarter Pigskin \$12.00 Net

Contains six million words of facts, with 1200 illustrations. Beautifully bound. Type clear and readable. Paper thin, pure white. Sold by booksellers everywhere. Select set you wish to give and send post office money order and coupon below with 50 cents extra for delivery charges—or write for complete information today.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Publishers Everyman's Library
Dept. J, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York City

I enclose money order for \$.....for which
send.....set of Everyman's Encyclopaedia to

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

I want the set delivered by.....and
enclose herewith my card to go with same. (Date)

My Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Books and Courses of Study IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Write today for a list and
description of the Construc-
tive Studies, 1914-1915

The University of Chicago Press
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

depressed into caverns and crevasses four or five or six feet deep.

EVERY house in sight had been hit again and again and again. One house would have its whole front blown in, so that we could look right back to the rear walls and see the pans on the kitchen shelves. Another house would lack a roof to it, and the tidy tiles that had made the roof were now red and yellow rubbish, piled like broken shards outside a potter's door. The doors stood open, and the windows, with the window-panes all gone and in some instances the sashes as well, leered empty at us like eye-sockets without eyes.

So it went. Two of the houses had caught fire and the interiors were quite burned away. A sudden smell of burned things came from the still smoking ruins; but the walls, of thick stone, still stood.

Our poor tired old nag halted and sniffed and snorted. If she had had energy enough I reckon she would have shied about and run back the way she had come, for now, just ahead, lay two dead horses—a big gray and a roan—with their stark legs sticking out across the road. The gray was shot through and through in three places. The right fore hoof of the roan had been cut smack off, as smoothly as tho done with an ax; and the stiffened leg had a curiously unfinished look about it, suggesting a natural malformation. Dead only a few hours, the carcasses were already swelling. The skin on their bellies was tight as a drumhead.

WE FORCED the quivering mare past the two dead horses. Beyond them the road was a litter. Knapsacks, coats, canteens, handkerchiefs, pots, pans, household utensils, bottles, jugs and caps were everywhere. The deep ditches on each side of the road were clogged with such things. The dropped caps and the abandoned knapsacks were always French caps and French knapsacks cast aside, no doubt, in the road for a quick flight after the mêlée.

The Germans had charged after shelling the town, and then the French had fallen back—or at least so we deduced from the looks of things. In the débris was no object that bespoke German workmanship or German ownership. This rather puzzled us until we learned that the Germans, as tidy in this game of war as in the game of life, make it a hard-and-fast rule to gather up their own belongings after every engagement, great or small, leaving behind nothing that might give the enemy an idea of their losses.

We went by the church. Its spire was gone; but, strange to say, a small flag—the Tricolor of France—still fluttered from a window where some one had stuck it. We went by the *taverne*, or wine shop, which had a sign over its door—a creature remotely resembling a blue lynx. And through the door we saw half a loaf of bread and several bottles on a table. We went by a rather pretentious house, with pear trees in front of it and a big barn alongside it; and right under the eaves of the barn I picked up the short jacket of a French trooper, so new and fresh from the workshop that the white cambric lining was hardly soiled. The figure 18 was on the collar; we decided that its wearer must have belonged to the Eighteenth Cavalry Regiment. Behind the barn we found a whole pile of new knapsacks—the flimsy play-soldier knapsacks of the French infantrymen, which are not half so heavy or a third so substantial as the heavy sacks of the Germans, which are all bound with straps



"LET US HAVE PEACE"

The Song of Ages: On Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men.
A beautiful gift picture, by Ethel Wright. Exclusive in

The Copley Prints

For 20 years a Hall-Mark of Good Taste in Pictures
Unsurpassed for Gifts

At Art Stores, or sent on approval. \$1.00 to \$10.00.
Above picture, 7x9, \$1.25; 10x12, \$2.50; 16x20, \$5.00.
Illustrated Catalogue, practically a Handbook of
American Art, sent on receipt of 25 cents (stamps
accepted); this cost deducted from subsequent purchase of the Prints.

Also a distinguished New Series

The Copley Etchings

Your Family Portraits done privately from daguer-
reotypes, old photographs, tints, etc. Copyright by

CURTIS & CAMERON, 26 Harcourt St., BOSTON
Boston Salesroom: Pierce Bldg., opposite Public Library
New York Salesroom: Craftsman Bldg., 6 E. 39th St.

The Temple Shakespeare

Most satisfactory edition published. Forty
volumes—one play to a volume. Printed
from Cambridge Text. Excellent for Read-
ing Circles. Clean type, hand-made paper,
numbered lines. Volumes 4x5 1/4 inches.
Red Leather, \$5c per volume. Postage,
3c per volume. Buy a volume at your
book store or send for circular to
E. P. DUTTON & CO.
Publishers Everyman's Library
Dept. J, 681 Fifth Ave., New York

A Book for Brides and Wives Grooms and Husbands



"The Science of a New Life"
By JOHN COWAN, M. D.

Contains information that is worth
hundreds of dollars to any married
couple or those contemplating mar-
riage. Endorsed and recommended
by the leading medical and religious
critics throughout the United States.
Unfolds the secrets of a happy mar-
ried life, which are in many cases
learned too late. No other book like
it to be had anywhere at the price.
Note a few of the chapters.

PART I. Marriage and Its Advantages. Age at Which to Marry.
The Law of Choice. Love Analyzed. Qualities the Man Should
Avoid in Choosing. Qualities the Woman Should Avoid in Choosing.
The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Woman. The Anatomy
and Physiology of Generation in Man. Amateness: Its Use and
Abuse. The Law of Continence. Children: Their Desirability.
The Law of Genius.

PART II. The Conception of a New Life. The Physiology of
Inter-Uterine Growth. Period of Gestative Influence. Pregnancy:
Its Signs and Duration. Disorders of Pregnancy. Confinement.
Management of Mother and Child after Delivery. Period of Nursing
Influence. Diseases peculiar to Women. Diseases peculiar to Men.
Sterility and Impotence. SUBJECTS ON WHICH MORE MIGHT
BE SAID. A Happy Married Life. How Secured.

This book is 8 1/2 x 6 inches in size, 1 1/4 inches thick, and contains
400 pages with illustrations. Price \$3.00 postpaid. Eight-page
descriptive circular giving full and complete table of contents sent
free to any address. Agents Wanted.

SPECIAL OFFER

The regular price of "Science of a New Life" is \$3.00. In order
to hurriedly introduce this work among the readers of this magazine,
we will, for a limited time, send one copy only to any address,
postage prepaid, upon receipt of \$2.00. Furthermore, we will
agree to refund your money if, within 10 days of the receipt of the
book, you find it is not worth many times what you paid for it.

Take advantage of this offer to-day, this minute, and you will
never regret doing so.

J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY
9 ROSE STREET NEW YORK CITY

and covered on the back side with undressed red bullock's hide.

UNTIL now we had seen, in all the silent, ruined village, no human being. The place fairly ached with emptiness. Cats sat on the doorsteps or in the windows, and presently from a barn we heard imprisoned beasts lowing dismally; but there were no dogs. We had already remarked this fact—that in every desolated village cats were thick enough; but invariably the sharp-nosed, wolfish-looking Belgian dogs had disappeared along with their masters. And it was so in Montignies St. Christophe.

On a roadside barricade of stones, chinked with sods of turf—a breastwork the French probably had erected before the fight and which the Germans had kicked half down—I counted three cats, seated side by side.

It was just after we had gone by the barricade that, in a shed behind the riddled shell of a house, which was almost the last house of the town, one of our party saw an old, a very old woman, who peered out at us through a break in the wall. He called out to her in French, but she never answered—only continued to watch him from behind her shelter. He started toward her and she disappeared noiselessly, without having spoken a word. She was the only living person we saw in that town. . . .

THE sun was almost down by now, and its slanting rays came lengthwise through the elm-tree aisles along our route. Just as it disappeared we met a string of refugees—men, women and children—all afoot and all bearing pitiable small bundles. They limped along silently in a straggling procession. None of them were weeping; none of them looked as tho they had been weeping. During the past ten days I had seen thousands of such refugees, and I had yet to hear one of them cry out or complain or protest.

These persons who passed us now were like that. Their heavy peasant faces expressed dumb bewilderment—nothing else. They went on up the road into the gathering dusk as we went down, and almost at once the sound of their clinking tread died out behind us. Without knowing certainly, we nevertheless imagined they were the dwellers of Montignies St. Christophe going back to the wrecked shells that had been their homes.

Just Like His Father.

A teacher in one of the schools in the North of England, says a British exchange, recently received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils:

"Dear Mis.—You writ me about whipping Sammy. I hereby give you permission to beet him up any time it is necessary to learn him lessens. He is just like his father—you have to learn him with a clubb. Pound nolege into him. I wante him to git it, and don't pay no atenshion to what his father says; I'll handle him."

Business Instinct.

"The graspin'est man I ever knowed," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, "was an old chap named Snoopins. Somebody told him once that when he breathed he took in oxygen and gave out carbon. He spent a whole day tryin' to find out which of them two gases cost the most if you had to buy 'em. He wanted to know whether he was makin' or losin' money when he breathed."



THE PRESENT EUROPEAN WAR is the greatest tragedy in human history. The great monarchies of Europe, as illustrated herewith by the crowned eagles, are engaged in an awful conflict of destruction. The Goddess of Liberty may well try to protect the fallen soldiers with the flags of their nations trailing in dust. If you would like to know the underlying causes which have led up to this conflict, the great racial antipathies, the commercial rivalries, the sting of past defeats, the vaulting ambitions for world empire, then embrace this opportunity to place in your home the world-famed publication

Ridpath's History OF THE World

All the causes of the present conflict—Austria's defeat by Napoleon on a hundred battlefields, France's defeat by Germany under the Iron Chancellor Bismarck, Russia's loss of the Dardanelles, closing her outlet to the sea, England's opposition to the growing military and naval power of Germany, all these and hundreds of other causes may be clearly discerned and understood by reading this great History.

A Very Low Price and Easy Terms

WE will name our special low price and easy terms of payment only in direct letters. A coupon for your convenience is printed on the lower corner of this advertisement. **Tear off the coupon, write your name and address plainly and mail.** We do not publish our special low price for the reason Dr. Ridpath's widow derives her support from the royalty on this History, and to print our low price broadcast would cause injury to the sale of future editions.

Six Thousand Years of History

RIDPATH takes you back to the dawn of history long before the Pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Greek and Roman splendor; of Mohammedan culture and refinement; of French elegance and British power, to the dawn of yesterday. He covers every race, every nation, every time and holds you spellbound by its wonderful eloquence.

46 Page Booklet Free

WE will mail our beautiful forty-six page free booklet without any obligation on your part to buy. It will show Ridpath's wonderfully beautiful style. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet king and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that history becomes as absorbingly interesting as the greatest of fiction.

USE THIS COUPON



STUDY LAW

AT HOME
Become an LL. B.

*The Only Law School
of Its Kind in America*

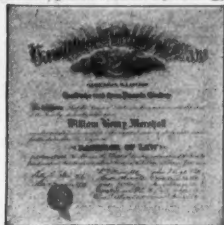
Special and Exclusive Features

Only recognized resident law school in the United States conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL. B.—by correspondence. ONLY law school in U. S. conducting standard resident school and giving same instruction by mail. ONLY law school giving over 450 class-room lectures to its extension students. ONLY law school giving a full 3-year, University Law Course, by mail, having an actual faculty of over 30 prominent lawyers in active practice. ONLY law school in existence giving Complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking, in conjunction with its law course.

BAR GUARANTEE

We give an absolute written guarantee to prepare our students to pass bar examinations.

The Hamilton College of Law is a regular, thoroughly recognized, bona fide College of Law and NOT an "institute," "correspondence school," etc.



Our Degree Bachelor of Laws, LL. B. NOT a Diploma or Certificate

From Class-Room to Student



From Lecture Room to Student

No Other Law School Can Use This Illustration

is the way we teach law. We are the only school doing this. A student can, if he chooses, take part of our course by mail and finish in our resident school where he will receive full credit for all work done by mail. Our resident school is recognized by all standard law schools in the United States. The Hamilton College of Law is highly endorsed and recommended by Government Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers, Graduates and Students. We have as students a number of practicing lawyers (not graduates of recognized law schools) who are now earning their degree of LL. B. A probate judge, (one of our active students) says: "I am delighted with the course prescribed and your method of teaching law. It is far in advance of what I expected to receive."

Our Law Library

consists of 24 volumes of Student's Standard Text Books, two volumes bound together under one cover making a total of 12 books. These books were prepared at an enormous cost especially for the students of the Hamilton College of Law, by one of the largest and best law book publishers in America. This is the only set of law text books ever prepared exclusively for student's use. We would be glad to have you submit these books to any lawyer or judge in the country and get his opinion about them.

Mail Coupon Today

and get our Big Beautifully Illustrated Prospectus and complete information. Places you under no obligations whatever. This may mean the turning point in your career.

Hamilton College of Law, 800 Advertising Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me your Illustrated Prospectus and full particulars regarding your method of teaching law by mail.

Name.....

Address.....

Write plain and in full

The European War has created unlimited Commercial Opportunities for those who know

SPANISH, FRENCH, GERMAN or ITALIAN

You can acquire these languages, in your own home, during spare moments, easily and quickly by the

LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD

And Rosenthal Method of Practical Linguistics

The natural way to learn a foreign language. The living voice of a native professor pronounces each word and phrase slowly or quickly. A pleasant, fascinating study. Not expensive—all members of the family can use it. You practise at convenient times, and in a surprisingly short time you speak, read and understand a new language. Indorsed by Educators.

Ideal Xmas Gift—Instructive and Entertaining

Special terms to owners of talking machines. Our records fit all machines. Write today for particulars and booklet.

THE LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD

854 Putnam Building 2 West 45th Street, New York

Shear Nonsense

The Kind He Had.

HEWITT: "Jewitt has a suit of clothes for every day of the week."

CREWITT: "I have only seen him in one."

HEWITT: "Well, that is it!"—Lippincott's.

His Favorite Instrument.

Two men who had been old schoolfellows met the other day in a restaurant, according to a story going the rounds of the press.

After exchanging greetings, one said:

"By the way, old chap, when at school you used to be rather fond of music. Do you play any instrument now?"

"Yes," was the reply; "second fiddle at home."

Objection Well Taken.

"Now," said the principal, to one of the pupils at the close of the lesson in which he had touched on the horrors of war, "do you object to war, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, I do," was the fervent answer.

"Now tell us why."

"Because," said the youth, "wars make history, an' I jist hate history."

His First Oyster.

A youngster whose parents had taken him for the first time from his inland home to the seashore became interested in oysters. One day, says *Everybody's*, they were served at table, on the half-shell, and he asked, "Mother, what are those?"

"Oysters, dear. Raw oysters."

"Can you eat them—like that?"

"Oh, yes."

"Can I have one?"

"Why, yes, if you want it."

He put the slippery thing into his mouth, but retained it there for experimentation. The attention of the company meanwhile was attracted elsewhere, and when finally the mother turned again to her son his face had undergone a change.

"Would you like another oyster, dear?" she asked him.

For several seconds there was no reply. There seemed some difficulty of speech, and only after a struggle was he able to gurgle: "I don't" (glub) "want this one."

Washing His Hands of Responsibility.

A sturdy little Lancashire lad went to a recruiting-station to enlist.

He was much disappointed, according to London *Tit-Bits*, when the officer told him he was too small and too young.

"Can't you find me some job in th' Army what I am big enough for?" anxiously asked the lad.

"No, I can't, I'm sorry to say," replied the officer.

As the lad turned sorrowfully away he said:

"Well, don't blame me if th' bloomin' Germans lick t' lot an' yo'; that's all!"

Would Like to See It.

"I done heard it read in de paper," said Uncle Raspberry, "dat some o' dese here flyin'-machine gemmen says a man kin do anything a bird kin."

"That's what they say," said Aunt Chloe. "Well, when any o' 'em sees a man sit fas' asleep, holdin' on to a tree branch wif his feet, I sho' wishes dey'd call me to have a look."

A Hard-Earned Cat.

Jean longed for a kitten with all her heart, says *Harper's Monthly*, but her mother was not fond of cats, so her eager pleadings were unrewarded until illness made it necessary for Jean to go to the hospital.

"I will make a bargain with you, Jean," said her mother. "If you will be a brave little girl about having your operation, you shall have the nicest kitten I can find."

Jean took the ether without a struggle. But later, as she came out from under the anesthetic, she realized how very sick and

The Key To Success

Stop Forgetting

Increase Your Efficiency

The secret of business and social success is the ability to remember. I can make your mind an infallible classified index from which you can instantly select thoughts, facts, figures, names, faces. Enables you to concentrate, develop self-control, overcome bashfulness, think on your feet, address an audience. Easy. Simple. The result of 20 years' experience in developing memories of thousands of students. Write today for copy of my book "How to remember" and Copyrighted Memory Test Free, also how to obtain FREE copy of my book "How to Speak in Public."



Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal

Dickson School of Memory, 975 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Short-Story Writing

A Course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years Editor of Lippincott's. One student writes: "I know that you will be pleased when I tell you that I have just received a check for \$125 from *Everybody's* for a humorous story. They ask for more. I am feeling very happy, and very grateful to Dr. Esenwein."

Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Verification and Poetica, Journalism. In all, over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges.

250-Page Catalog Free. Please Address

The Home Correspondence School

Dept. 266, Springfield, Mass.

LAW BOOK FREE

Read our 80-page book before enrolling for any law course. Tells how to judge the claims of correspondence schools, also explains the American School's simple new method of home law instruction. Prepared by 56 of America's greatest legal authorities—28 more subjects and 30 more authors than any other correspondence law course. 13 volume Law Library, 60 Text Books, and 36 Case Books furnished free. Don't fail to investigate before taking up the study of law. Send postal today for your free book.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. 1348 Buxel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago, U.S.A.

The University of Chicago

HOME STUDY

in addition to resident work, offers also instruction by correspondence.

For detailed information address

23rd Year U. of C. (Div. T) Chicago, Ill.

LANGUAGES

Quickly Learned AT HOME

German—French—English—Italian—Spanish—or any other language learned quickly and easily by the Cortina-Phone Method AT HOME. CYLINDER OR DISK RECORDS. Write for FREE booklet to test, easy payment plan. Cortina Academy of Languages



CORTINA-PHONE

FREE TUITION BY MAIL Civil Service, Normal, Academic, English, Drawing, Engineering, Real Estate, and law courses thoroughly taught by mail.

For "Free Tuition Plan" address:

CARNEGIE COLLEGE, Rogers, Ohio



Make this a **BOOK** Christmas and give lasting pleasure at small expense. Our illustrated Holiday Bulletin—Free for the Asking—describes new books for every purse and every taste. Write for it NOW!

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

wretched she felt. The nurse leaned over to catch her first spoken word.
"What a bum way to get a cat!" moaned the child.

Stole a March On Her.

A little girl about six years old told about in *Harper's*, was visiting friends, and during the course of the conversation one of them remarked:

"I hear you have a new little sister."

"Yes," answered the little girl, "just two weeks old."

"Did you want it to be a little girl?" asked the friend.

"No; I wanted it to be a boy," she replied, "but it came while I was at school."

Didn't Work Right.

Young Tommy returned from school in tears, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and nursing a black eye.

"Betcher I'll pay Billy Bobbs off for this in the morning," he wailed to his mother.

"No, no," she said, "you must return good for evil. I'll make you a nice jam tart and you must take it to Billy and say: 'Mother says I must return good for evil, so here's a tart for you.'"

Tommy demurred but finally consented. The next evening he returned in a worse plight and sobbed:

"I gave Billy the tart and told him what you said. 'N then he blacked my other eye and says to send him another tart to-morrow.'"

Their Only Chance.

Appropos of the wonderful bayonet charges of the French, Col. Arthur Riggs of Denver said, as reported in the *Washington Star*:

"The bayonet is a French weapon. It was invented in Bayonne, on the southwest coast of France. Hence its name.

"It isn't because the French are poor shots that they resort to the bayonet. No, indeed, they are fine shots." He smiled. "Not like a squad of recruits I once drilled.

"I never saw such wretched shots as those recruits were. My drill sergeant tried them first at 750 yards, then at 500, then at 100 in vain.

"Then the drill sergeant looked at the squad and said:

"Fix bayonets and charge the target! It's your only chance."

The Correct Address.

Little Anna was always glad to say her prayers, but she wanted to be sure that she was heard in the heavens above as well as on the earth beneath.

One night, after the usual "amen," says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, she dropped her head upon the pillow and closed her eyes. After a moment she raised her hand and, waving it frantically, shouted:

"O Lord, this prayer came from 243 Grant Avenue."

Comforting the Bereaved.

"I am going over to comfort Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Jackson to her daughter Mary (this comes from London *Tit-Bits*). "Mr. Brown hanged himself in their attic last night."

"Oh, mother, don't go; you know you always say the wrong thing."

"Yes, I'm going, Mary. I'll just talk about the weather; that's a safe enough subject."

Mrs. Jackson went on her visit of condolence.

"We've had rainy weather lately, haven't we, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes," replied the widow. "I haven't been able to get my week's washing dried."

"Oh," said Mrs. Jackson, "I shouldn't think you'd have any trouble. You have such a nice attic for hanging things in."

A Dirty Job.

"Just look at the wonderful color of the sea!" exclaimed a tourist on his first Mediterranean cruise. "See how blue it is!"

"That's not strange," growled a traveler who, according to *Lippincott's*, had lately run the gamut of the Neapolitan pensions and was therefore disillusioned. "No wonder it's blue. You'd be blue yourself if you had to wash the shores of Italy!"



Dodd, Mead & Co. Publishers



New International Encyclopædia

Second Edition

Editors
of the
Second Edition

FRANK MOORE COLBY, M. A.
TALCOTT WILLIAMS, LL.D., L.H.D., Litt.D.
Director, School of Journalism, Columbia University

THIS CHRISTMAS THE GIFT OF GIFTS

is the New International Encyclopædia, Second Edition. Revised, Re-written and Enlarged by three whole volumes, it is the most recent and comprehensive encyclopædia in existence. This great work has always been a favorite holiday gift to those one wishes to aid and honor most.

This year, the unparalleled demand for latest authentic information makes it

AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY

More things are happening now in a week than used to occur in a decade. The general reference works of yesterday are already obsolete on important subjects. Upon current momentous happenings, they are necessarily silent.

The New International Encyclopædia is being published NOW. In it are articles on live subjects mentioned in newspaper dispatches, and on its maps may be located cities, rivers and places made prominent by the present war. Its information is strictly impartial. Where questions are in dispute, both sides are presented. Then the

War-Created Opportunities and Responsibilities

must be handled with energy and the judgment dependent on exact and latest knowledge.

The New International Encyclopædia will supply you with the latest facts on every subject, new and old.

Can you imagine a more splendid gift—for yourself or anyone else? And it may be paid for monthly

It will contain about 30,000 more articles than any other standard encyclopædia. With each important article is printed a list of the latest books on that subject, thus directing the reader to investigation of the subject beyond the encyclopædic province.

A Special Low Price if You're Quick

It is solely for introductory purposes, and you must subscribe immediately to get it. The immense cost of production will necessitate an

Early Increase in Price

So Order Promptly if you wish to purchase the encyclopædia at the lowest price at which it will ever be offered, and if you wish to insure delivery in time for Christmas.

24 Volumes. 80,000 Articles. 20,000 Pages.
New Maps. New Illustrations.
New Type Throughout.

Additional Volumes Ready in December

Printed on Thin Paper made especially for this edition—light, opaque, strong. It won't crumple.

And a Special Library Edition on regular book paper, bound in library buckram, practically in accordance with the specifications of the Binding Committee of the American Library Association.

The Most Liberal Terms of Payment

can be arranged if you do not wish to pay cash.

Free Research Bureau

Each subscriber to this Second Edition will become a member of our International Research Bureau and may, without expense, consult this bureau freely on any subject of interest found in reading or conversation.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

for full information regarding this splendid offer, the very easy terms of payment, the cash discount, the unique character and scope of the great Second Edition.

DODD, MEAD
& CO.

Publishers
449 Fourth Ave.
New York

Dodd, Mead
& Company
Publishers
449 Fourth Ave.
New York City

Send me full information regarding your Second Edition of the New International Encyclopædia, with details of special price, etc.

NAME
OCCUPATION
BUS. ADDRESS
RESIDENCE
TOWN STATE

Christmas Book FREE

with a single subscription to "GOOD HEALTH"—the magazine that teaches you how to get well, and keep well without drugs. Not dry and technical, but intensely interesting and easy to understand. Write today for particulars of this FREE Christmas Book Offer. Address—

GOOD HEALTH PUBLISHING CO.

1111 West Main Street, Battle Creek, Michigan

Lundstrom SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

Endorsed by over seventy thousand users. Sold only direct from our factory at a considerable saving to you. Write for our new Catalog No. 58.

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO.
Little Falls, N. Y.

Mfrs. of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets

HOME FOLKS What 15c Will Do!

You have wished for a paper that gives all the news of the world, and that tells the truth and only the truth. The *Pathfinder* is just the paper you have been longing for, and the little matter of 15c in stamps will bring it to you every Saturday for 13 weeks on trial. The *Pathfinder* is an illustrated weekly, printed from large, easy reading type, published at the Nation's Capital, for the Nation; now in its 22nd year of increasing success. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but \$1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the *Pathfinder* is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the *Pathfinder* on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in New Friends. Address THE PATHFINDER, Box AA, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE BEST MAGAZINE BARGAINS FOR CURRENT OPINION SUBSCRIBERS

CURRENT OPINION. 50 }
Delineator... } both to 23 } **\$4.50**
Everybody's. } one 25 } Save \$1.50

CURRENT OPINION. 50 }
Technical World..... 23 } **\$4.90**
McClure's 25 } Save \$1.10

CURRENT OPINION. 50 }
Something to Do..... 17 } **\$4.50**
Delineator 23 }

CURRENT OPINION. 50 }
American.... } to one 25 } **\$4.50**
Woman's } address } Save \$1.50
Home Comp. } 25 }

CURRENT OPINION. 50 }
Pictorial Review..... 20 } **\$4.65**
Metropolitan 23 } Save .85

CURRENT OPINION. 50 }
Harper's Magazine..... 70 } **\$6.00**
Save \$1.00

NON-CLASS

1.50 Ainslee's.
1.50 Cosmopolitan Magazine.
1.50 Country Gentleman.
1.50 Good Housekeeping.
1.50 Harper's Bazar.
1.50 Hearst's Magazine.
1.50 Ladies' Home Journal.
5.00 Life.
3.00 Literary Digest.
1.50 Munsey's Magazine.
1.50 Popular Mechanics.
1.50 Saturday Evening Post.
5.00 Town & Country.
4.00 Vogue.

ORDER BLANK

Current Literature Publishing Co.
134 WEST 29th STREET,
New York, N. Y.

Send

Amount enclosed to pay for
Class Magazines.....\$.....

To pay for Non-Class Mag-
azines at full prices.....\$.....

Total amount enclosed.....\$.....

NAME AND ADDRESS OF REMITTER

SPECIAL CLUBS

No Changes on Substitutions Allowed in these
Special Clubs

CURRENT OPINION. 50 }
Independent, for 6 mos. 20 } **\$3.50**
Save \$1.00

CURRENT OPINION. 50 }
North American Review } **\$3.50**
Special, 6 mos. Save \$1.50

CURRENT OPINION. 50 }
Etude 25 } **\$3.75**
Save .75

CURRENT OPINION. 50 }
Collier's 35 } **\$5.75**
Delineator 23 } Save \$2.25
Everybody's 25 }

CURRENT OPINION. 50 }
Outlook..... } to one 60 } **\$8.50**
Scribner's..... } address 50 } Save \$3.50
World's Work } 40 }

To find price of a group of "Class" Mag-
azines, add Class Numbers together and
multiply by 5.

For example:
 $23 + 23 + 20 = 66 \times 5 = \3.30
which is the correct price.

If all magazines ordered are to go to one
address, use bottom blank, only checking
those desired.

CLASS MAGAZINES

Publ.	Class	No.	Publication
Price			
\$1.00	17	American Boy.	
1.50	25	American Magazine.	
4.00	80	Atlantic Monthly.	
1.00	17	Boys Magazine.	
4.00	70	Century.	
1.50	23	Christian Herald.	
2.50	35	Collier's Weekly.	
4.00	70	Country Life in America.	
3.00	35	Countryside Magazine.	
.40	8	Current Events.	
3.00	50	CURRENT OPINION.	
1.50	23	Delineator.	
.75	12	Designer.	
1.50	25	Etude Magazine.	
1.50	25	Everybody's Magazine.	
1.00	17	Farm Journal (5 years).	
1.50	23	Garden Magazine.	
4.00	70	Harper's Magazine.	
5.00	80	Harper's Weekly.	
.75	12	Home Needlework.	
2.00	30	House Beautiful.	
3.00	55	Independent Magazine.	
1.00	15	Ladies' World.	
3.00	40	Lippincott's Magazine.	
1.00	17	Little Folks (new only).	
.50	10	McCall's Magazine (free pattern).	
1.50	23	McClure's Magazine.	
1.50	23	Metropolitan Magazine.	
1.00	17	Modern Priscilla.	
1.50	23	Mother's Magazine.	
1.50	23	Musican.	
1.50	23	National Food Magazine.	
3.00	60	Outlook.	
1.50	20	Pearson's Magazine.	
1.00	20	Pictorial Review.	
1.50	30	Recreation & Outdoor World.	
1.50	23	Red Book.	
.50	7	Reliable Poultry Journal.	
3.00	35	Review of Reviews.	
3.00	80	St. Nicholas.	
3.00	55	Scientific American.	
3.00	50	Scribner's Magazine.	
3.00	45	Smart Set.	
1.00	17	Something to Do. (A Magazine for Children.)	
2.50	35	Sunset Magazine.	
1.50	23	Technical World.	
3.00	50	Travel Magazine.	
1.50	25	Woman's Home Companion.	
3.00	40	World's Work.	
2.00	40	Youth's Companion.	

CLASS CLUB
PRICE

CURRENT OPINION. 50 }
with American Boy..... 17 } **\$3.35**
or with

American Magazine..... 25 } 3.75

Christian Herald..... 23 } 3.65

Collier's Weekly..... 35 } 4.25

Countryside Magazine..... 35 } 4.25

Delineator 23 } 3.65

Designer 12 } 3.10

Etude 25 } 3.75

Everybody's Magazine..... 25 } 3.75

Farm Journal (5 years)..... 17 } 3.35

Harper's Magazine..... 70 } 6.00

Harper's Weekly..... 80 } 6.50

Independent 55 } 5.25

Lippincott's 40 } 4.50

Little Folks (new)..... 17 } 3.35

Metropolitan 23 } 3.65

Natl. Food Magazine..... 23 } 3.65

Recreation and Outdoor

World 30 } 4.00

Pictorial Review..... 20 } 3.50

Review of Reviews..... 35 } 4.25

Scientific American 55 } 5.25

Scribner's Magazine..... 50 } 5.00

Something to Do 17 } 3.35

Technical World..... 23 } 3.65

Woman's Home Comp..... 25 } 3.75

Youth's Companion..... 40 } 4.50

Special \$2.00 Offers

TO ONE ADDRESS

Everybody's—two years....\$2.00

Delineator—two years..... 2.00

American—two years..... 2.00

Woman's Home Companion

—two years..... 2.00

Everybody's and Delineator

—both one year to one

address 2.00

American & Woman's Home

Companion—both one year

to one address..... 2.00

Any of above \$2.00

Offers with CURRENT

OPINION for one year } **\$4.50**

Cosmopolitan—two years... 2.00

Hearst's—two years..... 2.00

Harper's Bazar—two years. 2.00

Good Housekeep'g—two yrs 2.00



CURRENT OPINION



EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

ALEXANDER HARVEY

GEORGE S. VIERECK

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

AMERICA'S PART IN THE WORLD'S GREAT DRAMA OF WAR

NEARLY four months of titanic warfare in Europe find nothing decisive accomplished in any of the fields of contest, with the single exception of the capture of Kiau Chau by the Japanese. One-half of the population of the world is now included in the nations at war. Turkey has come half-heartedly into the struggle. In South Africa there has been revolt against British rule, in the Orange Free State by DeWet, in the western Transvaal by Beyers, in the Northwest Province of Cape Colony by Maritz. There have been battles in the Congo between the French and Germans. On the firing line in France are troops from Canada and India. The Australian navy has given a good account of itself in the destruction of the German cruiser *Emden*. Moslems, Hindoos, Turcos, Japanese, Afghans, are participating in the fighting and the red Indians of western Canada are clamoring for their share of it. Germany's official figures show losses in the Prussian army alone of 545,000 men up to the middle of October and prisoners captured by her troops to the number of 433,247. Fifty-four naval vessels are known to have been lost, 24 of them German, 19 British, 4 Austrian, 3 Russian, 2 Japanese and 2 French, and there are reports not yet confirmed of the loss of 70 more. Yet the lines of battle are to-day singularly like those of two months ago and no one can do any better than to make a blind guess as to the duration of the war or its final results. Even Belgium has not been subdued, a strip about forty miles long and fifteen miles wide remaining in the hands of the allies and forming the scene of the longest and most desperate struggle yet witnessed. Week after week the deadlock in France has continued along 250 miles of battle-line, and the changes have been almost inappreciable on the map, except that the French have regained and held for a month or more a small strip in Alsace of perhaps ten by twenty miles. In the eastern field of battle there have been some swift and dramatic changes,

but even there the net result has been surprisingly small. The German invasion of Poland up to within a few miles of Warsaw was swept back temporarily toward the German frontier, and the Cossacks are again hammering at the gates of Königsberg in East Prussia and of Przemyśl in Galicia, where they were two months ago.

An Even Break After Four Months of War.

IN THE nearly four months of fighting, as one of the experts points out, the Germans beat the French all along their frontier and then were beaten by them at the Marne. The Germans beat the British at Mons and St. Quentin and were beaten by them at the Marne. The Germans beat the Russians in East Prussia and have been beaten by them in Poland. In the matter of military glory, therefore, as well as of strategic advantage the war has so far resulted in a draw, so far as these three nations are concerned. But so far as the Austrians are concerned, they have had the worst of it in every engagement but one with the Russians, and they have been unable to administer a crushing defeat to Serbia or even to take and hold Belgrade. "What we are facing to-day," says the expert who writes for the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "is the prospect of a painfully prolonged struggle, with the chances of decisive victory, if such chances exist at all, removed to a remote future. In other words, we are facing the possibility of a drawn fight in which exhaustion may impel all participants to seek a way to peace consistent with what is euphoniouly described as 'honor.'" "It is only when one looks beyond the fighting on the present battle-lines that it is possible to realize how little effect the three months of war have had upon the fighting strength of the opposing nations," said the expert of the *N. Y. Times*. "For months to come Great Britain and Russia can increase their military strength, and Germany, with strength as



U. S.: "I can't keep my mind on them, William, there's so much else going on."

—Rogers in N. Y. Herald

yet undiminished, has yet to fall back upon the strong defensive lines within her own borders." The war, as the *Toledo Blade* points out, is a gasoline-driven war:

"By means of gasoline-driven cars, field telephone and telegraph were established, removed and carried wherever they were needed, with no waiting on laggard feet and tired horseflesh. The dynamos of searchlights were driven by gasoline, the engines of aeroplanes and airships, the armored automobiles, the heavy trucks of ammunition and provision trains, the flying cars of the dispatch bearers, the motorcycles of scouts and messengers. When the weight on one part of the battle-line bore too heavily, troops were loaded into trucks from another part of the line and sent to strengthen it.

"Gasoline has speeded up war to a rate hitherto unknown. It has kept the men in the trenches fed and supplied with ammunition. It has saved human fatigue. It has made it possible for one man, or a group of men, to command battle-lines hundreds of miles long.

"The supply of gasoline, therefore, is a matter of supreme importance to the warring nations. The country whose supplies are first exhausted will be the first to lose decisive battles, the first to sue for peace."

Of aeroplanes alone (including sea-planes) there are in this war, according to Henry Woodhouse, editor of *Flying*, 4,920; and of dirigibles, 107.

A Proposed League of Neutral Nations.

WITH every prospect of a protracted and desperate struggle, in the course of which each side is likely to draw to its assistance every possible resource, is the United States going to be able to keep the attitude of a mere spectator to the end of the chapter? Within the last month that question has been obtruding itself more and more into the discussion of the events of the war. When President Wilson first proclaimed

neutrality, there was but one opinion voiced in this country—that of approval. To-day there are signs of a change of mind in some influential circles. Not, indeed, that there is any appreciable demand that we take part in the actual fighting, but that we depart from an entirely passive attitude and make our influence felt in a somewhat positive manner. George W. Kirchwey, head of the Columbia Law School, for instance, in a speech at a peace conference in New York City last month, suggested an alliance, offensive and defensive, of neutral nations to defend neutral rights against seizure of ships, mining of the high seas, and other violations of international law. "Such an alliance," he remarked, amid the applause of his audience, "might lead to war, but it would be one of the few just wars." John Jay Chapman, the author, in a letter to the *N. Y. Times*, speaks of the announcement that Switzerland is about to protest against the violation of Belgium's neutrality, and says: "If Switzerland does this without the cooperation of the United States, I for one shall feel ashamed of my country and doubtful of her mission in the world." He goes on to say:

"Is the United States, after signing treaties with Germany which were to protect the rights of small nations, going to stand aside while the small nations are eaten up? We so stand to-day. Bombs thrown upon innocent women and children in Antwerp do not move us from our position of dignified neutrality. The destruction of Louvain does not move us. The violation of the treaties signed by the Germans at The Hague with us does not move us. I say, then, may God raise up some other neutral nation that will protest in a manly way against these things. It is not size that counts, but courage."

Our Concern in the Invasion of Belgium.

THIS same position is urged at greater length in the *N. Y. Tribune* by William Gardner Hale, LL.D., head of the Latin department of Chicago University. At the second Hague Conference, he reminds us, the United States, with forty-three other powers, declared that "the territory of neutral powers is inviolable." That clause forms the vital part of a compact between the United States and the other powers. Says Professor Hale further:

"When, then, Germany broke the law her act did not concern England, France, Belgium and herself alone, it concerned us. It was not merely a shameful act toward a brave but weak State, it was an offence to us. And we learned by it that Germany considered not merely her treaty with England, Belgium and France a 'scrap of paper,' in the illuminating words of her Chancellor, but a treaty made between us and her, with other powers, merely another scrap of paper."

If there is no protest when the laws of nations are thus violated, then, it is claimed, there can never be any security against further law-breaking. "This is no small quarrel," Professor Hale insists; "the fate of the world hangs upon it. That which we should some day do we should do now—should have done already." We had sufficient reason for protest on the day Germany issued her threat to Belgium. We had additional reason when an unfortified and undefended town was thrice bombarded; again when the first neutral ship was blown up by floating mines. We are not a military nation, but we are not helpless. Our navy could at once have patrolled the seas and given security in the Atlan-

tic. Professor Hale and Mr. Chapman are both obviously anti-German in this conflict. Theodore Roosevelt takes a similar view of our duty, but disclaims being actuated by any hostility to Germany. The mere passive neutrality shown by our government in the past three months, he says, is utterly ineffective to secure even the smallest advance in world-morality.

**We Should Take Action,
Says Mr. Roosevelt.**

IT WILL never be possible in any war, says Mr. Roosevelt, in developing his position, to commit a clearer breach of international morality than that committed by Germany in the invasion and subjugation of Belgium. All nations have committed such breaches in the past, he admits, but the very object of the Hague Convention was to put a stop to such things in the future. He cannot imagine any sensible nation thinking it worth while to sign any future Hague agreements if a powerful neutral nation like the United States does not care enough about them even to protest against their open breach. He makes a frontal attack upon our state department as follows:

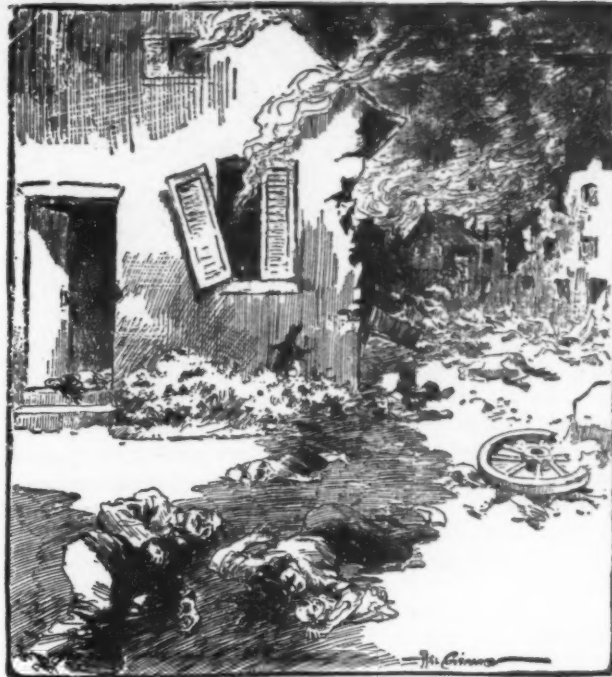
"It is quite indefensible to make agreements and not live up to them. The climax of absurdity is for any administration to do what the present administration during the past three months has done. Mr. Wilson's administration has shirked the duty plainly imposed on it by the obligations of the conventions already entered into; and at the same time it has sought to obtain cheap credit by entering into a couple of score new treaties infinitely more drastic than the old ones, and quite impossible of honest fulfillment.

"When the Belgian people complained of violations of The Hague Tribunal, it was a mockery, it was a timid and unworthy abandonment of duty on our part, for President Wilson to refer them back to The Hague Court, when he knew that The Hague Court was less than a shadow unless the United States by doing its clear duty gave The Hague Court some substance."

What, then, should we have done? Mr. Roosevelt answers this question with caution. It was, we are told, the plain duty of our government to investigate the charges solemnly made by the Belgian Commission and, after informing itself as to the facts, it should at least have put itself on record thereto. "The extent to which the action should go may properly be a subject for discussion. But that there should be some action is beyond discussion; unless, indeed, we ourselves are content to take the view that treaties, conventions, and international engagements and agreements of all kinds are to be treated by us and by everybody else as what they have been authoritatively declared to be, 'scraps of paper,' the writing on which is intended for no better purpose than temporarily to amuse the feeble-minded."

**Wanted: A Protest
From America.**

FROM various other directions come the appeals to Americans to make their influence actively felt. It is impossible, writes Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, a Senator of France, that the New World should remain a simple spectator before the gigantic struggle which is progressing in Europe. He does not ask us to intervene by force, but he asks that we shall not remain silent "before the senile attacks of those armies that respect nothing, neither women, children, old men, unfortified cities, museums, nor cathedrals." George Ber-



"THERE IS NOTHING TO REPORT"

—Coffman in Milwaukee Leader

nard Shaw goes further than this. He sends to President Wilson a petition asking him to invite the neutral powers to confer with this nation "for the purpose of requesting Great Britain, France and Germany to withdraw from the soil of Belgium and fight out their quarrel on their own territories." Mr. Shaw, tho a subject of King George, is not sparing of criticism of his Majesty's ministers. But Belgium he holds to be perfectly innocent. She made but one mistake, he says, in calling to her aid the powers of the Entente alone. She should have called on America too. "But," he goes on to say, "if Belgium says nothing, but only turns her eyes dumbly toward you whilst you look at the red ruin in which her villages, her heaps of slain, her monuments and treasures are being hurled by friends and enemies alike, are you any less bound to speak out than if Belgium had asked you to send a million soldiers?" Still another appeal comes to us from abroad for action. Lord Channing of Wellingborough, who was born in this country, but who has been for twenty-five years a member of the British Parliament and for three years a member of the House of Lords, regards it as unthinkable that America can divest herself of responsibility for the final outcome of the situation in Europe. We are as responsible as Europe, for instance, for the great extensions and modifications of international law. We stand forth as the apostle of arbitration and as the chief signatory of the great world conventions which have settled new rules for the conduct of war. Can America, he asks, divest herself of the duty thus placed upon her, and is it wise or safe to indefinitely postpone the discharge of this duty?

**The Foreigners Will Get Us If
We Don't Look Out.**

BUT it is not by appeals alone that the effort is made to bring the United States into some active relation with the development of the situation in Europe. There are warnings as well. They come from

both sides. Herman Ridder, for instance, who has been treasurer of the national Democratic Committee, assures us that Japan is aiming at the acquisition of those Pacific islands which will be most useful to her in her campaign against the United States, and he calls upon the American people to demand that she desist from further aggression in the Pacific Ocean. "Washington," he says regretfully, "uninstructed by the American people, is no longer capable of handling the situation." On the other hand a number of the English papers which, as A. Maurice Low puts it, "seem determined to create friction with the United States," have been accusing President Wilson of being pro-German and of biding his time to come out as an enemy of the allies. Mr. Low takes this accusation seriously enough to send a long dispatch to the *London Post*, of which he is the Washington correspondent, denying the charge strenuously. Other of the contestants are sitting up nights in their anxiety over the future of the Monroe Doctrine. The *London Spectator* is one of these. It thus expressed its perturbation some time ago:

"We are not ashamed to confess that the military unpreparedness of America haunts us like a nightmare. No doubt it is well-nigh inconceivable that Germany can now be victorious. Still, if by a miracle she were to win, she would unquestionably turn her attention to the great unravaged and undeveloped riches of South America. She would, indeed, hardly have any choice but to renew her strength there. And then how about the Monroe Doctrine!"

Invasion of Canada and the Monroe Doctrine.

THE perils of the Monroe Doctrine are, indeed, worthy a separate paragraph just here. Winston Churchill, the British Lord of the Admiralty, has also warned us of Germany's intention to challenge the Monroe Doctrine if she emerges victorious from this

war. Thereupon Count Bernstorff, German ambassador at Washington, hastened to assure us that Germany has no intention of seeking expansion in South America, tho, as he later announced, an invasion of Canada for the purpose of acquiring a temporary foothold on this continent would not be considered a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. This utterance has occasioned something of a stir. If there is one thing more than another calculated to assist those who are striving to induce this country to break its neutrality, says the *N. Y. Herald*, "it is the picture Count Bernstorff paints of German armies 'hacking their way' in Canada." The *N. Y. Journal of Commerce* admits that the Monroe Doctrine probably would have nothing to do with the case, but adds that nothing could happen that would more surely consolidate all America in resistance than an attempt to set foot with an armed force upon this continent. The *Springfield Republican* takes the same position. The Monroe Doctrine would have nothing more to do with the case, it says, than the binomial theorem; but, it goes on to point out, "no European power could ever invade Canada without causing a tremendous commotion and arousing the keenest apprehension in the United States." The same paper calls attention to the far-reaching effects that may flow from Canada's participation in the wars of the British Empire, and the *Detroit Free Press* even challenges the right of Canada "to enter into the European quarrel" because of the jeopardy which is likely to ensue to her neighbors on this continent. The *Toronto Globe* takes up the challenge. Monroe Doctrine or no Monroe Doctrine, it asserts, there could be for Canada no neutrality in this war. She might, if she wished, hide behind the skirts of the United States, but every instinct of national honor and self-respect would have spurned such an alternative had it been presented by Germany. But Canada, as the *Globe* believes, is "supremely desirous that the United States remain neutral, so that as a free republic in America she may stand among the wreckage of Europe, and in the name of American democracy make despotism and military overlordship



KIDDING THEMSELVES

—Weed in N. Y. Tribune



"YUM-M-M!!"

—Sykes in Phila. Evening Ledger

and government by violence forevermore impossible in a new world of free and self-governing nations."

America as an Arbiter of Peace.

THIS vision of the United States as a great moral influence rather than a military adjunct in the present strife is what appeals most to President Butler of Columbia University. Think what it has meant, he says, for the great nations to have come to us seeking our favorable public opinion:

"They can have been induced by nothing save their conviction that we are the possessors of sound political ideals and a great moral force. In other words, they do not want us to fight for them, but they do want us to approve of them. They want us to pass judgment upon the humanity and the legality of their acts, because they feel that our judgment will be the judgment of history. . . .

"As a nation we have kept our word when sorely tempted to break it. We made Cuba independent, we have not exploited the Philippines, we have stood by our word as to Panama Canal tolls. In consequence we are the first moral power in the world to-day."

Our duty, says Curtis Guild, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, is to keep quiet, to take neither side, to help the sick and suffering and to promote peace. The most awful catastrophe, he is persuaded, that could happen

would be for the United States to be drawn into the war; but he (as well as ex-Secretary Knox) expresses keen apprehension—or did so just before election—lest the "incompetence of the State Department" drag us into it before we know what has happened. The N. Y. *World* is equally clear as to the necessity of our keeping hands off, not only for our own sake but for Europe's as well. It reasons as follows:

"As a nation we never were in a situation where our policy was more easy, more obvious, more honorable or more brilliant.

"The war situation looks less and less like a decisive victory on either side; more and more like a military deadlock, which could only be terminated by the utter financial and industrial prostration of one side or the other. But a war fought out to such a conclusion would be little less disastrous to the winners than to the losers. Such a situation, the fear of such a termination, tend peculiarly to the triumph of American mediation. But the essential requisite of a mediator is neutrality. Neither side will subject itself to the offices of a nation which has put itself on record as hostile.

"Our nation is blessed with the almost unbelievable opportunity of acting, when the time is ripe, as arbiter of peace for a world at war, of winning the dazzling predominance and prestige which such an achievement would carry with it."

REVERSING THE LEVER IN OUR NATIONAL POLITICS

TWO years ago the Republican party was able to carry but two states—Vermont and Utah—with a total electoral vote of eight. Since then it has been hard work at times to find any real Republican headquarters. The press service of the party was part of the time suspended for lack of financial support. In the recent congressional campaign, so it is said by the *Washington Herald*, the campaign committee "did not have carfare." It could not pay postage on its political literature, and appeals for funds brought in but a pit-

tance. Yet without funds, without any well-defined issue, and without a real leader of national size, the party rolled up a vote last month that came near wip-



"RECONCILED"

—Kirby in N. Y. *World*!



"NOBODY LOVES ME. I'M GOIN' INTO THE JUNGLE AND EAT MONKEYS"

—Harding in Brooklyn *Eagle*



THE LINE THAT HELD

—Kirby in N. Y. World

ing out entirely the Democratic majority of 141 in the House of Representatives. The congressional districts which it carried represent, according to Republican statisticians, 296 electoral votes, or a clear majority in the electoral college. The Democratic statisticians figure out, by a different process, only 220 electoral votes in the states carried by the Republicans and 307 for their own party. Either way you take it, the recovery of the Republican party has been remarkable. It rolled up old-time pluralities in many states—nearly a quarter of a million for Penrose in Pennsylvania, more than one half that for Whitman in New York, and a clean sweep in the long-time doubtful states of New Jersey and Connecticut. In Ohio it has increased its congressional representation from three to thirteen, in Illinois from four to fourteen, in Massachusetts from eight to eleven, in New York from eleven to twenty-two, in New Jersey from two to nine, in Pennsylvania from eighteen to twenty-six, in Connecticut from nothing to five. In the country at large the Republicans gain seventy-one Congressmen. They have 129 in the present Congress; they will have in the next Congress 200. The Democrats have 285; in the next they will have 227. The Progressives have 15; their number is reduced to 7. The Socialists will have one.

The Late Election—Whose Victory Was It?

YET such are the mysteries of American politics that the Democratic leaders can claim, and with apparent sincerity, a "great

victory" for their party also. "The victory," says Postmaster General Burleson, "was an overwhelming one for the Democrats." Secretary Bryan says the same thing. A few days before the election the Democratic papers were insisting that, as the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer* put it, "every senatorial and representative candidate is running on the issue of whether President Wilson is to be endorsed or rebuked." This was defined as "the sole issue of the Congressional elections" by the *St. Louis Post Despatch*, another Democratic paper. How, then, is a loss of one Congressman out of every ten construed as a Democratic victory? It all depends on your basis of comparison. Two years ago a large Democratic majority was secured through a split in the opposition. This year, when the split has very largely disappeared, and the historic conditions of the two old parties in a great measure restored, the Democrats retain a majority in Congress. Compared with any year prior to 1912, the Democratic situation shows almost unexampled strength. "On the face of the returns," says the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "we have the solid fact that the Democratic party will, for the first time since the formation of the Republican party, sixty years ago, have control of the presidency and both houses of Congress throughout the whole of a presidential term." Not once before, since Buchanan's day, has that happened. What is more, this control of Congress has been secured for two more years on the heels of a revision of the tariff schedules. After the McKinley bill became law the party responsible for it lost 78 seats in Congress. The Wilson tariff cost the Democrats 118 seats. The Dingley tariff cost the Republicans 25 seats. The Payne-Aldrich tariff cost them 52 seats. And each one of these revisions cost the party responsible for it the control of the House of Representatives, excepting the Dingley tariff alone, and that might have done so but for the intervention of the Spanish-American war. Under the circumstances the Democratic leaders, who compare the recent election returns not with the abnormal returns of 1912 but with those of previous years, feel justified in chortling with joy. They have, moreover, actually increased their majority in the Senate by three.

The Gloom of the Progressives.

THE tale of jubilation, however, is not complete with the story of Republican and Democratic joy. The Socialists also insist on being happy. They point to but one lone Congressman, it is true,—Meyer London, from the East Side in New York City—but to 31 members of state legislatures and a still larger number who have "just missed being elected." "New York, California, Illinois, Oklahoma, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Kansas, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, nine states all told," says the *N. Y. Call*, "and all important ones, have contributed to this total." But no one should



BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN!

—Carter in N. Y. Evening Sun

think, from all this, that there is joy enough to go all the way around. There is not. This time it is the Progressive party that is forced to do the glooming. The Progressives did, it is true, reelect Hiram Johnson governor of California by a good round plurality, and their candidates for Senator in Illinois and Pennsylvania—Robins and Pinchot—received quite respectable votes—about 200,000 in the first case and over 250,000 in the other. But, even so, Robins was a poor third in Illinois, Beveridge was the same in Indiana, Victor Murdock has fallen by the wayside in Kansas, Davenport received less than 50,000 for governor in New York, less than one-fourth that polled by Straus for the same office two years ago. All through the East and in the middle states the party makes a similar showing and in the nation at large it is estimated by the *N. Y. World* that three-fourths of the voters who followed Roosevelt in 1912 went back into the Republican ranks this year. "The Progressive party," says the *World*, "is dead past hope of a resurrection." Mr. Davenport himself construes the meaning of the decline in his party's vote to be that the country favors a two-party system. The *Chicago Evening Post* (Prog.) explains that the Progressives "were boxed, as it were," and "in the heat of battle between two extremes simply could not get their point of view over." "It appears," says the *Boston Transcript* (Rep.), "to have been a national affair—the burial of the Bull Moose." "The outstanding fact of the late election," remarks the *Brooklyn Eagle* (Dem.), is "the slump in the Progressive vote." "The Progressive Party," says the *Detroit Free Press* (Ind.), "has been wiped off the slate and its transitory interference with the normal course of affairs has ended."

Signs of Reaction in the Recent Election.

BUT more than this has transpired. There seems to have been a reaction not only away from the Progressive party but from Progressive ideas as well. This is especially apparent in the Republican vote. "The significant thing of this election," says the *N. Y. World*, "is not that the Progressives have returned to the Republican party, but that they have returned to the same kind of Republican party that they left in 1912. There is not a drop of progressive blood in its veins. All its triumphs in Tuesday's elections were triumphs of political reaction." Senator Penrose was elected Senator for another term by nearly a quarter of a million plu-



THE CAMEL BREAKS LOOSE

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*

rality in a state that two years ago cast its electoral vote for Roosevelt. Cannon was elected to Congress again by a handsome majority, and McKinley, who managed Taft's presidential campaign, also goes back to Congress. Wisconsin elected Philipp governor on the Republican ticket tho Senator LaFollette bolted and campaigned against him. Kansas, the breeding ground of Progressive movements, sends Charles Curtis, a "stand-pat" Republican, to the United States Senate, and choose for governor Arthur Capper, who, according to the *Emporia Gazette*, ended his career a few months ago by putting away the Progressive party nomination and accepting the Republican. The most reactionary of the Republican papers, such for instance as the *Los Angeles Times*, are acclaiming the results of the voting as a triumphant return of the party to the old doctrines and the old leaders. "The result of the elections, in the broadest sense," according to the *Springfield Republican*, "was a triumph for conservatism over radicalism—the first one of any importance since President McKinley was reelected in 1900."

The War and the Election.

THIS effect the *Springfield* paper attributes to the European war. "In times like these," it says, "reform withers. The popular instinct is to sit tight, conserve what is, and make the best of what is established and tested by time." The *N. Y. Tribune* is one of the few papers that disputes this interpretation of the voting. "It was the Republican party's place in the sun," so it insists, "not that of the old reactionary bosses, that won on Tuesday. . . . The men who left the party to strike at the reactionary bosses came back to it to strike at Wilson. They can be kept in it. They can be alienated from it in such numbers as to make 1916 another overturn. It is up to the progressive element in the Republican party. Tuesday's victory was not a victory for reaction, tho reaction came riding in along with the procession." But the *N. Y. Evening Post* discerns the reactionary drift not only in the party votes but in the referendum votes on measures as well. A universal eight-hour bill was before the voters in Washington, Oregon and California. In the first state it



HIS FIRE IS OUT

—Donahy in *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*

was defeated by 70,000 votes, in the second it fared but little better, in the third it was "heavily beaten in virtually every precinct." In Montana a workmen's compensation act was defeated, and in Missouri the "full-crew law" for railways, passed a year ago, was submitted to popular vote again and "overwhelmingly defeated." In Wisconsin ten different constitutional amendments supported by the Socialistic and Progressive elements were voted down. At the same time that all these evidences of an ebb-tide in social reform measures was seen, four states—Washington, Oregon, Arizona and Colorado—added themselves to the column of Prohibition states, making, with Virginia, which "went dry" several months ago, fourteen; and two more states—Montana and Nevada—added themselves to the woman suffrage column, making twelve in all.

The Wilson Measure Secure for Two Years.

WHAT about the Wilson administration during the next two years? That, after all, is the question of largest national import that emerges from the election. With a majority in the lower house reduced to about twenty over all, and with a majority of about ten over all in the upper house, and with the Republicans and Progressives rapidly getting together again in the country, what are the chances that the administration can carry out its program during the next two years and secure a vote of confidence from the country in 1916? The first point made in answer to that question is that the legislation already enacted is in no danger of being repealed in the next two years. It is very doubtful, indeed, whether it can be repealed in the

next four years, for even if the Republicans elect the next President, it is not probable that they can change the majority in the Senate two years from now. By that time business conditions may have become so adjusted to the new tariff and the new trust laws that it may be a far harder thing to arouse an effective revolt than it was this year. "The Wilson reforms, then, are here to stay," remarks the *N. Y. World*. "In force two years longer, the country will be no more inclined to go back to privilege, plutocracy and plunder than to slavery and secession." The second point, as made by the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*, is that most of the legislation the President is likely to seek hereafter "is essentially non-partisan, requiring no great party majority to secure its passage." In fact, much of that already secured has been of that sort, and has been enacted by the aid of many votes of others than Democrats. The *Springfield Republican* adds to this reflection the following considerations:

"The indications are that the administration's attention hereafter will be absorbed largely in foreign affairs, precisely as the people's attention will be, and that domestic legislative programs will decline in importance. This fact will bring positive advantage to the administration in 1916, provided that its conduct of our foreign relations is successful. But, assuming failure at this point, what then? Right there is the great 'if' of the situation. One can easily conceive of circumstances in this country's relations with the outside world that would make the election of a Republican President two years hence inevitable. Republican prospects in 1916 are more at stake, probably, in the diplomacy of the government than in any other element of the administration's policy and leadership."

Perhaps the political campaign which has just ended is responsible for that hoof and mouth disease epidemic.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Pennsylvania should change its name to Penrosesylvania.—*N. Y. World*.

Any one desiring to know "Uncle Joe" Cannon's opinion of Doc Osler must look in our asbestos edition.—*Washington Post*.

Foot and mouth disease should abate now the election talking and running is over.—*Wall Street Journal*

Our idea of a perfect civilization is for the Democrats to have all the offices and the Republicans all the rheumatism.—*Houston Post*.

We take it that two years hence the bull moose party will hold its National convention in one of the telephone booths at Chicago.—*Houston Post*.

Is it possible that the River of Doubt empties into the stream called Salt?—*N. Y. World*.

BENEDICT XV. BETWEEN THE ENTENTE AND THE ALLIANCE

BENEDICT XV. has issued at last that encyclical which, in the opinion of the *Giornale d'Italia* (Rome), will verify the world's impression of him as a peculiarly Latin pontiff. Every few weeks brings now its tale of a plea for peace by His Holiness, addressed to one or other of the belligerents. The Vatican has issued a formal denial of one report that the Pope connects his peace projects with some reference to the temporal power. The ideas are not at all connected in the pontifical mind, says the *Osservatore Romano*, which adds that current rumors regarding the Pope's plans for peace are based upon gossip. It is scarcely likely to the well-informed Paris *Débats* that so well-trained a diplomatist as Benedict XV. would risk offending the allies by an ill-timed insistence upon a policy they condemn. In fact, this paper sees reason to conjecture that despatches from Rome on this subject are mere "trial balloons" for the promotion of some object with which the Vatican has nothing to do. The Germans, with their indefatigable corps of press agents, are seeking to make

it appear that the Pope is on the side of the Roman Catholic power of Austria. They forget, says our authority, that the Pope is not less attached to another Roman Catholic power—Belgium.

Benedict XV. Between the Entente and the Alliance.

RECENT alleged utterances of the German Emperor reflecting upon Vatican policy have been repeated to the Pope by persons stated in Germany to be malicious. The clerical German press has been further excited by assertions that priests in Belgium perpetrated outrages upon Uhlans. The Emperor was mildly criticized for seeming in one instance to give the weight of his imperial name to such suggestions. The Roman Catholic organ in Berlin gives the matter but incidental notice, but in Cologne its clerical contemporary professed to be indignant at such charges against priests. There never was the slightest foundation for the state-

ments relative to the clergy in Belgium, says the *Débats*, but the German attitude to the church in Belgium has not escaped the notice of the Vatican. It has caused great distress to Benedict XV. His remonstrances have not been heeded in Berlin because Germany feels sure that the new pontificate is decidedly anti-German. The appointment of Cardinal Ferrata as Secretary of State was one indication. The selection of Cardinal Pietro Gasparri to succeed Cardinal Ferrata settles the matter once for all. The man chosen to conduct the diplomacy of the Vatican is a pupil of Rampolla's, as was Ferrata, as is, indeed, the Pope himself. Everyone knows that the Rampolla policy based itself upon a closer union with France.

**Possibility of a Closer Relation
between the Pope and France.**

VATICAN diplomats are said in the French papers to have become satisfied of the ultimate triumph of the allies. It is certain to such keen observers as the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* that under President Poincaré the old anticlericalism is less vehement. Men like Clemenceau rage against Rome, but this old war horse of the Combes period has had his newspaper suppressed lately. Priests are fighting in the French army side by side with the followers of Combes. By common consent every feud in France is forgotten. President Poincaré is a firm believer in a religious peace em-

bracing all classes of Frenchmen. In deference to the feeling of France, to quote a statement by the *Idea Nazionale* (Rome), the papal encyclical did not refer—except diplomatically in vague terms—to peace as more than a pious aspiration. Anything beyond this would certainly be interpreted as evidence that the Pope had deserted the allies and gone over to Emperor William. Consequently the encyclical was expected to concern itself mainly with the internal administration of the church. As for the old question of the temporal power, the Pope is unable to see what guarantee it can have beyond the original territorial one. His Holiness is quoted to this effect by a journalist of repute. A story in the Russian press that William II. has authorized a promise in his name to restore the papal states should Italy come out for the allies met with a prompt denial in Berlin. Nevertheless the report is gaining currency in France and is said there to have had some effect upon the Quirinal, which contemplates with alarm the possibility that in the new Pope an ecclesiastical statesman of the genius of Rampolla has succeeded a peasant pontiff. In the opinion of the German daily just mentioned, a reconciliation between the Vatican and France would be most embarrassing to Italy. Italian unity, it thinks, is risked seriously by the practical disruption of the Triple Alliance. However, it is not too late for the Roman ministry to repair its blunder by joining Germany and Austria.

In Paris they have changed eau de Cologne to eau de Louvain. Will the Germans now rechristen plaster-of-Paris?—Cleveland *Plain-Dealer*.

Goethals announces the Panama Canal is open to traffic again. And it's about the only body of water that is.—New York *American*.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE PLAN FOR THE INVASION OF ENGLAND

EMPHATIC denial was made in Berlin last month of a London assertion that Germany's plan for the invasion of England has been abandoned. England remains the real enemy, in the opinion of dailies throughout the Fatherland, altho the Berlin *Tageszeitung* has been hinting that the worst foe is Russia, and that a weakening of England would render Russia more of a menace than ever. This is not, indeed, a representative view. A prevalent German conception is that of the *National-Zeitung* (Berlin), which depicts the British as panic-stricken at the prospect of the arrival on their coasts of a powerful German army. Altho the English press contemplates this project of invasion without panic, it has begun more and more to accept the possibility of it. A representative utterance is that of the London *Spectator*. The very failure of the Emperor William's plans in other directions, it thinks, must drive him to make the attempt. The more strongly his armies are held in check on land the more likely he is to attack

England by sea. Failure would leave Germany no worse off than before. Success, even at great cost, would give him what he desires—the mastery of the world. Therefore the German transports are ready and float to-day on the Ems. The expedition itself could be easily organized. So careful a commentator as the London *Post* has expressed a very similar conviction. One report of the month makes it appear that the English coast has even been bombarded by a stray German warship.



WATCHFUL WAITING

—Cesare in N. Y. Sun

**How the German Expedition
Will Advance on England.**

AS the English foresee the invasion of their country, it will not only take place in the near future but in a series of evolutions to which they afford a clue. First, to follow the London *Spectator*, will come the famous German submarines as a kind of advance guard. In their wake would travel the destroyers. The light cruisers would comprise another division, followed by the battle cruisers. The great battleships would come last in the naval

fighting list. This formidable array would serve as a protection for the transports bearing the troops for the fighting on land when once England had felt the feet of her invaders. This armada could make its dash at the coasts, "coming on very much like the German columns which have attacked positions in mass with their machine guns in front." Assuming that the Germans were not detected by the fleet under Jellicoe, they would beach the transports while the fighting craft formed a protecting ring around them, a ring outside which would have been laid a plentiful store of mines. In this protected area the transports would disembark their men and stores with feverish haste. The horses would swim ashore meanwhile.

Practicability of the Invasion of England.

NOTHING in the plan of invasion by Germany impresses the English as impossible. The fleet under Jellicoe might surprise the expedition, but in that event

the transports, swift and watchful, would escape in the grand battle that must ensue. So much the British periodical admits. The real difficulty to Germany would be that she lacks command of the sea. Her scheme of invasion, says the naval expert of the *London Post*, would be feasible if undertaken against a power which did not command the sea. Thus the Canadian contingent crossed the ocean, an expedition of many thousand men in thirty transports, being convoyed the whole way by fifteen battleships. Forty battleships would have been provided, if necessary, to give command of the sea. Laymen, says our authority, imagine that the area of water to be crossed has much to do with the fate of an invading expedition by sea. As a matter of fact it is as easy to cross the Atlantic with an army as it is to cross the channel, provided the expedition be accompanied by a convoying squadron strong enough to insure command of the waters through which it speeds.

And think of a torpedo boat being known as the B-9.—*Washington Herald*.

Would it be proper to speak of conditions in South Africa as "revolting"?—*Washington Post*.

HOW GERMANY STANDS THE STRAIN OF HER GREAT WAR

THE month now closing seems from all accounts to have been the busiest of Emperor William's whole swift career. Journalists who have seen him within the past few months dwell upon the altered appearance of his Majesty. The famous mustache has whitened perceptibly, notes the *London Mail*. The oratory for which the Kaiser is so famed assumed recently an even more fervid tone as, addressing a regiment of Bavarians about to enter the zone of fire, he commended them to God and predicted the ultimate triumph of German arms. Never, seemingly, was William II. more confident. He travels with a great suite from west to east, directing all the operations personally. The functions of the general staff, suspects the *London Times*, consist in little more than the settlement of points of detail. British dailies strive to make it appear that the activities of William II. result only in disaster for his armies. That is not the impression of Italian dailies, and we have the Rome *Tribuna* professing its admiration not only for the Kaiser's energy but for the spirit of efficiency he seems to infuse into every arm of the service. He calls the men "Comrades." He visits the wounded to make personal inquiry regarding their treatment. The whole German nation, notes our Italian contemporary, seems to have rallied to its sovereign, who remains the most popular and impressive personality in the empire.

Effects of the War Upon German Sentiment.

ALTHO the economic life of Germany is in some details at a standstill, the strain of the war, even if it lasts five years, can be borne easily. This assertion, made over and over in Berlin dailies, reflects the official view. Severe economies must be practised. The fatherland will manage somehow to subsist upon its own resources, an effect which, in English opinion, will force the population before long to mix its bread with potato meal. Relief measures on a vast scale have been successful, we read in the *Vossische Zeitung*, the

government having foreseen the existing crisis. Not that the economic picture of Germany, sketched in such organs as the *Vossische Zeitung* and the *Kölnische Zeitung*, is especially somber. Banks, stimulated officially, seem to lend upon almost anything—the stocks of merchants, real estate, personal security. Public companies are encouraged to push their enterprises upon a scale of unprecedented magnitude. Business houses are by no means curtailing their operations. Some classes of workers are on part time, but there seems to exist no economic crisis, however the strain of war dislocates the general structure of business.

How Long Germany Can Keep It Up.

NO ILLUSIONS regarding the duration of the war are cherished in Berlin, assuming that the comments in the press reflect the official mind. London dailies, observes the *Vossische*, try to create an impression that Germany seeks peace in some underhand way, implying that she dreads defeat. The truth is, declares this daily, that Germany has always preferred peace to war. She did not want this war. War, whatever a certain British press may say, is no instrument of German policy. Nor has Germany concealed these ideals of hers. She affects no underhand method. She knows, however, that she is fighting for her existence against foes who do not want peace because they hope to extinguish her. Time may show the world the truth on this head. Meanwhile Germany prepares herself for a long struggle. No doubt the English console themselves with the theory that the Germans can not stand the economic strain; but the English will be disillusioned. England's aim in the war is the economic destruction of Germany. These ideas are stated more emphatically by experts on the subject in such papers as the *Leipzig Illustrierte Zeitung* and in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. They agree that the organization of German economic life is scientific, whereas that of the allies is not. The administrative machine of Germany



ACCORDING TO ENGLAND!

Yes, yes, the first attempts of the German flier with two passengers were not altogether successful, and if you doubt it, ask them—France and Russia.

—Berlin *Kladderadatsch*

can cope with a war situation at home more adequately than is possible in a country like Russia or England. It is true that the world, thanks to English mendacity, derives gloomy impressions of Germany's domestic situation, says the democratic organ last named; but mendacities do not alter the fact that labor in the Fatherland is in demand and that agriculture is prospering.

English Idea of the German Domestic Crisis.

IF WE turn from the German press to that of England for our impressions of the economic crisis in the Fatherland, we see that the strain of war has not told so much. Germany lives frugally, but she is not by any means pinched. Thus runs the report, based upon first-hand observation by English students of the subject, who seem not at all hampered in making their investigations. Labor exchanges flourish in Germany, observes a writer in *The Westminster Gazette*, and they have met the strain of war successfully. The demand for rural labor has been very considerable, especially in eastern Germany, where the usual influx of Polish laborers to help with the harvest did not take place this year. Moreover the Prussian officials advised the great territorial aristocrats to clear their waste land, drain their swamps, rebuild their ancient barns and the like. War credit banks aid in providing the funds for these undertakings. With the arrival of cold weather the demand for rural labor fell off, but not to any unusual extent. The great industrial district of southwestern Germany also presents conditions that seem relatively satisfactory:

"It is here that we can discern the effects upon the country's industrial life of the mobilization of millions of its

active workers. The percentage of men called to the colors varies in different trades. In what the Germans call the heavy industries—the mines and the foundries—which require specially healthy labor, the figure is naturally high. It stands at about 35 per cent., and would be higher were it not that members of the Landsturm in these industries have generally been exempted from service. The absence of so many skilled workmen would alone suffice to curtail production, and a similar necessity is imposed by a shortage of railway wagons. In fact, it is fair to say that the whole method of work has been reorganized and that the Southwest is producing primarily for one market—the Army. All this applies only to conditions on the right bank of the Rhine. The left bank is given over completely to the military, and no information is available as to the condition of its civil population. It is clear that in spite of official statements the situation can only be described as relatively satisfactory."

Overstatement of the Effects of the British Blockade.

EMPHASIS is laid by London dailies upon the completeness with which the British fleet has swept German commerce from the seas. The *London Post* insists that the whole empire is threatened with ruin already as a result. In contradiction of this, we find the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* saying that the export trade of Germany can be continued. The Balkan states, Italy, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, the Scandinavian lands and Holland are all open and accessible to business with Germany. The point is conceded by the *London News*, but in all the nations specified, it declares, there exists such a disorganization of trade that little buying is done. The overseas trade of Germany is ended for the time being, as London organs report. Berlin papers set store by the activities of neutral ships. In any event, there emerges from the maze of contradiction in which the subject is involved a definite impression that German commerce is not extinguished by any means and that official efforts to promote it meet with encouraging results. Germany is not shut off from the outside world as much as the English imagine. She is not in the throes of an actual economic crisis apart from the emergencies of war.

Socialist Pessimism In Germany.

WHEN the war broke out Germany was fairly well provided with wheat. The harvest was abundant. Where is that supply now? How long will it last? In these terms begins a study of the economic situation in the Socialist Berlin *Vorwärts*, now appearing again after another suppression. The districts of eastern Prussia, which from their abundance could provide the less fortunate provinces of the empire with food, have been greatly devastated owing to the Russian invasion, it says. These districts, which contain but three per cent. of the population of Germany, produce a great deal of rye and, if it be true that a great proportion of the crop has been destroyed by the Russians, it must mean a serious loss to Germany. A sparing distribution of provisions as well as punctuality in allocating them is therefore urged by the organ of the followers of Karl Marx. The potato crop must afford Germany her principal food supply and the consumption should be regulated with care. The *Vorwärts* is perpetually issuing warnings of this sort regarding the food supply and the condition of labor. Its prognostications of economic woe find little favor.

Temper of the German People.

WERE one to rely upon London newspaper accounts alone, it might be inferred that the Germans are in the first phase of a disillusionment with respect to their immediate future. They begin to suspect that defeat faces their hosts in the field. They wonder if the government may not have played a series of tricks upon them, staged a comedy or a tragedy. This is the scenario sketched in the London *Standard* and its British contemporaries. Berlin dailies introduce us to a smiling and confident Germany, united behind its Kaiser, rearranging its economic life and drilling for a war of life and death. Now, it must be confessed that in newspapers emanating from neutral countries like Spain and Italy the tendency is to confirm the more optimistic impression. Nothing could be more admirable than the patriotism of the Germans, says the *Giornale d'Italia*, for instance, nor can it see that they expect an easy victory or underestimate the foe. There have been no bread riots anywhere. There is not the least sign of the emergence of a faction at home opposed to the war or to the government. The position of Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg becomes critical at times because of reasons personal to himself. He may be replaced in the near future by a more aggressive personality, one in closer touch with the world outside Germany. A change of Chancellors should not be interpreted, suspects our Italian contemporary, as a modification of German policy with reference to the war. A new Chancellor might be more bellicose than the present one.

German Press Comment on the Russian Campaign.

BERLIN was not led by its newspapers to anticipate any easy triumph over Russian arms. The events of the past few weeks in the eastern theater of war were discounted, in fact, by the admissions of the *Tageblatt*. People in Germany, it confesses, are unable to picture the difficulties of the campaign on the Russian frontier. The country is very varied in character, there being many thick woods, marshes, rivers and similar natural obstacles to the penetration of the enemy's country. The Polish and Jewish population is essentially friendly to Germany, says the Berlin organ further, but among these people are many Russian and kindred elements which give the enemy information of all German movements. The reconnaissance of the Russian airmen has been unexpectedly efficient. Germany is faced with a vastly superior army from Russia, superior in numbers and in armament. The Czar, moreover, could withdraw whenever checked behind fortresses upon which it is difficult to bring pressure. Thus the enemy reorganized his divisions and made good enormous losses in ammunition and in arms from the ample supplies at Kovno and at Vilna, besides receiving fresh troops from the active army as well as from the reserves.

"The German troops, on the other hand, are constantly on the move, and while they could allow themselves but little rest, suffered from the bad weather of these last weeks and from strain and deprivations. Nothing, therefore, could be more erroneous than to believe that we could now penetrate triumphantly into Russia, driving the enemy before us until we could make ourselves at home in Petrograd and Warsaw. On the contrary, it is possible, nay probable, that here and there we must modify our original offensive into a defensive."



THE EXCURSIONIST

Scene: Ticket Office at — (censored).

TRIPPER WILHELM: "First class to Paris."

CLERK: "Line blocked."

WILHELM: "Then make it Warsaw."

CLERK: "Line blocked."

WILHELM: "Well, what about Calais?"

CLERK: "Line blocked."

WILHELM: "Hang it! I must go somewhere! I promised my people I would."
—London Punch

Germany's Attitude to Belgium.

ENGLAND is using the condition of Belgium as a fresh weapon against Germany, notes the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*; but it doubts not that the judgment of the world will be in favor of the Fatherland. Some organs of public opinion declare that the idea of neutrality upon which the case of Belgium is based by the English does not correspond to any reality. Thus the *Hilfe* (Berlin) goes into the topic at length, importance being given to what it says by the weight this periodical carries in German radical circles. Dr. Friedrich Naumann, editor of the *Hilfe*, writes the article himself, and it is very widely quoted just now. Dr. Naumann says there is no such thing as genuine armed neutrality. He next affirms that as armed neutrality can always be converted into belligerence, "the claim of neutrals really consists in the desire not to be attacked as long as it does not suit them." The only measure of neutrality is the amount of faith belligerents place in its value. Germany had to require of Belgium, as Bismarck required of Hanover in 1866, that she should declare herself either as a friend or as a foe:

"Even assuming that there had been in Belgium as honorable a sentiment of neutrality as we assume, for example, in Switzerland, the question remains whether a small individual state can, in all possible circumstances, have a right to stand aside from a historical process of reconstruction. Wars to-day are no longer quarrels which are undertaken for the employment of superfluous forces. They are changes of organization in the process of human evolution. . . . As there are some states and people which

are rising and some states and people which are falling, there must be days of reckoning when the shares in the central government of the world are settled afresh. Such a day of reckoning has dawned now. The struggle is over the leadership of mankind. However friendly and sympathetic one's attitude may be towards the wishes of neutrals, one can not in principle admit their right to stand aside from the general process of centralization in the leadership of humanity. In economics we constantly see small concerns trying to remain outside the trusts. Often they succeed. Often they do not. The same thing happens also in the sphere of world politics."

The Latest English Suspicion of Germany.

OFFICIAL London became more confirmed than ever last month in its suspicion that official Berlin intrigues for peace. This intrigue, as the *London Chronicle* affirms, takes now the form of indirect negotiation with Washington and again the shape of a "bribe" to France. France, indeed, can have Alsace

Keeping watch on so many enemies at once is no fair job for a two-headed eagle.—*Washington Post*.

If the present mode of trench digging continues in the European war, they will soon have to employ submarines in their land battles.—*Louisville Evening Post*.

and Lorraine if she will but make a separate peace. The suggestion makes no progress with the *Temps*, in more or less close touch with the French foreign office. The conclusion of a separate peace with Germany by France, it says, would be indefensible morally and foolish practically. Germany would get but a breathing spell, but she would be stronger when she tried conclusions again. France will not be seduced from her allies. Rumors of German intrigues for peace have alarmed the *Novoye Vremya* (Petrograd), which asks if Great Britain really appreciates the importance of crushing Germany. Russia need have no fear on this point, observes the *London Post*, which is in close touch with inspired diplomatic opinion in England. There will be fresh attempts in the immediate future, it predicts, to work upon American opinion, to involve President Wilson in displays of futile pacifism. Germany knows that her game is up, that is, official Germany knows it.

Tho the Germans continue to flounder in Flanders, they are succeeding pretty well in knocking the country to flinders.—*Houston Post*.

Every time the Panama canal thinks of its responsibilities it sort of chokes up.—*Grand Rapids Press*.

LATEST ASPECT OF THE BRITISH PERIL IN INDIA

SO alarmingly have insurrectionary movements spread among the educated classes in the Punjab, according to German newspapers, that London exorcizes the strictest censorship over all despatches from India. The Viceroy is at this moment in dire peril of assassination. The British authorities are making wholesale arrests in Lahore and Delhi. In order to divide the forces of disaffection, a movement of troops from India to the theater of war in Europe was effected in hot haste. This is the gist of notes on the situation in such Berlin dailies as the *Kreuz-Zeitung*. Enthusiastic, moreover, as are the references in the *London News* and its English contemporaries to the Indians at the front in France, the fact remains that an Indian peril has long threatened Britain. Again and again in recent years, to quote an editorial utterance from the *London Times*, has it been necessary to call the attention of Englishmen to the serious peril which confronts their rule in India. Since the outbreak of the European war such utterances have been rare. Yet, while the manifestations of Indian unrest have been intermittent, that unrest is always present, as the *London Times* confesses. It grows more difficult to deal with as the years pass.

Nature of the Indian Conspiracy Against India.

ONE consequence of the world-wide war between British diplomacy and German diplomacy is to lend special importance to the international form of Indian conspiracy. The centers from which the agitation is controlled are well established in countries outside Britain, a fact of which the Germans are accused of taking advantage. The outcome of these plots, for so the *London Times* regards them, is seen not only in the deeds of violence which have repeatedly startled India but still more in the insidious attempts to tamper with the fidelity of the native army and to turn schools and colleges into nests of sedition. "After the attempts

on the lives of two Viceroys and the double murder in the streets of London, it ought to be unnecessary to dwell upon the realities of the movement." It can not be too strongly emphasized, if we may trust the impressions of our contemporary, that there are influences at work in India which may at any time produce the most startling results in a land specially liable to waves of excitement which spread like wildfire. Such is the soil upon which German machination spreads the seeds of revolt.

India Growing Restive with Education.

ARRESTS at Delhi and Lahore had yielded, even prior to the war, evidences of widespread disaffection. The agitation against England is principally found in Bengal, as London dailies gather. Most of the crimes charged upon the so-called Indian anarchists were perpetrated in Bengal. A whole series of political murders culminated not long ago when a high police official, himself a native, was shot dead in the streets of Calcutta by a young Bengali student imbued with the revolutionary ideas. The murdered official had been engaged in investigations of this anti-British conspiracy since its existence was first revealed. He was the fifth Bengali police official slain by Indian anarchist conspirators in the last few years. India's record is on the whole, however, thinks the *Manchester Guardian*, singularly free of the worst political crimes:

"It compares well, for example, with that of the United States, which have lost three of their Presidents by assassination—Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley—whereas Lord Mayo is the only Indian Viceroy who has been killed by an assassin. When we remember how small is the European population of India, how alien to the life of the people, and how defenceless against the mad impulses of fanatics, we must feel that its freedom from the grosser forms of political crimes does honor both to the rulers and to the people. An Indian Viceroy or the lonely Collector



THE TRAIN BEARERS

—Oppen in N. Y. American

in camp is far safer among the Indian people than a Spanish premier or king is amongst his own countrymen."

Ignoring the British Peril in India.

IT is no answer to those who regard the continued prevalence of political crime in India with the greatest anxiety, observes the *London Times*, to say that the conspirators against British rule remain comparatively few. Revolutionaries are generally in a small minority in the beginning of their movements and the necessity for dealing more effectually with Indian anarchists is not less insistent because their numbers are relatively inconsiderable. Nor do those who are best qualified to judge accept the conclusion that disaffection in India is a matter of little pressing importance. Sir Frederick Halliday, a high Indian police official, took a serious view recently of the whole subject. It has often been stated in the Anglo-Indian press that such a thing as a criminal conspiracy among the better classes of Indians does not exist. It does exist, declares Sir Frederick, and it is "a real and very dreadful evil." A startling impression of the Indian peril, as the *London daily* did not hesitate to call it, was conveyed by an expert on the subject recently, who wrote in its columns:

"Agitation in all forms is spreading throughout the land, and is producing the inevitable effects. A large section of the Indian Press devotes itself to a relentless campaign designed to undermine the authority of Government and to promote acute racial antagonisms. The operation of the Press Law, where it is enforced, may check the more crude manifestations of sedition; but it is powerless to cope with the incessant stream of misrepresentation and the spread of false reports which sow broadcast the seeds of hatred and contempt. Indian writers, educated in our schools and universities, have reduced to a science the methods of saying what their readers will perfectly understand while keeping within the four corners of laws which—in India—are mildly administered. And any lack of open violence is supplied by leaflets and placards emanating from secret presses which may secure wide circulation before their existence is known to the authorities.

"The propaganda assumes many forms, direct and indirect, obvious and shrouded, but the effect upon the masses of India is the same and is becoming increasingly apparent.

Secret societies grow in membership and range from little groups of decadent youths to large organized bodies of which the full ramification is unknown. To these associations the periodic assassinations of officials and of loyal Indian public servants are due. Within a few years attempts have been made on the lives of two successive Viceroy, and in neither case did the offer of a large reward produce evidence from the many persons who were cognizant of the plots or spectators of their execution."

Germany Inciting the Asiatic to Revolt.

UPON the outbreak of the war in Europe the diplomatic agents of Berlin, having nothing else to do, as the *London Standard* tells us, began a systematic encouragement of the discontented in India. Their task was easier than many yet realize. All, or nearly all the exiles from India, whether in China, Java, the United States or Africa, were incited to fresh activity. There are insinuations that the shipload of Indians who could not get into Canada were financed by agents from Berlin. Leaflets appear in centers of Indian disaffection reminding the native that he is denied entrance into Australia as well as Canada. He was the victim of atrocities in South Africa which the British government did nothing to avenge. There is springing up everywhere outside of India and the British dominions a refugee press which dwells upon the opportunity presented by the present world crisis. Evidence in possession of the authorities in Calcutta proves, it seems, that these activities can be traced to the Germans. The Berlin *Vossische* makes sarcastic references to this evidence. There was disaffection in India, it suggests, long before the war. English dailies were full of the theme less than a year ago. The censorship has drawn a curtain upon the scene. Behind it are a panic-stricken viceroy and an army exiled from Asia to Europe lest a too active propaganda bring it to mutiny. This, says the Berlin organ, is the vaunted unity of the British Empire.

Severity of the Censorship over India.

NEVER in its history has the censorship in India been so severe as at this moment. The presence of hostile German warships in the Indian Ocean is the explanation given by London dailies. Nevertheless they have little or nothing in the way of news from India. There is much conjecture in the Berlin press, but it gives no details. The censorship has been made rigorous by the British, says the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, because the situation is developing seriously. Plots are unearthed at Calcutta against the Indian Raj, against the courts, against the Viceroy. Rumor is busy with the name of one prince who refused to contribute his share of the fund raised in support of the army sent to Europe. That army, furthermore, is not made up of the flower of India's soldiery, as the English so proudly assert. Many Indians of intelligence have gained an impression that the British Empire is breaking up. It is certain that the operations of the German cruiser *Emden*, which terrorized the coast cities recently, did much to confirm among the simpler inhabitants of India a suspicion that the British Empire had fallen. They derived their suspicion, says the *London News*, from the Germans. The Germans are smuggling a vast literature of sedition into India.

TURKEY'S MYSTIFYING ADVENTURE AS A BELLIGERENT

AS A result of a family council held in Yildiz Kiosk a few weeks ago, the Sultan of Turkey, desirous of ending the dictatorship of Enver Pasha, his masterful Minister of War, proclaimed the heir to the throne, Prince Yussuf Izzedin, commander of the Ottoman forces on land and sea. Enver Pasha declined to be superseded so summarily. The outcome was a series of palace revolutions during which a fresh face was put upon the Ottoman Empire nearly every day. When one faction gains the ascendant, Turkey seems to have gone to war with Russia. The triumph of the other faction results in pacific declarations of Turkish neutrality, with vague apologies for whatever battles have been fought the day before. Thus is the kaleidoscope in Constantinople explained by French dailies, which assure us that the Sultan, a prisoner in his palace, can not rid himself of the Germans. At least that is what he says, according to the *Paris Temps*, when the British complain of German officers aboard Turkish warships. The statement that Mahmoud V. cannot rid himself of his German friends is plausible to the *Manchester Guardian*. The Sultan has fallen so low that the Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople remains in town despite the appeals of Mahmoud V. that he leave. The government of Turkey amounts to nothing more than the military clique that can seize the palace and hold it for the time being.

Turkey Evolves a Strong Man.

ENVER PASHA is the statesman and soldier in whose hands the fate of Turkey as a belligerent is presumed to rest. He became Minister of War months ago, since which time the extremist section of the press in Constantinople, the *Ikdam*, the *Tasviri-Efti* and others of a Pan-Islamite tendency, would seem to have committed themselves to a holy war. Now, they hint, the hour for Islam has struck. Those who have followed the utterances of the Turkish press of late have seen therein evidence that the secret camarilla which operates in connection with the Young Turks was ready for a stroke. The masses of the Moslems are for the most part too ignorant, says the *Paris Débats*, to have any considered political or military ideas of their own regarding the European situation; but they can be relied upon to fall in with the views of Enver Pasha. The Turkish organs just named summon the faithful to remember the lost provinces in the Balkans now that the infidel is divided. They utter warnings regarding the designs of a great power upon Constantinople. If the present inactivity of Turkey be not ended soon, the Sultan may be driven out of Europe. Enver Pasha holds all these opinions.

Turkey Sees Her Chance in the European War.

TURKEY might be a formidable factor in the European crisis were she not distracted by the internecine feud. Altho this view is put forward by the newspaper organs of the allies, it finds support in Italian comment.

All that happens now in Constantinople is carefully watched from Rome, observes the *Tribuna*, for the action of Italy is to a great extent dependent upon what Turkey attempts. Turkey, for her part, seems to find in Germany her best friend for the time being, and no faction at Constantinople repudiates her altogether. There are elements in the Sultan's court which would come to some arrangement with England, as the *Tanin* itself admits. This paper makes out a case which it bases upon British admissions. Little more than a year ago the four Christian states of the Balkans entered into a compact for the spoliation of Turkey and in pursuance of that aim forced a war for which there was not even a nominal justification. None of the allies had any grievance for which they claimed redress, nor did they take the trouble to allege any. Europe, having tried in vain to hold back the belligerents, declared that at any rate they should get nothing for their pains, that no territorial changes would be permitted and that the integrity of Turkey, guaranteed by the treaty of Berlin, to which all the great powers were parties, would be maintained. The Balkan governments treated this declaration with scorn. They seized all the territory to which they could gain access. Why should Turkey alone—Turkey whose integrity has been solemnly guaranteed by the concert of Europe—show a scrupulous respect for public law and international morality?

Enver Pasha as the Turkish Napoleon.

ENVER PASHA and his associates feel at last that they have it in their power to restore the prestige of the clique to which they belong, a prestige sadly dimmed by the failure of their military enterprises last year. They are playing a dangerous game, declares the *London Post*. They think differently. The treaty of London seemed last year to have settled once and for all the relations between Turkey and her neighbors. She was confirmed in possession of Constantinople and the territory enclosed within the Enos-Midia line. It was assumed that in future her government would turn all its attention to the consolidation and development of the considerable empire left to her on the continent of



GOING TO "POT"! THE AUSTRO-GERMAN EAGLES (in the soup): "Come in with us, old chap! We're 'doing' splendidly!" —John Bull (London).



HERE GOES

—De Marr in Philadelphia Record

Asia. This is the aspiration of the elderly Sultan and the men he trusts. The followers of Enver Pasha have dreams more sublime. They established themselves in power at a time when the tide of Turkish defeat could not be stemmed. They were forced by hard necessity to agree to the cession of Adrianople and the greater part of Thrace. The outbreak of hostilities among the Balkan powers who had been such close allies so shortly before gave the Young Turks their first opportunity. Taking advantage of the withdrawal of Bulgarian troops from the conquered territory, the Turkish army retook Adrianople. The new situation may enable them to retake much more.

Turkey Wants to Know Which Side Will Win.

FOR the past six weeks Constantinople has been flooded with German versions of the progress of the war, observes the *Paris Figaro*. For a few days the Moslems thought the Kaiser's troops were in Warsaw as well as in Paris. The British fleet had been destroyed. Turkey would have the satisfaction of recovering without the firing of a shot a portion if not all of what she had so recently lost. Prior to the outbreak of the great war, the Grand Vizier in a note to the powers indicated very plainly that the Turkish government had no intention of contenting itself with the frontier defined in the treaty of peace signed at London. Turkey, he declared, was obliged to advance beyond the frontiers fixed for her in order to save the Mohammedan population from extermination. She was, further, obliged by regard for the safety of Constantinople to secure a more suitable frontier. She was ready months ago to advance her forces beyond the prescribed boundaries. She has lost no time since,

Guns are booming around both Sinai and Ararat. It is an old world and still full of trouble.—*Springfield Tribune*.

After the war, if the Allies win, the question they will ask one another will be: "What part of the Turkey do you prefer?"—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

altho just what she has been doing with her army in the past six weeks is not known in western Europe. When the extremists gain the ascendant in the palace of Mahmoud V. there is a sort of advance by the army and a kind of raid by the navy. News of a defeat sustained by the Kaiser in Russia brings the moderates to the front in Constantinople and the Sultan professes ignorance of what has been done by the Young Turks in the way of bombardments and battles. The Ottoman government has been accustomed so long to the discord among the great powers of Europe and it has played one of them against another so long and so successfully, notes our French contemporary, that the comedy proves fairly successful. The allies profess to feel that the end of Turkey in Europe has come—a prophecy or a statement of fact according to the sympathies of the newspaper making it.

What Will Happen to Constantinople?

FOR purposes of general convenience, Constantinople, the city desired by so many nations, was left in the hands of its Ottoman rulers, remarks the *London Telegraph*, with just sufficient territory to permit its adequate defense. Turkey was to be confirmed and safeguarded in her Asiatic possessions with an implicit guarantee that the powers would help her to consolidate her authority on the eastern side of the sea of Marmora. Now, if Enver Pasha and his followers upset this arrangement, they must be prepared to take the consequences. If they persist in rushing upon their own destruction, they will have Germany to thank for their fate. Europe will have no alternative but to leave the Turk to the wrath of offended Russia. Turkey still possesses a few statesmen capable of long views, but the triumph of the extremists has rendered them impotent. Turkey must be reduced to fragments and even her hold upon Arabia must be relinquished. The one great concern of Turkey in Arabia is to retain control of the holy cities in order to preserve her prestige, says the *London Times*. The Turkish claim to dominate Arabia has always been imperfectly vindicated:

"For centuries Arabia has been to a great extent left isolated, an unknown land round which the main currents of human history have swept without penetration. . . . When more than a century ago the Wahabi schismatics arose and carried fire and sword far and wide, sacked Mecca and Kerbela, and even menaced Damascus, it was not the Turks who broke the Wahabi movement. The work was done for them by MEHEMET ALI, Pasha of Egypt, and his sons; and since the great Egyptian invasion the Crescent flag has won few glories in Arabia. Even the Hedjaz route has only been kept comparatively safe by heavy bribes to the Beduin, and the new railway to Medina is often threatened. There has been one protracted revolt in the province of Asir, south of Mecca, and another and a greater rebellion in Yemen. Both are still unsubdued, and against both the Turks have wasted their strength in vain. Their position in Arabia grows weaker and the spectacle of their beaten soldiery scrambling aboard a British steamer in the Persian Gulf is but one of many significant symptoms."

The Ottoman is beginning to look more like a doormat.—*Boston Transcript*.

Turkey, it is said, has proclaimed the annexation of Egypt, but our guess is that Turkey has been misinformed.—*Houston Post*.

Now watch Russia play the rôle of a Turkey gobbler.—*Florida Times Union*.

EFFECTS OF THE JAPANESE TRIUMPH IN THE EAST

JAPAN has not the slightest intention to retain Tsing-tau, despite German insinuations to the contrary. The capture of this fortified city of Kiao-chow is but a prelude to its restoration to the Chinese. These statements are on the highest official authority in Tokyo. The only possible reason Japan could have for retaining Tsing-tau, as the *Asahi Shimbun* declared prior to the fall of the place, would be to make of it a naval base. In that capacity it was invaluable to Germany. It was her only military and naval base in east Asia. Tsing-tau has no such importance to Japan for the reason that she possesses much better bases in Port Arthur and in Korea. Hence its retention by the Tokyo government would be a tactless act. "It would be especially tactless at a time when China is cut off from loan sources in Europe," says the *London Post*. "China will soon have no money with which to pay her soldiers, thus rendering revolt likely. This would react unfavorably upon Japan, involving the interference of other nations." One of these might be the United States, a power with which Japan insists she is cultivating especially good relations just now. Tokyo, London and Washington are in active and harmonious correspondence on far eastern affairs, says the British organ.

An Anti-American Campaign in Tokyo.

SOME weeks ago there developed in Tokyo and in other important Japanese cities so systematic an effort to inspire anti-American feeling in the press that European attention was directed to it. Publications in Japanese, to which European dailies called attention, made it appear that the Washington government was preparing for active intervention in China. These hints cropped out in provincial Japanese dailies under the control of popular politicians. They dwelt on an alleged anti-Japanese feeling throughout the United States and were reinforced by interviews with persons described as prominent Americans. The topic was taken up by popular papers like the *Tokyo Chuzo* and finally spread into more important organs. The *Jiji Shimpo* at last grew suspicious of somebody's good faith. It transpired that inflammatory statements had been given to Tokyo dailies by persons representing themselves as American notables. They warned Japanese that the United States is sending out a great fleet over the Pacific and fortifying its coasts. War was inevitable. These intimations were fathered by an alleged paymaster in the American navy and an admiral distinguished in New York. These individuals turned out to be creations of the imagination. When these points were established the Tokyo newspapers explained that the interview and the photographs accompanying it had been handed in as authentic by an American. He never could be found by the police and we have more than one English daily, notably the *Manchester Guardian*, asserting that the incident is part of a German campaign to sow discord between Tokyo and Washington.

Japanese Papers Become Friendly to America.

FINDING their sources of American information unreliable, important Tokyo dailies peered suspiciously into the obscurity of a campaign against their

country in China. This campaign was based upon an alliance between Peking and Washington for the conquest of the far East generally. American government officials in China and Japan pronounced many of these reports too absurd to be taken seriously. President Wilson, for example, had made up his mind to limit by force the extension of Japan in China and was negotiating a treaty in Peking with that end in view. These stories made a serious impression in Japan, as recent comment in the *Hochi* and the *Nihon* will show. The instigators of this deception, says the well-informed correspondent of the *London News*, seek only to stir the populace in the Japanese capital into mob demonstrations against Count Okuma on the ground of his friendliness to Washington, which is seeking to destroy Tokyo. The Germans have spent thousands of dollars in a press campaign in China, insists the *Manchester Guardian*, and there is reason to suspect that German press agents continue busy in Japan as well. Comment in American newspapers on the subject of Japanese activity in the far East appears in garbled versions in Tokyo dailies made by inspired correspondents aiming to create discord. Japanese officials are quoted in British papers as convinced of the German origin of the anti-American campaign. They no longer, says the *London Times*, take it seriously.



TAKING HIS CHANCE IN THE JACK-POT

—Evans in Baltimore *American*.



THE HONORABLE ALLY: I will look after your honorable interests over here

—Cesar in N. Y. Sun.

German Opinion of the Situation in Japan.

EVERY effort will be made in Europe and the United States, observes the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, to interpret the progress of the war in the far East as a death-blow to German prestige. This was said prior to the fall of Tsing-tau, which has been foreseen and discounted in Berlin dailies. It had been hoped by the Japanese that the Germans, in the face of such hopeless odds, would make an easy capitulation. The annoyance of the Tokyo government is therefore extreme. The siege went on, notes the *Vossische Zeitung*, to the tune of "atrocities," the most popular in Europe. The vernacular press of Japan, it observes, was supplied with manufactured evidence from Belgium that made the Germans appear a scourge of God. Nothing was said in Japan about Russia, the foe of a few years back, who is burning, outraging and pillaging in the eastern theater of the European war. Japan will soon teach America and Europe her lesson of militarism, observes the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*. American strategists of note, including the late Homer Lea, warned their countrymen against the power rising against them in the far East. Such warnings are vain. In due time the peril against which the German Emperor warned the world will appear in its true light. In that hour of anxiety England will insist that Germany created the yellow peril! The truth is, insists the Hamburg organ,

And then after peace is declared the army of cartographers will have to bring up all the reserves and hurl itself at the map of Europe.—*Indianapolis News*.

San Francisco is bravely certain that the war will not mar its exposition. Only the brave deserve the fair.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

that England made the yellow peril serious as the progress and operations of the Anglo-Japanese alliance prove.

Japan to "Get Even" with Germany.

WITH all classes of the Japanese population the war with Germany has been tremendously successful in a political sense, writes the well-informed Tokyo correspondent of the *London Post*. Comment in such representative Tokyo organs as the *Nichi Nichi*, organ of a select class, the *Yorodzu*, strikingly like a Hearst paper in tone, and the highly respectable *Kokumin Shimbun*, suggest that the Japanese people are united against a nation which has robbed them and played the part of oppressor in the Asiatic world. Nevertheless there exists among the intellectual classes of Japan, as the *London Post* generously concedes, a feeling of gratitude to Germany for the immense services she has rendered in the way of training for such vocations as law, medicine, biology, education and war. Japanese vernacular papers hold Emperor William responsible for the "yellow peril" issue. They add that Germany is inciting a new anti-Japanese crusade in the United States. On Germany, finally, is now laid responsibility for the war with Russia. Germany was at the bottom of the scheme to force Japan's evacuation of Port Arthur after the war with China, France and Russia playing but a minor part. This is proved by the memoirs of Count Hayashi, the distinguished Japanese diplomatist who died lately. Official Tokyo prohibited the publication of these memoirs, but they got into the European dailies notwithstanding. In the memoirs Hayashi states that when the three ministers came to him with the demand to evacuate Port Arthur, the French and Russian were content to make the request that the place be handed back to China. The German minister acted differently, threatening war and assuring Hayashi that Japan could never face Russia, France and Germany combined. "Herein was an insult the Japanese have never forgotten."

Japanese Expansion on the Asiatic Continent.

WHAT inspires Japanese policy now that Europe is involved in war? The prospect of territorial expansion on the continent of Asia. Question and answer are from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Not so long ago, it reminds us, London diplomatists were alarmed at the presence of Japanese agitators in Inner Mongolia. The imperialists of Tokyo have longed to annex the region, which adjoins southern Manchuria. The Japanese have poured rifles into that region, arming there an element upon which they rely. The Japanese pursue in inner Mongolia a policy similar to that carried out by Russia elsewhere. They keep Peking quiet by cajolery when that will serve. They openly threaten Yuan Shi Kai if he becomes too independent. Japan expects the British to emerge supreme from this European crisis and for that reason she has extracted pledges from the London government that may fill the world with indignation when they become known.

Oh! If Kaiser Wilhelm had only learned to drink grape juice.—*Washington Herald*.

The Austrians haven't beaten anything so far except a retreat.—*Philadelphia North American*.

"Russians capture Kaiser's pedigreed cattle." But his goat still evades them.—*Boston Herald*.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

SIR JOHN JELlicoe: THE SEA KING OF GREAT BRITAIN

PERSONAL descriptions of the silent sailor in whom Great Britain chooses for the moment to incarnate her sovereignty of the sea lay stress upon the simplicity of Sir John Jellicoe. He has no complexities of nature, nothing vivid in his personality. He makes no phrases. He never emerges as the central figure in episodes picturesque or romantic. He stands before the world as the ideal of cool, technical efficiency, and this explains why his country has given him more power over her squadrons than any man has wielded since Nelson. Upon him alone falls the responsibility for that bottling up of German fleets and German commerce which gives the key to England's naval policy in this war. He has orders to seek out the fleet of the enemy and destroy it.

At the age of fifty-five he emerges in all accounts of him, whether in the friendly *London News* or the critical *London Post*, as an insignificant-looking little man with shoulders that droop and an aquiline nose. The somewhat scant hair is plastered down to the skull, while the dimpled chin is blue with shaving twice daily. The nose is definitely aquiline and perhaps unduly prominent. The eye looks straight ahead, impersonally, fixedly, almost unasily. The expression is characteristic of the British naval officer, resulting from an inveterate scanning of the horizon through powerful glasses.

Jellicoe, lately lost his father, also a veteran of the sea, who lived past his ninetieth year. He has a brother in the church. The family is quite an old one but poor, and the resemblance between its members is said to be striking as regards character. The Jellicoes are all reserved and cool but prone to explosions of feeling, as if the accumulated emotions of a long period of self-suppression must find vent. Thus the admiral relieves the monotony of his long silences by an occasional burst of speech and then holds his tongue for six months by way of penance. He unbosoms himself at such times with great freedom. At all others he might be a statue of taciturnity as, with a hand thrust through the back of his belt, he remains motionless on his bridge for hours or sits forever in the chart room noticing nobody. He dines aboard all by himself in the grandeur

of his rank, which makes him a species of deity afloat. It is highly characteristic of him that he sees personally to the distribution of the mufflers, stockings and shoes that come aboard for the men in the fleet. One anecdote makes him say, in response to a respectful insinuation from below regarding the monotony of the diet: "Corn beef and cabbage! I have dined on nothing else for a fortnight." To one of his commanders who wanted leave to go ashore for socks, Jellicoe made no reply in words. He merely pulled up the leg of his trousers. He wore no socks.

Jellicoe, as one authority in the *London News* makes him out, has few personal traits in common with those sea kings of Great Britain who so glorify her naval annals. He lacks the merry laugh, the ingratiating manner, of Keppel. He never passes with graceful ease through London drawing-

rooms after the fashion of the elegant Rodney. He has neither the bigness nor the beauty of Duncan. He is destitute of the amazing magnetism of Nelson. For a type like Jellicoe one must go back, it seems, to Howe, who was never cheerful, boasted no charm of manner and was painfully shy. Howe was tall, to be sure, and Jellicoe is short; but both had a heart of gold concealed beneath a grim manner. Jellicoe is beloved in the fleet because he never plays the martinet and because there are times when he comes into most intimate contact with his men. When, for instance, a reconnaissance by submarine proved unsatisfactory, the admiral in command went with it himself into the depths.

The incident explains the new aspects under which a British sea king must present himself nowadays. The old days of the wooden walls of England have departed. Even the impressive flagship *Hood*, dating back to Jellicoe's youth, has been scrapped, and he has seen the *Dreadnought* outclass and scrap all the battleships afloat. He witnessed the arrival of the *Orion* with a broadside fire practically double that of the *Dreadnought*, so that the latter became as helpless against ships of the *Orion* class as was even the splendid and formidable *Majestic* when the *Dreadnoughts* came. Characteristic of Jellicoe's attitude was the readiness with which he welcomed these innovations. He hailed the submarine at a time when its mere suggestion was fantastic. He has served in all these types and he has gone to sea with the biggest guns for target practice. Jellicoe thus possesses a wider first-hand practical experience with warships afloat than any other living sailor; but the price he paid bereft him of personality and left him a glorified machinist. He reeks of the engine room.

His environment, explains our London contemporary, explains the remoteness of the man, the barbarian shyness that makes him so hard to get acquainted with. He does not know how to mingle with landmen, his very voice being throaty with fog and mist and his visage blue and briny. There are different kinds of aquiline noses, explains a writer in *London Truth*. Those with the very high bridge denote despotic character and insensibility. The one that allows the forehead



THE SUCCESSOR OF NELSON IN ENGLAND'S FLEET

Sir John Jellicoe has orders to seek out the German battleship squadron and destroy it, for which reason he maintains an unceasing vigil in the North Sea.

to project somewhat above and descends from the bridge in a fine, bold, tho not abrupt, curve and has a wide base around "live" nostrils, is often, with other things, the index of "a nobly amiable character"—and we behold all that in Jellicoe. The eye completes our satisfaction. It is not coldly blue or steely, and it has no uneasy shift with raised lids that never blink. Implacable natures reveal themselves through unblinking stares, whereas the eyelids of Jellicoe flutter freely. This proves, we read, that he could be moved easily to tears. The mouth is too thin for beauty, but there is no trace of sensuality in any angle or corner of it.

Jellicoe was not thirteen when he entered the King's navy, thanks to the influence of his father, one of the most distinguished commanders the British merchant marine has known in our time. As a sublieutenant, we read in *T. P.'s Weekly* (London), Jellicoe passed out of the naval college at Portsmouth first in three subjects out of a possible five. He was attached to the fleet that bombarded Alexandria and made Egypt practically part of the British Empire, and in another year his proficiency in one of the technical details of naval administration won him a prize at the Naval College. This mastery of the technique of his calling signalizes the Jellicoe career at every

phase. His irresistible propensity towards the mechanical side of his profession made him an expert on the thirteen-inch gun when the mere prospect of broadside fire from such heavy armament threatened the equilibrium of naval experts, to say nothing of battleships. Sometimes we have him acting as chief staff officer in the expedition led by Admiral Seymour to the relief of the embassies at Peking and again he commands Sir Admiral Tryon's ship, the *Victoria*, rammed and sunk by the *Camperdown* under such tragic circumstances. He was shot in the leg at Peking and he narrowly escaped drowning when his ship went down in the Mediterranean; yet his personality lends no glamor to such experiences, nor do they invest him with romance. Imperturbability could go no further.

It is said of Jellicoe, also, that he can not sleep comfortably on land. The motion of the waves is essential to his repose and the racket of a submarine soothes his nerves. He stands when at ease with his legs apart and his hands in his pockets. The manner in which he leads divine service afloat attests a simple piety, as becomes a Jellicoe, for the members of the family have for generations back been inclined to the church. The mere complexion of Jellicoe proves that he belongs to the blue-water school. He could not sit at a

desk even when he was made a second naval lord at the admiralty. His nature asserted itself, notes the London paper, when he sat on the commission that examined young candidates for the naval school at Osborne. These boys were terrified when one by one they came before the uniformed pundits around a blue table and told what they would do or thought they would do if ever they held command. Such questions! They referred to atmospheric pressure and the possibility of blow holes in armor plate. "And suppose," Jellicoe would say gravely, "you fell overboard into a school of sharks—what signal would you make?" The nature of the conundrum relieved the embarrassment of the candidate's ordeal immensely, as it was intended to do.

Among the aversions of Jellicoe are sailors with the look of landmen. He cannot endure an officer whose complexion betrays life ashore and he sets store by alertness and versatility. He thinks specialization the vice of a navy. Not many of his subordinates would be at home in a submarine, a craft he uses on his own tours of observation frequently. His hobby is gunnery, and by this he means not the theoretical gunnery that goes no further than sighting, but the actual firing of actual shots.

"YOUNG JIM" WADSWORTH, THE SUCCESSOR OF SENATOR ROOT

ALTHO he is thirty-seven, the new senator-elect from New York State will be "Young Jim" to the people of the Genesee Valley as long as "Old Jim" is around. That is likely to be for a good many years. For "Old Jim," otherwise the Major, is barely sixty-eight and has vigor enough for two or three average men. With the stand-pat Republicans coming back into Congress, it is not at all unlikely that the Major, whose career in Congress was cut short—after serving ten terms—by reason of his stubborn opposition to some of President Roosevelt's reforms, may yet go back to Washington two or four years hence. He is ten years younger than Joe Cannon and that "watchdog of the treasury, with a profane bark," as Mr. Taft recently described him, will once again, on the first Tuesday after the first Monday of December, walk up the aisle of the Congressional chamber amid the tumultuous cheers of friends and foes. So long before "Young Jim" ends his first term in the upper house he may find "Old Jim" again taking up his duties as a member of the lower house.

It was only about two years ago that a good Republican paper, the *Boston Transcript*, ended an article on James

W. Wadsworth, Junior, with the following words: "It is a sad end for such a promising career." The occa-



Copyright, Underwood
WASHINGTON WILL SEEM LIKE HOME
TO HER

The wife of Senator-elect Wadsworth was a daughter of John Hay, secretary of state. Her brother was a friend of young Wadsworth at Yale, and that is how it came to pass.

sion for that remark was the defeat of Wadsworth and Barnes at the Republican state convention on the direct primaries issue, and Wadsworth's retirement in consequence from active politics. On that same issue he had opposed Governor Hughes to the end. On it he openly fought Mr. Roosevelt before the latter left the Republican party. When his party endorsed the new method of making nominations, he left public life in disgust. And now—such is the sarcasm of the gods—he goes to the United States Senate as a result of the first application of the direct primary system to Senatorial elections!

Wadsworth and his social environment, said Burton Hendrick in an article in *McClure's* several years ago, "seem almost to have stepped out of the pages of Anthony Trollope!" The family form the nearest approach to the landed gentry of England that this country can exhibit. They own 35,000 acres of farm-land in Livingston county, N. Y. What the Astors have done in city real estate the Wadsworths have done in a less conspicuous way in farm-land. They began to purchase it away back in 1790, when two brothers, William and James, went from Connecticut to New York state and

bought the first 2,000 acres from the Indians for \$160. They have been buying ever since and, like the Astors, they never sell. Like most of the English squires they have taken their public duties seriously. The grandfather of the Senator-elect was a candidate for governor of New York, being defeated by Horatio Seymour. When the Civil War began he shouldered his gun and entered the Army of the Potomac, giving up his life at the bloody battle of the Wilderness. Then the son, though but eighteen, took his place in the ranks in 1864, and kept it until the close of the war, when he was mustered out as a major.

When the Spanish-American war came the present Senator-elect was barely of voting age. Having finished the course at Yale, however, nothing would do for him but to follow the martial example of his sire and grand-sire and go to war. He went as a private in the field artillery, and was sent first to Porto Rico and then to the Philippines. After a year's service he returned home to take up his position as a farmer. He owns a first-class farm of 1,200 acres, in Livingstone county, N. Y., and a large cattle ranch in Texas, and the major part of his income comes from these two sources. In 1902 he married a daughter of John Hay, Secretary of State, and in 1904, having entered upon his manifest destiny as a farmer and a soldier, he proceeded to carry out the rest of his inherited duties by going into politics. He entered the Assembly and by the time he was twenty-eight he was chosen Speaker, and "it is fair to say," says the *N. Y. World*, a Democratic paper, "that the New York Assembly never had a better Speaker." It goes on to pay him this tribute: "Firm and fair, patient, unassuming and hard-working, with lots of backbone when it was needed and a goodly supply of brains, young Wadsworth made good. Indeed, his entire record is without a single stain, and above everything but partisan criticism." All the same, he has been severely criticized by the progressives both within and without his own party for his opposition to the direct primary system, especially in the form in which it was urged by Governor Hughes, leaving no place for the party convention. But a man as far removed from the ranks of the professional politicians as Andrew D. White, ex-President of Cornell, defended him from his critics on this point, saying: "Speaker Wadsworth and other admirable men in whom I see much promise, legislators who are needed by their country, are entitled to their honest opinions concerning direct nominations."

Senator-elect Wadsworth is and always has been an organization man and found no apparent trouble in working in close harmony with William Barnes,



Copyright, Pach Bros.

"THE ONLY PATENT MEDICINE THAT EVER LIVED UP TO ITS LABEL"

This was said of the new Senator-elect from New York State, James W. Wadsworth, Jr., when he was speaker of the assembly. It was meant as a tribute to his sincerity and straight dealing. Altho he is thirty-seven years of age, he looks like a young man of twenty-seven.

Jr., whose name is anathema with all of Mr. Roosevelt's followers and with a large number of Republicans as well. Because of this close association with Barnes as well as because of his fight against direct primaries, he was described by Burton Hendrick as "the cleverest example of a good man gone wrong known to recent American politics." It will be noticed, however, that Mr. Hendrick admits that he was "a good man" up to the time when, as another critic put it, he "began playing Faust to Barnes's Mephistopheles." As Barnes, even after Roosevelt's fight against him, was chosen chairman of the Republican state committee by a unanimous vote, political association with him cannot be taken as a sign of hopeless depravity unless one is prepared to go so far as to say that all the leaders of that party in the state of New York are hopelessly depraved. Of one reform at least Mr. Wadsworth

was one of the earliest and most vigorous advocates. That was the Short Ballot. With Woodrow Wilson, he was one of the pioneers of that reform and is likely to see it come to pass in the New York State within the next year or two.

As a Senator, Mr. Wadsworth is likely to exert most of his influence in the inner councils of his party and in the committees rather than on the open floor of the Senate or on the national platforms. He is not a brilliant thinker. His ideas are the conventional ideas of a loyal party man. He is no pioneer of thought. He has no vision. The intellectual supremacy of Senator Root will never be wielded by him. He will cast no new light on any of the great subjects of politics. What has been said a thousand times on the protective tariff, for instance, he will say again in the same way. He will not add anything to it. He will assail the Wil-

son administration for "throttling the American manufacturer" by lowering the tariff wall, and he will be very sincere in doing so. He will assail it for persecution of large business interests in the courts by its trust legislation and its suits under the Sherman law. But if the Republican party is to carve out a new policy or to modify any of its old doctrines or to break new trails, Senator Wadsworth will have little to do with all that. Not that he will be out of sympathy with that sort of thing, not that he is devoid of the progressive spirit; but he is not dowered with the creative spirit. He is not a trail-maker.

At thirty-seven, Wadsworth looks, says one observer, not more than twenty-eight. He has a ruddy, boyish face, a fine open forehead, and a good square

jaw. He has personal charm, but it shows in personal intercourse rather than on the platform. He was a popular man in college (he "made" Skull and Bones), he was a popular man in the New York legislature, and he will be a popular man in Washington. "With all the democratic simplicity of manner that is so strong a characteristic of young Wadsworth, his face is the face of an aristocrat." So says one newspaper writer, and he goes on to add: "Grafting and hypocrisy in politics inspires him with the same boundless loathing he would feel for cheating at cards or fouling in sport." His private life, it is said, has been clean and his public record an honest one. But he has confessed to an "instinctive horror of reformers," perhaps because, as a member of the legislature, he has

seen so many pretenders of that kind and so many half-baked measures parading in the guise of reform. He will play the game, it may safely be said, according to the rules, but he is not likely to lend much assistance in changing the rules.

One tribute paid him at Albany a couple of years ago, when he left the Speaker's chair, by a member of the "Black Horse Cavalry," as they called a lot of legislators who had tried to raid the treasury, has an enigmatic sound: "He is the only patent medicine that ever lived up to the label." What was meant by calling him a patent medicine was not explained. It is a Delphic sort of utterance that may be taken in more than one way. Perhaps we shall know how to interpret it in the next two or three years.

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG: THE SIMPLE CHANCELLOR OF A COMPLEX GERMANY

STROLLING with his hands behind his back along the unpretentious Wilhelmstrasse and pausing in his characteristic manner as if he suddenly remembered something, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, Chancellor of the German Empire, remains as impressively unimpressive to journalists in Berlin as he seemed to be when Emperor William suddenly made him successor to Prince von Bülow. Perhaps his recent domestic bereavements have whitened the pointed beard of the melancholy Chancellor, conjectures the scribe who writes of him in the *Paris Figaro*. It may be that the extravagances of a favorite son, whose heavy debts depleted the little Bethmann-Hollweg fortune not long ago, have traced those fresh lines upon the brow. At any rate the Chancellor is a lonely as well as a distinguished figure. The long black overcoat and high silk hat accentuate his gigantic height. The bowed head with its Saxon nose is seldom lifted towards the unassuming brown, red and white fronts of the buildings he passes in his daily walk from the Reichskanzlei to the palace. On his way to the park the learned Doctor will drop into a bookstore to finger the latest issues from the press. He will pay most attention to the works on philosophy—not commentaries upon Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, but studies in the manner of Hermann Türck, the latest thinker to arrive in the fatherland. For Bethmann-Hollweg is essentially Christian in his outlook upon life, a man remote from materialism, a simple nature in a complex age.

What especially amazes a journalist in conversing with Bethmann-Hollweg, adds this British student of him, is the recklessness of the candor with

which he discusses anything. Continental Europeans in high office are as a rule discreet, overwhelmingly discreet. The present German Chancellor will discuss anything with no reserve at all—the war, Emperor William, the future of the Pope, Goethe, Belgium, what you like. This is no mere policy. It is just the Doctor's way. A certain artlessness of manner and a slowness of utterance that suggest one who thinks aloud heighten the effect of these uncalculated indiscretions immensely. Now and then the Herr Doctor will forget a detail. He does not summon a lackey in uniform, as the Prince von Bülow would have done. The Chancellor himself goes in search of the paper he means to lay before the visitor. Everything is said and done with a characteristic gravity. There are no sweet smiles in the Bülow manner, no epigrams and no airs. In fact, the Herr Doctor is the only one who seems impressed or overawed.

That all this is no fleeting impression but the reflection of an essential feature in the character of Bethmann-Hollweg is amply shown by other studies of the man. Prussian in origin, Prussian by birth and most Prussian of all by education—he was a classmate of Emperor William's at Bonn—Bethmann-Hollweg reveals neither in his manner nor in his mode of life, observes the *Paris Débats*, the qualities known to men nowadays as Prussian. He represents to our contemporary a survival from an age that glorified Goethe and Schiller and imbibed Kant and Fichte. His simplicity in eating and drinking—his favorite beverage being light beer and his favorite edible cold sausage—suggests the humble professor. He looms afoot through the Berlin streets, car-

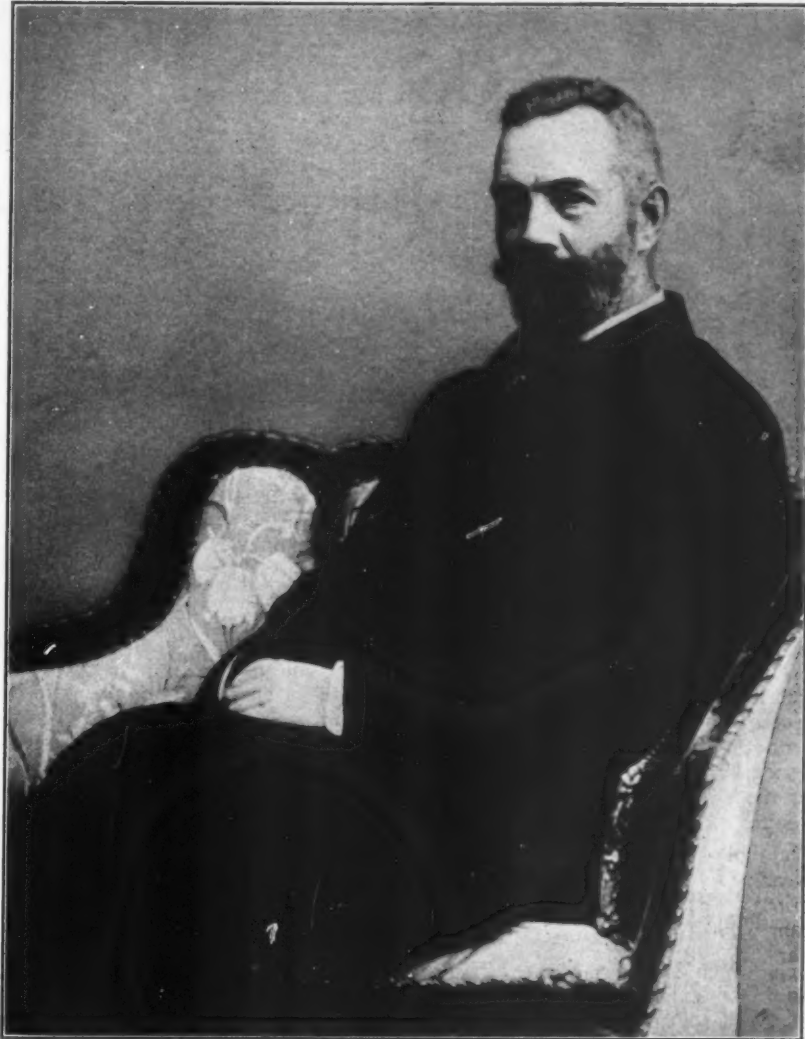
rying a parcel of books in his hand instead of riding in the official vehicle of his ministry. He has a table reserved for him in a quiet little restaurant that never was fashionable and, despite his steady patronage, never will be. When accosted he seems to come out of a brown study into a world he had altogether forgotten. His simplicity is that of one who never considers his own personality, his own interests or the effect upon his fortunes of whatever he does or says. Never in his career did he exemplify this trait so completely as in the course of his famous speech in the Reichstag on the subject of Belgium. He spoke of "a wrong" his country would be doing and he gave no thought at all to what his enemies might make of the admission. Similarly, he paid the debts of a near relative altho no creditor had a legal claim to his money. The atmosphere of this high-mindedness, confesses our French authority, seems to diffuse itself about this "untypical Prussian," imparting its moral grandeur to every impression of him.

One trait only is shared by Bethmann-Hollweg with his brilliant predecessor—a love of the arts. He surrounds himself with books, pictures and musical instruments, we read in the *Paris Gaulois*. Nor does it escape the attention of the *Rome Tribuna* that he shows a preference for Verdi over Wagner. The Chancellor is not a Wagnerite at all, apparently, and if he has a favorite composer at all it must be Beethoven. He delights, too, in Brahms. His discriminating taste in pictures revealed itself in his preference for Jan Vermeer at a time when that Dutch artist had not been recognized except by a very few. The Chancellor's supreme resource, for all that, is his private library, a great,

sunny room lined from floor to ceiling with well-stocked shelves. The place shows at once that it is no affectation but the working library of a scholar. The philosophers are apparently best represented. The taste of the Herr Doctor is not for elegant literature, as was Bülow's. One encounters no such author as Mérimée, in whom Bülow delighted, or Carducci, whom the Prince deems Europe's first modern poet. Bethmann-Hollweg reads Kant, whose "Critique of Pure Reason" he places beside anything in Aristotle or Plato. He is like the late William E. Gladstone in the devotion with which he reads theology and, like the British statesman, he has given great attention to classical literature. There is much in the mental traits of the pair that occurs as a striking similarity to the writer in the Italian daily; but, we are told, the German lacks the copious vocabulary of the Briton and has none of his brilliance.

The German Chancellor might be somewhat hastily set down as a pedant, says the *Gaulois*, if one did not note the efficiency he has always displayed in the course of his rise through the various ranks of the Prussian bureaucracy. His industry and his tenacity of purpose reveal the true Brandenburg, in a remote village of which he was born nearly sixty years ago. He has the melancholy temperament of the Brandenburgers, the characteristic grave eye and that fervent Christian piety which is so pleasing to Emperor William. William II. himself is called a Brandenburg by Germans who have studied him and by this is implied that he is more prayerful and more addicted to theology than the average Prussian. Bethmann-Hollweg is like that also. He tends likewise to the meticulous economy of the type, carefully saving pieces of string for future use and eating sparingly. The Chancellor is likewise careful of his clothes, which he wears long after they cease to be fashionable. Such thriftiness is ascribed in part to the poverty of the Herr Doctor; but, were he very rich, he could not throw off, we read, the habits of a lifetime. These tendencies are inherited from a Frankfort merchant who founded the family early in the last century and was noted for his capacity to accumulate.

A more eminently respectable figure than Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg on his way to church—which he never misses on Sunday—it would be hard to conceive. He has a pleasing voice and never shrinks from the sound of it when the hymns are sung. The members of the little congregation have known him for years and nothing is thought of the fact that in flat defiance of all precedent he slips into a rear seat and makes way readily for anyone who turns up. Now and then he



THE INGENUOUS STUDENT OF PHILOSOPHY WHO HOLDS BISMARCK'S PLACE
Doctor Bethmann-Hollweg, Chancellor of the German Empire, is one of the humblest and least assuming of men—a follower of the lowly Nazarene in an age of Nietzschean supermen.

forgets his umbrella, whereupon any little boy available runs after him with it. Sometimes he will accept an invitation from the pastor to lunch and off the pair go afoot side by side, immersed in theology or philosophy, to a humble street in Berlin, from which the Herr Doctor returns, still afoot, to the Reichskanzlei, swinging his long arms, stretching his long legs, a highly respectable gentleman, colliding occasionally with a pedestrian or menaced by the whip of an impatient driver or yelled at by a chauffeur. For that is the compelling and original fact about the German Imperial Chancellor, concludes our high authority—his unimportant and inconsequential aspect. The nation which has aroused the world to arms and filled the ears of men with strange new cries as it revives the Napoleonisms and Caesarisms of old confronts you, says the *Gaulois*, with the simple-minded Herr Doctor carrying a shabby umbrella—and you expected a Bismarck!

Let no one imagine, we are warned by our French contemporaries, that

the unassuming personality of Bethmann-Hollweg reflects its insignificance. The world has been filled of late with stories that the Imperial Chancellor is the swelling cipher placed meaninglessly ahead of figures more important. He is, observes the *Giornale d'Italia*, reproducing the impressions of the late Marquis di San Giuliano, essentially a man, strong in principle, strong in action, unable, if he wished, to be a mere instrument in the hands of others. Those who know the court of Berlin at first hand are aware of the moral ascendancy gained by Bethmann-Hollweg over the mind of Emperor William. There exists between them not only a strong tie of affection but that finer bond based upon a perception by the younger man of heroic moral traits in the elder. There is no sycophancy in the Imperial Chancellor, no yielding of conviction to expediency. The fact that so strong a nature was chosen for so exalted a dignity refutes, we are assured finally, the charge that William II. will endure no criticism.



MUSIC AND DRAMA



DAVID BELASCO THRILLS NEW YORK WITH A DREAM PLAY—"THE PHANTOM RIVAL"

ONCE again has David Belasco manifested his power to extract enthusiastic comment from the dramatic critics of New York. The provocation this time takes the form of a play with a dream in it. The piece is an adaptation from the Hungarian of Ferenc Molnar by Leo Ditrichstein. The genius of Belasco exploits itself through the verisimilitude imparted to the dream in the second act. It is Mrs. Frank Marshall's dream of the man she did not marry. Her husband figures in it madly. For we have to do with the old, old triangle, served up deliciously, as the critic of the New York *Evening Post* insists. He agrees with the critics of New York dailies generally that "The Phantom Rival," as the play is called, is Belasco at the zenith. There never before was such dreaming on or off the stage.

The action of the play, to follow the accurate summary of the competent Rennold Wolf in the New York *Telegraph*, begins in a New York restaurant which is a copy of the Broadway variety. Earle and Dover, an author and a leading actor, take seats at a table and discuss a prospective play. It is in that conversation that the author propounds the theory which the subsequent action demonstrates. He argues that there comes to many women an early love which she treasures long after it ceases to be a part of her life, no matter what her circumstances, until her lost lover develops into, first, a hero and, ultimately, a superman.

In the midst of this discussion there enter Marshall, who is a solid, energetic but unromantic lawyer, and his wife. He is overwrought from grinding work and is inordinately jealous. As they sit at the table they quarrel over trifles in a scene that is vastly amusing, and finally become almost violent when one Sascha Tatischeff, a monocled Russian, enters and bows to the wife. Immediately the husband's jealousy starts anew and he drives his wife to desperation by his rigid examination into her acquaintance with the newcomer.

The scene changes to the Marshalls' apartment, where the quarrel is renewed. At length, the wife, goaded to desperation, confesses that ten years previously she had loved Sascha Tatischeff in a girlish way. He was con-

sidered a desirable beau by the Brooklyn girls of that time, and was noted for his singing. He had been called away to war, and had written a farewell letter to her which she had kept. The letter vowed his devotion and contained a promise to return and claim his beloved. He had written that he would return as a great statesman, a renowned general or a celebrated artist, but that even if he returns a tramp he will still love her and want her.

Marshall, the husband, regarding the letter as "mushy," ridicules the writer and leaves his exhausted wife to doze for an hour. It is then that the dream part of the play comes. The wife imagines herself in the home of a fashionable hostess. Tatischeff appears as a gallant soldier.

LOUISE. You have really come back?

TATICHIEFF. Did your heart not tell you I would?

LOUISE. Yes, you wrote that you would return a great general, and you are here; but oh! you stayed away so long!

TATICHIEFF. I had to make myself worthy of you.

LOUISE. You love me still?

TATICHIEFF. Did you not feel it the moment our eyes met this afternoon? The blood rushed to my head, my heart beat as if it would break through my ribs.

LOUISE. (*Heaves a deep sigh.*) You have achieved the seemingly impossible.

TATICHIEFF. I have. My blood tinged the white snow of the Manchurian plains. Step by step I climbed the ladder to fame, at the top of which I beheld your fair form. From your white hands I wished to receive the laurels, in your beautiful arms I desired to rest from the hardships and horrors of war. For your sake I slept on the hard ground with no cover but the wintry blasts of the Siberian plains. For your sake I endured the pangs of hunger and thirst.

LOUISE. (*With quivering lips.*) And he laughed at you!

TATICHIEFF. Laughed at me? Who?

LOUISE. My—O, never mind, dearest. I want to hear the music of your voice.

TATICHIEFF. (*Takes her hand. He kneels on hassock.*) Oh, my adored one! A bullet laid me low. For hours, which seemed ages, I was left dying on that field of horrors. I thought the end had come. I looked up at the stars above me, those same stars we had looked at so often together. I gave them my last message to you and then closed my eyes, as I thought, forever.

LOUISE. (*Moans.*) Oh! Oh! (*Presses his hand to her heart.*)

TATICHIEFF. But I was destined to live, to live for you.

LOUISE. Thank God!

TATICHIEFF. For weeks I struggled with death in a field hospital. Then with my wounds hardly closed I went forth to new combats. I became a captain—a colonel. At Mukden I achieved the crowning glory of my career. When all seemed lost I was sent forth on a forlorn hope. With your name on my lips I dug my spurs into the flank of my steed. On we swept like a crash of thunder. We came upon the enemy. The left wing wavered. We broke through and the honor of Russia was saved—through a woman.

LOUISE. My hero! (*Her head falls on his shoulder.*)

TATICHIEFF. (*In ecstasy of bliss.*) Oh, my loved one, all is forgotten. Hardship—glory—they melt into nothingness in this moment of bliss. (*He drops to his knees and buries his head on her lap.*)

FRANK. (*Enters from ballroom. As he sees the group, indignantly.*) Louise! (*From now on the scene becomes very real.*)

LOUISE. (*Rises quickly, horrified.*) Frank!

TATICHIEFF. Sir, I demand an explanation!

FRANK. You? You demand an explanation?

TATICHIEFF. What do you mean by this intrusion, sir? (*Frank comes down stairs.*)

FRANK. I think that I am the one who is entitled to ask questions.

TATICHIEFF. (*Irritated.*) Who is that gentleman?

LOUISE. (*Faltering.*) My husband.

TATICHIEFF. (*Staggers a little, then clicks his heels together.*) I am at your disposal, sir. (*To Louise.*) So all I have done was in vain!

LOUISE. (*Cries out.*) No, it was not! I am yours—yours with my heart, with my body, my soul!

BOTH MEN. Louise!

LOUISE. I can't help myself. (*To Frank, sobbing on his breast.*) I love him. I love him. Frank, I love him. I have always loved him. Oh, you won't know how it hurt when you made fun of him. He has suffered for my sake and now he comes to claim me.

FRANK. (*Heartbroken.*) You are overwrought, darling; you don't know what you are saying!

LOUISE. Yes, I do, I do. (*To Tatischeff.*) I have kept your letter. (*Pulls it from her bosom.*) Here it is! I have kept it all these years—hoping—hoping—(*Crying*)—hoping.

TATICHIEFF. Louise! I came to you

with my heart free. (*He takes her hand.*) No woman's lips have touched mine since we parted.

FRANK. Don't believe him, Louise.

TATICHEFF. On my oath as a soldier.

LOUISE. I believe you. I know it is true. I feel it is. I'd give my life if I could say the same.

FRANK. Child, child, you don't know what you are saying. You are taking my heart's blood, drop by drop.

LOUISE. He has shed blood for me.

TATICHEFF. My love! My own! I wish I had ten thousand lives. I would gladly give them for you.

LOUISE. Then come.

FRANK. (*Blocks their way.*) Stop! We are not in darkest Russia here. If you leave the house with that woman, I'll have the law on you.

TATICHEFF. I laugh at your law. This woman is mine—was mine—will always be mine in spite of your law. Her heart beat against mine before she knew you existed. My kisses scorched her lips, stamping her as my own in spite of your law, and now make way or your blood be on your head! (*He draws his sword. Louise screams and throws herself in front of Frank, protecting him with her own body.*)

MRS. VAN NESS. (*From ballroom followed by secretary.*) For the love of heaven, what is the matter? (*To secretary.*) Close the door to the ballroom; tell the orchestra to play. (*Exit the secretary. Earle and Dover appear in front of portières.*)

DOVER. What is the row?

MRS. VAN NESS. Please return to the ballroom, gentlemen. An unfortunate occurrence! Mrs. Marshall was suddenly taken ill.

EARLE. So sorry! I beg your pardon. (*Exit Earle and Dover. Earle, aside to Dover.*) That's the second time we've come across that woman to-day, and always the storm-center of a row.

MRS. VAN NESS. Now tell me what has happened?

FRANK. (*Trying to control his emotion, simply.*) That gentleman has taken it into his head to run away with my wife, and as I am not sufficiently complacent about it he threatened to kill me.

MRS. VAN NESS. General! General!

TATICHEFF. I regret having broken the canons of good form for a law of nature. What can I do to atone? (*He bows low and humbly. Enter Secretary.*)

MRS. VAN NESS. (*Hysterically.*) Why doesn't the music begin?

SECRETARY. The musicians have left the gallery. It is the refreshment pause and the servants are getting the ballroom ready for the concert.

MRS. VAN NESS. Hurry them! The guests are most anxious to hear the great Badini sing.

SECRETARY. (*Fussed.*) But I'm not sure that he has arrived.

MRS. VAN NESS. Then, in heaven's name, go and find out!

SECRETARY. I will do so at once, madame. (*He starts to go.*)

MRS. VAN NESS. Do you think my guests heard the quarrel?

SECRETARY. I fear they must have. I was at the other end of the room and I heard it distinctly.



AN EXCITING SCENE IN MRS. MARSHALL'S DREAM

The Phantom Rival challenges the husband to a duel. Leo Ditrichstein impersonates the lover, Olila Barclay is the hostess whose entertainment is rudely interrupted, Laura Hope Crews is the wife and Malcolm Williams interprets the husband.

MRS. VAN NESS. If this wretched affair gets into the papers I shall be the talk of the town. A common brawl under my roof! There is only one thing to do, gentlemen; you will have to go to the ballroom together. (*Frank and Taticheff squirm at the suggestion.*) You owe it to me, General, to the good name of the house whose hospitality you are enjoying. (*Taticheff bows in acquiescence.*) And you, Mr. Marshall, after showing yourself arm in arm with the General, will be good enough to wait in the reception room until Mrs. Marshall and I can join you. (*To Secretary.*) Hurry and see if Signor Badini has arrived and is ready to sing. (*Mrs. Van Ness stands on staircase. Secretary exits. Taticheff and Frank bow and go off arm in arm into the ballroom.*)

MRS. VAN NESS. Louise, I beg of you, collect yourself. I'll send one of my maids to you. Put some rouge on your face—you look as tho you had risen from the grave. (*She starts to go. Secretary enters.*) Everything ready for the concert?

SECRETARY. (*Very much put out, wiping his brow.*) I regret to say—no.

MRS. VAN NESS. Why not?

SECRETARY. Signor Badini has an attack of acute indigestion.

MRS. VAN NESS. How dare he? I gave him a check for \$5,000. I didn't pay him to have indigestion. I paid him to sing. Tell him I want him to go on at once. He can have his indigestion afterwards.

SECRETARY. That is what I suggested to him.

MRS. VAN NESS. Then why doesn't he go on?

SECRETARY. He says his reputation is at stake.

MRS. VAN NESS. His reputation doesn't concern me. I'll talk to him.

SECRETARY. I don't think that would

be advisable. He is very much *en négligé* on account—of his— (*Points to his stomach.*)

MRS. VAN NESS. (*Indignantly.*) Then what do you propose to do?

SECRETARY. I think the best thing would be to get him the bicarbonate of soda he asked for. He forgot all about the concert and ate a big dish of macaroni at eight o'clock.

MRS. VAN NESS. Then why don't you go and get the bicarbonate instead of standing here talking?

SECRETARY. (*Starts off.*) I will do so at once.

MRS. VAN NESS. Where is my husband?

SECRETARY. He is in the library talking to his Excellency.

MRS. VAN NESS. Send a servant to him and tell him I must speak to him at once. And tell my maid to hurry. (*Secretary, losing his head, starts to go up the stairs—then comes down again—then starts up again. Mrs. Van Ness, losing all patience.*) Where are you going?

SECRETARY. (*Blandly.*) I really don't know, madame.

MRS. VAN NESS. (*To Louise.*) You think you are strong enough to stroll through the ballroom with me?

LOUISE. (*Shakes her head.*) I wish I could die. (*Sobs.*)

MRS. VAN NESS. Don't be silly. One doesn't have to die of love in these days of quick divorce. You might have a little consideration for me, and keep an intimate scene like that for your own boudoir. I hope your husband will have the decency to let you get a divorce.

LOUISE. (*Listlessly.*) What does it matter?

MRS. VAN NESS. Don't say that, my dear. If Ralph Leonard had divorced me, all the social pull of the Van Nesses couldn't have managed to get the mir-

rors of virtue in there to come to my house. They aren't a bit better than you or I, but they take good care not to commit the cardinal sin that society never forgives—of being found out. (*Sees the Prime Minister in the distance.*) Ah, good Heavens! Here comes the Russian Prime Minister! Oh, dear! The greatest statesman of the hour, my most distinguished guest, to witness such a scene. (*We hear several bars of the Russian national anthem played, and after Tatichoff has appeared, the music, without stopping, drifts into the same romantic air used for the entrance of Tatichoff as General Buchakoff.*) Ah! Chère Excellence!

TATICHOFF. (*Dressed in a diplomat's uniform.*) My charming hostess has commanded me, madame?

MRS. VAN NESS. I? You!

TATICHOFF. Your secretary brought word to me—

MRS. VAN NESS. Oh, that wretched man! He gets everything mixed up. I told him to tell my husband—

TATICHOFF. Pardon. I regret the intrusion. (*Louise, at the sound of the voice, is almost electrified. She rises, comes slowly forward, staring at Tatichoff.*)

MRS. VAN NESS. Not at all, my dear Excellency. My poor little friend was suddenly taken ill, and I wanted my husband to talk to her and cheer her up.

TATICHOFF. I should deem it a great privilege to be permitted to take his place.

MRS. VAN NESS. That would be very good of you. (*Tatichoff comes down staircase.*) I leave our little patient in your charge, Excellency. Now will you both excuse me? (*Tatichoff offers his arm to Mrs. Van Ness, takes her to exit, then returns, inviting Louise to sit. Louise does, but never takes her eyes off his face. Tatichoff leans against newel post looking at her. The music has died away.*)

LOUISE. (*Piqued at not getting a sign of recognition, she forces a lightness of tone, which she does not feel. She tries to play the woman of the world.*) Sasha, do you play tennis as well as ever?

TATICHOFF. No, madame, I gave up playing tennis four or five years ago.

LOUISE. Too bad. Your backhands were always adorable.

TATICHOFF. I thank you for remembering them. Up to five years ago I kept in fairly good form. It was then the height of my ambition to be sent to Washington. A good game of tennis was the open sesame to the intimacy of the White House in those days. But *tempi passati*. Another party has come into power and I believe golf is now in vogue.

LOUISE. Do you intend to take up golf?

TATICHOFF. No, madam. The reason for my wishing to go to Washington has ceased to exist.

LOUISE. (*With a tremor in her voice.*) What was your reason?

TATICHOFF. A beautiful woman, to whom I promised to return as a great statesman.

LOUISE. O, you have ceased to love this woman?

TATICHOFF. She broke faith with me.

LOUISE. How do you know? Has she a husband?

TATICHOFF. He is the father of her son. It had been the dream of my life to be the father of that child.

LOUISE. It had been mine.

TATICHOFF. Then why did you marry the other man?

LOUISE. I waited and waited year after year—(*With a hopeless shrug of the shoulders*)—but he whom I waited for never came.

TATICHOFF. Do you live happily?

LOUISE. I don't live, I vegetate.

TATICHOFF. I infer from that you do not love him, your husband.

LOUISE. I respect him.

TATICHOFF. But how can you, still so young, so beautiful, live without love?

LOUISE. (*Loses her eyes.*) I think—I dream—I long. But my longings are not of the flesh.

TATICHOFF. Oh, I see. You long for an abstract, a Frankenstein of your own fancy?

LOUISE. I am a bad wife, a bad mother. This Frankenstein, as you call him, crowds the two beings to whom my every thought should belong out of my heart and mind.

TATICHOFF. And whom does this Frankenstein resemble? (*Turns face to her.*)

LOUISE. (*Very direct.*) You.

TATICHOFF. (*His stolidness threatens to leave him for a moment.*) Do I understand you aright? Mine are your thoughts?

LOUISE. (*Quietly but passionately.*) I think of you in my day-dreams. I think of you at night. I thought of you when I gave birth to my child. I think of you when I hear music. You are the one who lives in my heart. To you belongs its very beat. For you I live, through you comes all my happiness, now and in all eternity.

TATICHOFF. (*His head sinks on his chest.*) Why do you say this to me?

LOUISE. I have kept it locked in there (*Points to her heart*) for so long. I had to give it voice at last.

TATICHOFF. (*Gloomily.*) What good can it do now to you or to me?

LOUISE. Oh, it takes such a load from my heart. To be relieved of the burden I carried for, oh, so many years! (*The music dies away. A far-away wailing echo of the same romantic air is heard sounding almost like the wind through distant trees.*)

TATICHOFF. Alas! that I have come too late!

LOUISE. Why did you come at all?

TATICHOFF. I thought you had forgotten.

LOUISE. Did you know I would be here?

TATICHOFF. I knew.

LOUISE. (*With greater insistence.*) Then why did you come?

TATICHOFF. Because, because—

LOUISE. Because!

TATICHOFF. (*His stolidness forsakes him.*) Because I love you to-day as I loved you the day I wrote that letter ten years ago. (*He drops into seat beside her.*)

LOUISE. (*Triumphantly.*) At last!

TATICHOFF. Are you happy now that you have torn my secret from me?

LOUISE. It was no secret to me. I knew that neither time nor space could efface my memory from your heart, as little as marriage or motherhood could efface you from mine.

TATICHOFF. You are right. You are right. Rejoice, you beautiful woman, with the sapphire eyes, the ruby lips, and the pearly teeth. You have torn the mask of indifference from my face. You are a thousand times right! It does feel good to be human once more. For years I had to smile when my heart was bursting with grief. I had to fawn where I hated, seem indifferent when joy was overpowering me, because in the game I was playing you were the stake. Nobody guessed what was going on behind this calm face, devoid of all expression. Nobody suspected that under this diamond-star an aching heart was dying of longing for a little girl in another part of the world.

LOUISE. For every pang you suffered I suffered a thousand.

TATICHOFF. Armies marched, wives became widows and children orphans, emperors and kings spent nights of sorrow in their rain-beaten tents on the field of battle. The map of Europe was changed, billions went up in smoke and millions died. History will say they died for their country. (*Dropping his voice to a low whisper.*) But they had to give their lives because a poor clerk wanted to prove to a little girl far away that he loved her.

LOUISE. How wonderful!

TATICHOFF. Yet it was all in vain—because the little girl lacked faith. (*Putting on his mask of stolidity again.*) And now, madame, the hour of parting has struck.

LOUISE. Where are you going?

TATICHOFF. Back to my solitude to ponder upon the frailty of woman.

LOUISE. And I? (*Takes two steps back.*)

TATICHOFF. You must lie on the bed you have made for yourself. I meant to make you a queen among queens. You have chosen otherwise.

LOUISE. (*Pleadingly.*) Take me with you.

TATICHOFF. Impossible.

LOUISE. Nothing is impossible if you really love me. How can I go on living my humdrum existence knowing what I know?

TATICHOFF. You must.

LOUISE. (*Smiling, going close to him.*) You are aching to take me into your arms. You have only one wish, to have me get a divorce from my husband. Your one desire is to show me to the emperors and kings you hold under your thumb, and then rest in my arms from the cares and worries they give you. (*She is close to him at the end of the speech, coaxingly.*) Say you do.

TATICHOFF. (*Still sternly.*) You have forfeited—

LOUISE. I know, I have forfeited all my claims. I have been untrue to the dream of my youth. (*Frank appears at back.*) But you—you have been faithful and strong. Say that you still want me.

TATICHOFF. (*Puts his arm around her.*) Louise! (*Louise, hearing a deep sigh, lets her head fall on his breast. He puts her away, looking into her eyes.*)

And if I had failed, if I had come back as a tramp (*Frank goes off.*) thrown upon your shores by the cruel waves of life—as driftwood—what then?

LOUISE. Even then I would love you and follow you, where you wished to lead me. (*Frank comes from ballroom, looks over the banister. Seeing his wife and Tatichoff in such close proximity, he withdraws quickly.*)

TATICHEFF. (*Starts.*) Speak low. We are being overheard.

LOUISE. (*Looks around.*) There is no one here.

TATICHEFF. There is. My hypersensitive diplomatic nerves tell me that some one is eavesdropping right above us.

LOUISE. Can it be my husband?

TATICHEFF. Very likely. That has been the habit of husbands since the days of Helen of Troy. He may as well hear what I have to say. It will spare you the trouble of a confession. (*Takes out his watch.*) In fifteen minutes I will be waiting for you in a limousine at the corner of the street. In thirty minutes you will be at the house of the Russian consul. His wife will put you up for the night. At ten to-morrow morning my secretary will fetch you to make the necessary purchases for your journey. My secretary will be supplied with funds for an ample trousseau. The boat leaves at noon; we will arrive in Paris in five days and seven hours, in time for the St. Petersburg Express. At the station there, my mother will welcome you, while I hurry on to inform the Czar (*salutes*), my friend and master, of the step I have taken. To-day is the second of January; on the morning of May 5th you will be free. That same afternoon at three you will be joined to me by the Metropolitan of Moscow in the Church of St. Sophia. The Grand Duke Ossip Fedorovich (*salutes*) and the Grand Duchess Olga Alexandrovna will be our witnesses.

FRANK. (*At his elbow.*) You have calculated it all to a nicety.

TATICHEFF. (*Without showing the slightest surprise or emotion at his appearance.*) Monsieur, a diplomat must make his calculations coldly, calmly, sans emotion, leaving nothing to chance.

FRANK. And where do I figure in your calculations?

TATICHEFF. You, monsieur? You do not figure at all.

FRANK. And do you think I will fold my hands and look on while you steal my wife?

TATICHEFF. I cannot steal from you what you never possessed. However, I will include you in my calculations. If agreeable to you, I will meet you with my seconds at dawn to-morrow at any place you designate. On second thought, this procedure is really more convenient. It saves the tedium of a long wait for a divorce. I will meet you at six; at 6:15 I will have killed you.

FRANK. And at 6:30 you can begin to teach your son to say "father" to the murderer of your husband. (*Louise moans.*)

TATICHEFF. Tut! Tut! Do not let him upset you. His son shall call me "uncle." And now, my sweet bride, I leave you to make your adieu to the gentleman whose widow you will be to-morrow. Monsieur (*to Louise, pointing*



THE PHANTOM RIVAL REAPPEARS AS A TRAMP
And still the beautiful lady sees in him the secret dream of her heart.

to watch), in fifteen minutes! (*Kisses the tips of her fingers.*)

LOUISE. (*In undertone.*) Don't leave me alone with him. He won't let me go. He will plead with me, (*tearfully*) and I won't have the strength to resist him.

TATICHEFF. You must, for my sake. (*Exits. Music plays national anthem, then "My Hero."*)

FRANK. Louise!

LOUISE. You laughed at him. Are you sorry now?

FRANK. (*Humoring her as if she were a sick child.*) Yes, I am sorry.

LOUISE. I told you the impossible seems impossible only until somebody accomplishes it. He has accomplished it. He comes back as a great statesman.

FRANK. My poor child, only in your imagination.

LOUISE. Millions have died and billions have gone up in smoke because he loved me.

FRANK. Phrases, love, to impress you. If you knew the world, you could easily see through the make-up of this stage diplomat.

LOUISE. Don't try to belittle him, Frank. You did it once before, when you read his letter. It hurt me.

FRANK. You poor darling, if I could only get it into your overwrought little brain. He is a sham, the words from his own mouth prove it. He is a hero of rags and tatters, a diplomat of the type played in cheap melodrama. Your own imagination distorts him into a superman.

LOUISE. (*Shakes her head in denial.*) No, Frank, dear, to me he is as real as the light and the sun. You are jealous, envious of him.

FRANK. Darling, I would laugh at him from the bottom of my heart, were it not for the impression the charlatan has made upon you. Can't you see him as he is? I'd give my life if I could prove to you that he is a poor faker, a huge joke.

LOUISE. You could not prove it, nor could anybody else. Now, Frank, I must go. Good-by. He is waiting.

FRANK. I won't let you go!

LOUISE. You must, Frank. I broke my troth to him once, when you persuaded me to marry you. I won't betray him a second time. Let me go.

FRANK. No!

TATICHEFF. (*As Badini enters from upstairs.*) Non posso cantare! Non voglio rischiare la mia voce!

SECRETARY. (*Behind him.*) But, my

dear Signor Badini, you can't do that! You can't leave us in the lurch at the last moment! Signor Badini won't sing, Mr. Marshall. What am I to do?

FRANK. You will have to tell Mrs. Van Ness.

SECRETARY. Mr. Marshall, I think I could, on a bet, look a basilisk in the eye; but face Mrs. Van Ness with that piece of news! That is crediting me with more courage than I possess.

FRANK. Do you want me to tell her?

SECRETARY. Mr. Marshall, you are my life-saver. (*Louise recognizes Tatichoff. Music plays "My Hero."*)

FRANK. (*To Louise, aside.*) Will you wait until I return, before you make a final decision?

LOUISE. (*With her eyes on Tatichoff, with almost breathless excitement.*) Yes. (*As she looks at him the same romantic strain is heard presently dying away.*)

FRANK. On your word? (*Louise nods without taking her eyes off Tatichoff. Frank exits into ballroom.*)

TATICHOFF. (*In Pagliacci costume, his fur coat over it, ready to leave.*) Non cantero, ecco tutto! (*Takes pitch-pipe*

out, strikes note, runs scale.) Vedeste—non c'è tuono, né timbero, né risuonanze. Chiamate la mia automobile.

SECRETARY. Please listen to reason, Signor. I'll lose my position if I let you go.

TATICHOFF. (*Pitch-pipe business.*) Mi-mi-mi-mi; no, me no can sing. Me gotta da spaghetti and formaggio in throat.

SECRETARY. But, after all, a contract is a contract. You have accepted a check for \$5,000.

TATICHOFF. (*Searching his pockets, finds check, crumples it up and throws it at Secretary's feet.*) Check! Oh! Uno momento! Ecco il vostro check! Call my automobile.

SECRETARY. But, my dear, my best Signor, a great artist like you—

TATICHOFF. Inutile! You no call my automobile, me stay but me no sing! (*He sits down on stairs and hums. Louise, the moment she has heard his voice, has pricked up her ears. She stares at him open-mouthed.*)

He, too, is the old lover. But when the famous tenor sees the hus-

band, he abandons the unfaithful one. Another scene ensues. At the urgent invitation of the hostess, the heroine finds herself on the street led by her still faithful husband. As the tramp completes his story the scene darkens and changes. The maid's voice is heard: "Madam, madam, it is half-past seven."

Then emerges Louise out of this dream of what might have been. By whom is she confronted? By the real Sascha Tatichoff, naturally. And what a disillusion! He is representing the Petrograd bureaucracy on a matter of the most prosaic business. Marshall, the husband, leaves the pair alone. Sascha proves anything but the hero of that amazing dream. He went to the war, yes, but he was attached to the commissariat. He has no sentiment, no soul.

When the real Tatichoff awkwardly makes his departure, Louise takes his long-treasured letter from her bosom and drops it into the fire.

HOW THE-AMERICAN STAGE REFLECTS THE FALSE NOTE IN AMERICAN LIFE

ONE can not be a devotee of the contemporary American theater without noticing its more or less conscious aim—the reflection of American life. The reflection is so faithful in some details as to suggest, by what is copied, the fundamental defects of the life itself. Now the defects of American life, its fundamental defect, is excess—the ridiculous excess which Shakespeare condemned. The American people invariably gild refined gold and paint the lily. It is their theory of civilization. In New York, for example, the gentlemen are all too well dressed. The

hotels are all too magnificent. The ladies are all a little overrefined. The undergraduates are too slangy. The wealth is too vast. In some respect, the American man and the American woman are sure to overdo things either by being too well groomed or too gracious or too correct in deportment. Inevitably the stage follows the bad example.

The dramatic critic of the New York Times, who is responsible for these reflections, observes that not so long since an American actor was not supposed to be capable of impersonating a gentleman. Our managers, at any rate, suspected that to be the case.

The experiment was made of employing the English actor, but it proved disastrous. He could not reflect the essential note in American life. He could not "overdo" things. He might "do" in his peculiar environment, but when the setting had to be American he went "into the discard." In such a play, for instance, as "The Salamander," based on Owen Johnson's novel, he would blunder sadly. This particular play affords a striking illustration of the American characteristic in question. The heroine is just too daring, just too bold. The lack of restraint is manifest. The critic of the New York American observes:



DRURY LANE A LA BROADWAY

"Life," a vast spectacle produced at the Manhattan Opera House in New York, is one of those massive melodramas that are recognizably made in London, but the producers have searched the entire American continent for new thrills.

"In effect she is very obvious. We see her playing very fast and loose with three admirers. One is a rich 'rounder' named Sassoon, who offers her diamonds for the worst of motives. Another is Judge Massingale, of the Supreme Court, middle-aged but romantic. The third and last (of those who come into the play) is a weak, wealthy derelict—a drunkard—Garry Lindaberry, whom Dodo, for some reason unexplained, would fain reform.

"In turn, each of these rivals seems to have a chance of winning Dodo. At times, indeed, she is committed to all of them. Each of them has, from a man's point of view, a grievance against the 'Salamander' (who is also a chameleon, and a woman of no character). But by good luck and 'nerve,' much more than skill, Dodo disposes of the Judge and the rich 'Rounder,' and wins the affection of the drunken derelict.

"Then, in the third act, Garry surprises her with the rich rounder in suspicious circumstances at her boarding-house, for she lives in a ten-dollar-a-week boarding establishment with more ladies of her kind. He abjures her and goes away—forever.

"But while Judge Massingale is getting ready to elope with Dodo, Garry comes back. He makes no effort to explain his change of heart. He simply flops into the heroine's arms.

"So they are married. And that might have done. But Mr. Johnson has thought it well to tack on an epilog. It spells anti-climax."

The difficulty with "The Salamander" is that she fails to be nice by an excess of boldness. Also by an excess of slang. Of the latter excess all the young American girls who come before American audiences are pronounced guilty. "Too slangy"—that comment is made again and again by the dramatic critics who attend first nights in New York. "Kick In" yields a fine instance. This play in four acts, by Willard Mack, is slang, slang, slang from the first act to the last and this very excess is true to life somehow. There is too much slang in American life just as there is too much eating and too much tailoring. The critic of the New York *Herald* remarks:

"'Kick In' is melodrama with a kick. It is about a young couple—a husband who, having once erred, has turned straight, and a young wife who has always walked the narrow path. (Having had three hours of slang, it's hard to keep away from it.) But the couple have friends who are still 'busting boxes' (which is interpreted as meaning blowing safes), and because of an act of kindness to a youth and his sweetheart after they had robbed a Riverside Drive apartment, the honest couple find themselves in a heap of trouble with the police. The police are made out to be the enemies of the wicked, which, by the way, is the reason they receive salaries, and for four acts the spectators were kept on the edge of their seats as the battle of wits, revolvers and fisticuffs continued. The sum



AN EXCITING SCENE IN SILK STOCKING PLAY

Burglars, slang, silk stockings, and policemen combine to make "A Pair of Silk Stockings" entertaining. Articles of feminine apparel usually not disclosed except in musical comedy fulfill here a purpose both artistic and useful.

and total of the carnage showed that the real robber died of his wounds, the 'girl' committed suicide and every one was unhappy until the final curtain, when someone stood still long enough for explanation to be made. 'Kick In' introduces again an old friend of the theater—the hypodermic needle."

The dialog in which these details are unfolded is really a brilliant contribution to free American speech, observes the critic of the New York *Sun*. "Every American who speaks only English ought to hear it." It is sure that the police in this play are just too brutal, yet in that again they may reflect reality. Perhaps the most trying excess in American life, as reflected on the American stage, is that of being too thrilling. Here, too, we have no lack of instances; but in "Life" one gets only thrills. Everything is perfectly American, too, notes the critic of the daily just named:

"The manager and the playwright wanted to put before the public one of those massive melodramas that are recognizably made in England and are more or less in the stencil of Drury Lane, but they wanted it to treat of American character and situations. They selected for their first effort a play of New York life. . . .

"Mr. Buchanan has taken his spectators through nearly every milieu of New York life. The first act passes at New London and there are views of the training quarters of the two crews, then a wonderful representation of the shells shooting through as good an imitation of real water as the stage ever saw. The theft of the bonds and the forgery of the check, which start the persecution of an innocent man, showed the audience Wall Street, then a roof garden, in which a popular young tango teacher is recognized as a well-known crook by one of his old pals and made to lead him to a house in which he is to dance that night. The robber does not get the jewelry he

went for, but hides behind a curtain; he sees one partner in a banking firm kill another, who happens to be the father of the girl he wanted to marry.

"With the innocent man in Sing Sing awaiting the death penalty, the second act begins after a supposed interval of a year. The detective who sent him to prison is now convinced that he is innocent. So all hands are busy at that dear old job of melodrama, which consists of thwarting the villain and whooping it up for the innocent. And this was all very strenuously done in the parlors of the medium to which the characters were all brought when the superstitious crook went there to consult her about the horses. Then, as the mass at Christmas eve in St. Patrick's Cathedral is coming to an end, the crook, who has been attacked by the villain, dies as he confesses that he saw the murder of the banker and that the wrong man is suffering for it. The choir sings 'Adeste Fideles' as he passes away and the scene changes to another quarter of the world.

"In Mexico all hands have arrived with the certainty that the characters in London melodrama always attain. It is here in a battle between the Americans and the Mexicans that the wicked are finally punished and virtue crowned with happiness."

This may seem overdone, yet in reality its very excess is a reflection of what it aims to reflect, declares the critic. The same may be said of "Big Jim Garrity," in which Owen Davis fashions a melodrama of the most melodramatic type. Says the critic of the New York *Times*:

"There are more unblushing attempts to thrill per square act in 'Big Jim Garrity' than you would find in a month of first nights. And these attempts are made with that skill and cunning which can come only with years and years of labor in this field. A playwright must write play after play before he acquires such complete mastery of the ingenuities of melodrama—before he has learned so many good tricks as Owen Davis spills out liberally upon the

stage of the astonished New York Theater. Not that the stage has never been astonished before.

"In 'Big Jim Garrity' Mr. Davis waits just long enough for the audience to rustle comfortably to attention before startling the excitement with a bang. It continues with unflagging gait until the third act climax that ends with the crash of a lamp and the flash of a pistol shot. Big Jim Garrity, an escaped but guiltless convict, who during a period of more than twenty years has slowly climbed to wealth, power, and position, is finally unmasked and, for all his titanic physical strength, has been overpowered by chloroform used by the real murderer and

another alumnus from the prison at San Quentin."

The effect of it all is that the steady Americanization of the English stage is making London plays very much like New York plays. Fashionable London has long been "smart." The influence of the American begins now to make it just too "smart." They commence to gild refined gold in London too and to paint the lily, thanks to our bad example. Mr. Hector Turnbull, dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, has found that out simply by witnessing "A Pair of Silk

Stockings," in which Cyril Maude delights the audiences at the Little Theater:

"Not only has he (that is, Mr. Maude) drawn a faithful and engaging picture of that much maligned type, English gentlefolk, but he has handled a delicate situation with such a brave show of disarming British wholesomeness that our familiar, Frenchy, bedridden farces appear as sad stuff in comparison. Articles of women's attire, generally completely concealed in comedy and vulgarly flaunted in farce, are disclosed to a delighted audience, fulfilling a purpose both utilitarian and artistic."

A GREAT ACTOR'S EXPLANATION OF THE DECAY OF ACTING

AN ACTOR of fifty years ago or even forty years ago, were he to witness a performance on the contemporary stage, would say that there is no such thing as acting any more. William Gillette expresses that belief. Nor is the explanation difficult, according to him. The actor is not permitted to be himself nowadays. The critics of our times are responsible for that. They want the actor to be not himself but somebody else. That, they insist, is the secret of acting—the whole art of it. The reasoning may be logical, but the practical effect is that the exploitation by the actor of his own personality becomes impossible. The personality of the actor is his most precious possession. From the beginning of time, says Mr. Gillette in an interview in the *N. Y. Times*, the great actors have "been themselves" in their supreme parts. These are the parts in which they have been successful. In the parts in which they could not use their own personality they failed. This, he adds, is always true. It is true to-day, and it was true years ago. And it holds true through all the changes that come in the standards of acting.

"These awfully learned people who place 'art' above personality in acting are not only altogether wrong, but altogether inconsistent.

"If they worked out their theory to its sane conclusion, you know, they would go to see no one but the lightning-change performer of the vaudeville stage. They would celebrate him as the highest kind of—in fact, the only possible—artist. They would make acting a kind of trick imitation—the imitation of as large as possible an assortment of tricks. They would regard the actor as a sort of 'character' acrobat.

"Now, what the great actor does is to use his own personality. He is himself in his parts. He doesn't simply enter another personality and make it his. He fuses his own personality with that of the character he is playing. That is the only way he can make his character great.

"The great actor is not the man who

can get out of his own personality into one or a dozen other 'rôles.' The great actor is the man who can fuse himself into a part, fuse all that he himself is, be the man he is playing, because he can put into that man's character-portrayal what he himself is. It is a matter of fusing—and you've got to have something to fuse. The man who can simply jump from one kind of part to another isn't a great actor; he is a trickster who can do clever imitations. They are always imitations. To omit his own personality is to fail in the creation of vitality and truth."

Notwithstanding all that is said



Copyright, Charles Frohman

WILLIAM GILLETTE TAKES ISSUE WITH THE NEW SCHOOL OF ACTING

An actor, he says, is great only if he is himself. The critics want the actor not to be himself but to be somebody else.

against it (and there is a great deal said against it by a large percentage of earnest and conscientious people who talk and write about the theater), it is a plain fact to William Gillette that personality is the most important thing in really great acting. To censure an actor, then, because he is himself, is meaningless, plausible as the point, when cleverly put, may seem to the writer. A great actor is his character, but he is himself too, or else he could not be his character in any great or forceful way. Some actors may have the personality that can diffuse itself over a great many parts; but that is the most that can be done in the way of great arrays of different rôles. Joe Jefferson, for instance, could diffuse his personality over a great many comedy parts. He could not put it into tragedy at all. He "was himself" as Rip Van Winkle. That is why his Rip Van Winkle was so much greater than all the other Rip Van Winkles that have been excellently played by men who apparently had all that Jefferson had, but lacked the Rip Van Winkle personality.

"Take the elder Salvini, for example. The elder Salvini's Othello towered so high above all other modern Othellos that you just can't see them at all. He was the one great Othello that our modern stage has known. His Gladiator was a tremendous piece of work, too. It was great and magnificent acting. But when he tried to play Hamlet it was rather unfortunate. He hadn't the personality for it, and he could only play those parts well in which he could put his own personality. Salvini was a great actor, of course; he wasn't a lightning-change artist. When I hear this 'mere personality' talk I think of Salvini.

"And, contrariwise, I think of Booth. Booth was a marvelous Hamlet. He couldn't play Othello. There you are. No performer has ever been able really to make use of a personality not his own. All the great actors that we know anything about have been great because they have had strong personalities and have transferred them to the right rôles. . . ."

EFFECTS OF THE WORLD'S 'PRESENT EMOTIONAL STRAIN ON MUSICAL EXPRESSION

HOWEVER firmly established the popular impression may be that great wars stimulate musical genius of the creative kind, we do not find Mr. H. E. Krehbiel sharing it. Peace is the patroness of music, he thinks. War affrights her, challenges her most melodious mood and defeats it. There is no rhythm in the agony of battle. European campaigns of the military order have in them no inspirational quality of a kind to enrich the world with a new Bizet or a new Puccini. All the arts are the fruits of peace, and of all the arts that of music is most dependent on peace.

This does not mean, Mr. Krehbiel admits, that war may not be a stimulant to the creation of musical compositions; but the instances in which it has been such a stimulant are not many, and war music as such has little artistic value. Its first expression is in patriotic songs, and even these are of no value unless they give voice to something higher than mere conquest. We quote from the *New York Tribune*:

"The loftiest political monument which musical history has to show is the 'Heroic Symphony,' and that was Beethoven's tribute to Napoleon Bonaparte, in whom the composer, when he wrote it, saw the incarnation of democracy. When the French Consul became the French Emperor, Beethoven had nothing more to say in his favor. Then he could shake his fist at a French officer and utter the wish that he knew as much about the art of warfare as he knew about counterpoint, so that he might take a hand and set a few problems for them to crack. A democrat Beethoven remained to the end of his days.

"Beethoven wrote his 'Sinfonia Eroica' to glorify the hero of France at a time when he saw in Bonaparte a popular liberator. Goethe, challenged because he did not lift up his voice in song against the traditional enemy of Germany, replied: 'How could I write songs of hate without hating? And how could I, to whom the only distinctions that matter are civilization and barbarism, hate a nation that is one of the most civilized on earth, a nation to which I owe so much of my culture?' If the present war is one between civilization and barbarism, the only antagonism which might have stirred a Goethe to warlike utterance, it may become necessary to look into the artistic fruits which the warring peoples have borne in our day. Here we are concerned with music only—the fields of literature and the plastic arts belong to others. Music needs a fresh inspiration. It must be emancipated from the spirit of materialism, which has dominated it more and more during the last generation. . . .

"There must be a return to an idealism which represents the truth of beauty and the beauty of truth. Great art is not created for the bargain counter; it can-

not be promoted by the hawking bell-ringer in the market place, nor enforced by Krupp howitzers. The triumph of French arms will not advance that which is abhorrent in French art, nor the triumph of German guns what is harmful in the music which parades as the outcome of German Kultur."

In actual warfare, on the other hand, such creations as the "Marseillaise," "Marching Through Georgia," the hymn to Garibaldi and the "Wacht am Rhein" were inspired. We are reminded of that by Professor Francesco Fanciulli, who writes in the *New York Sun*. These songs, he insists, are the triumph of passion, the apotheosis of patriotism. They are songs of liberty, the cry of the oppressed, the longing for deliverance. Someone has described war as hell. Well, says Professor Fanciulli, hell may be set to music. Analyzing the tendencies of the different nations, this critic says that, if the French are victorious, we need not look for nerve-racking, tragic, terrifying music. No. The Frenchman fights and fights well when he must; but as soon as the fighting is over he returns to his life of industry with the accompaniments of pleasure, gayety and comfort, and his music is of the theme of love. If the Germans win it will be different:

"Every composer will strive to describe the might of the Fatherland, the victories won, the complete downfall of the enemy. If France loses, after paying the war tax, she will return to her life of industry, &c. If Germany loses—well, for a time the music may be apologetic, but it will not last long. Of course we cannot say what kind of music may come from Italy. She has so far played possum. But who can tell? The war is young yet.

"Russia is very coherent at present. She has excelled in ballet music, and the way she is rushing things, according to reports, indicates that she means to keep her feet moving ahead. Yet we must not forget that lately Russian composers have given a very good account of themselves aside from the ballet, and if Russia wins who knows what they will give us? From the variety of the Russian population we can expect some novelties. As to England and Austria they will hold second place for a while, musically speaking, as they have been doing so far."

One of the consequences of the war, the writer thinks, will be that audiences will take music more seriously. In time of peace, certain classes go to concerts simply to be amused or distracted. The members of the audience seek little more than a light diversion and it is with an eye to the needs or wants or tastes of this class that much

of the light and meaningless music is provided. The feeblest of the "musical comedies" answer the purpose very well. Every taste is lowered, but nobody complains. Quite the contrary. This state of affairs obtains in all countries more or less. Now, a great war has a positive tendency to arouse all the emotions latent in human nature. Even those who ordinarily are quite incapable of emotion in any fine or splendid sense find themselves stirred to the very depths. There is great suffering in the world, and the human heart, crushed under its load of grief, finds no comfort in the tinkling commonplaces of the ill-conceived music which might answer the trivial purposes of peace:

"The music inspired by a great war is not of course limited to the pathetic and sorrowful. The victorious nation will wish to find a fitting melody to express the glory of their conquest. There is an immediate demand for patriotic songs of victory, marches which quicken the pulse and many other forms of composition. Some of the finest music ever composed has been inspired by this martial spirit. When there is so urgent a demand for compositions of this sort there will be composers who rise to the occasion.

"And altho the United States is happily not engaged in the present conflict, and is far removed from the battle line, she will in all probability profit by the great stimulus exerted by the war upon musical composition. We cannot well escape the influence. . . .

"An excellent illustration of the quickening effects of war upon musical composition is afforded in America's own history within the memory of many men and women. During the civil war the hearts of the people were, of course, profoundly stirred, and the emotion found expression in many beautiful songs. Thousands of people whose loved ones were at the front sang these war songs, and their ears were unconsciously attuned to the beautiful melodies they contained.

"A highly commercialized community which in normal times cares little for music suddenly becomes far more receptive with the coming of war. A person who would listen calmly to music and express a calm pleasure in it, but nothing more, is likely to take a new interest once his or her heart has been stirred."

These choruses from "Lombardi" and "Mabucco," the writer concludes, are the expression of the oppressed, the anguish of impotence, the hope for deliverance. "Verdi was certainly very fortunate to flourish in such a momentous time. I believe that it was the making of his glory and the inspiration of his future master works. Undoubtedly the struggle of Germany for freedom inspired Wagner with his mighty patriotic legends."

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

A VIVISECTOR OF PLANTS WHOSE DISCOVERIES MAY OPEN A NEW PERIOD IN ANATOMY

A CURIOUS investigator, a pertinacious questioner, is that Doctor J. C. Bose of Calcutta, whose experiments have aroused so much interest in London lately, affirms an expert investigator in the *Manchester Guardian*. The curious and searching queries of Doctor Bose are not put to human beings but to plants and even to metals. And from these he extorts repeatedly a variety of responses, till it would seem by accumulation of evidence that science supports philosophy in her assertion that the real is one.

There is an atmosphere of alchemy, of wizardry almost, when Dr. Bose gives a demonstration: he has been heard in India and America, before the Royal Institution, at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna; and wherever he appears with his cunningly simple instruments and his tropical plant specimens and his highly specialized assistants, away darts the imagination to medieval history, Doctor Faustus, and the pentagram.

It would seem that he sees life not so much asserting itself by an adaptation to environment as *recording* itself by its responses to stimulus. The stimulus may be chemical or mechanical, it may be a stimulus of heat or of light or of electricity. The response, again, may be mechanical, as in the case of a contraction of muscle, or it may be shown by certain electrical changes. It is by these electric responses that a unity of matter may be demonstrated; for it is of no consequence whether the stimulus was applied to a metal, to a plant, or to a piece of animal muscle, response was universal.

Hence he describes death as the failure to respond to stimulus.

"At Dr. Bose's experiments we can, as it were, assist in *articulo mortis*. He has contrived strange instruments that tell us exactly when the dying fail to respond: not only will plants show us the death struggle, but they will, through his inventions, record their gradually weakening responses until the end. To all who are fighting against experimental animal vivisection there is something very suggestive in these discoveries, seeming as they do to point the way to an investigation of animal reactions through the examination of vegetable organisms. Plant func-

tions are immensely simple compared with the complexities of animal physiology, but the difference is one of degree not kind. This humane vivisector has proved incontestably by his researches in plant irritability that anesthetics and stimulants, cold and heat, starvation and repletion, poisons and antidotes produce identical effects upon plants and animals.

"He has extorted the same response from metals. 'Tin,' he writes unsympathetically, 'is, usually speaking, almost indefatigable. I have obtained several hundreds of successive responses showing practically no fatigue.' He has studied fatigue exhaustively: weary cauliflower stalks have sighed out their story to him, and platinum has yawned for his benefit. It is not too much to say that he has found a continuity of reaction throughout the organic and inorganic world.

"Incidentally, as it were, he has corrected once and for all some of our popular notions of phenomena. To take one example. Shelley's sensitive plant

Opened its fernlike leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

and for a long time we all thought it *slept*. But we are told 'the fanciful name of sleep is often given to the closure of certain leaflets of certain plants during darkness. These movements . . . have nothing whatever to do with true sleep.' Shelley's *Mimosa*, in point of prosaic fact, keeps very late hours, falling asleep in the early hours of the morning and waking up at noon. This curious fact was elicited from a twenty-four hours' experiment with what is perhaps the most wonderful of Dr. Bose's unique instruments, his *resonant recorder*. During the whole period the plant was automatically stimulated, and automatically recorded its own responses to the regularly recurring electric questions."

Valuable psychological suggestions arise, too, from some of the experiments. The results of certain tests in the revival of impressions are wonderfully significant. For example, an impression was made on a small portion of a platinum plate and was then carefully obliterated. Yet when a powerful stimulus was applied to the whole plate the impression made upon the part was recovered!

At an advanced stage of the experiment the mere layman can listen with his eyes to what the plant is saying. There it lies, so to speak, on the operating table; he can see it quiver under the shock of excitement and can watch the impressions appear on the record-

ing tablet; while if he has mastered the hieroglyphic he reads an easily legible account of its experiences. In an excited state it will be noticed to respond effusively to a feeble stimulus, and when depressed even a powerful stimulus will provoke no more than a thin whisper. The condition of exaltation and of depression can of course be induced artificially: it is fascinating to watch the unsteady responses of a drunken plant, to see drowsiness creep over a narcotized specimen, to note the benumbing effects of cold or the expansion under heat; some plants, almost human, are sensitive to the momentary lessening of the sunlight by a passing cloud. Plant-sensitiveness can be blunted by overfeeding or by an artificial coddling as well as by starvation—surely a fact of social significance. If there were likely to be any one activity of a plant's private life that might reasonably hope to escape this merciless scrutiny it would perhaps be its growth. What process is more hidden than growth? But the *crescograph* can record the absolute amount of growth taking place in so small a period of time as a second.

In reviewing what Dr. Bose has done for plant physiology, two conclusions seem to stand out as landmarks. Dr. Bose has decided that the transmission of stimulus is physiological, excitatory, fundamentally similar to the nervous process in the animal. The other conclusion is the universal sensitiveness of plants. There seems no limit to be put to Dr. Bose's parallels. He has discovered that the rhythmic pulsations of the plant behave similarly to those of the animal heart. By another remarkable instrument, the *oscillating recorder*, he has conducted a series of experiments to prove that generally "the automatic movements of both plants and animals are guided by laws which are identical." He even asserts that these spontaneous pulsations are due to a sort of bubbling overflow of stored-up energy.

Easy as it may seem to dismiss these ideas as fantastic, we must remember that all recent discoveries respecting plant life set human experience at flat defiance. It may be that along the line of these investigations may lie the road to a solution of the mystery of man's relation to the vegetable kingdom.

A PHYSICIST'S REVIEW OF THE WAR BETWEEN ATOMICS AND ENERGETICS

FIERCE as has been the conflict between those who would capture the physical sciences for the atomic hypothesis and those to whom all matter is a manifestation of electrical energy, it is possible to survey the field of battle as a whole, according to Professor Gerald Hargrave Martin, F.R.S., and determine how the struggle goes. The average observer has noted so far only the din of conflict with its more or less meaningless announcements by one side or the other. For instance we are told one day that the old chemistry has ceased to exist. Again we are assured that the second law of thermo-dynamics has exploded. Or we may be told positively in some bulletins of a chemical society that the elements have all merged into one. These assertions are inspired by the hopes of partisans rather than as a consequence of ascertained experimental results. Nevertheless Professor Martin, writing in *London Knowledge*, admits the appalling effects of the controversy so far. Armed with the electrons, her latest and quickest projectiles, Atomics has carried the war far into the provinces of Energetics. Not only does she claim to have captured all electricity and annexed it, but even corpuscular theories of light and heat have been revived. It has been suggested that time does not flow continuously as had been supposed, but is discontinuous and passes on, atom by atom. Sir Oliver Lodge complains that an attempt is being made to reduce physics to a sort of glorified chemistry, while the great leader of the anti-atomists, Professor Ostwald, insists that recent discoveries have raised the great hypothesis for which he fights to the rank of an accepted doctrine. We seem to find the electrical theory of matter growing in favor, on the whole, and it would seem that the chemical elements out of which the eternal atoms were composed have limited periods of existence. Then there is the bewildering announcement by one side that the law of conservation of mass is not strictly true. Even the hypothesis of an ether, we are assured next, will have to be abandoned. The whole fray can be put into a simple question:

Is Atomics absorbing Energetics or is Energetics absorbing Atomics?

Let us, prefaces Professor Martin, glance first at the evolution of our ideas of matter, atoms and energy:

"All knowledge of the external world is derived, directly or indirectly, through the sense-organs, which are only affected by certain forms of energy: 'They respond to energy differences between them-

selves and their surroundings,' said Ostwald.

"As Kant taught, of things in themselves we know nothing; we only know of their existence by the effects they produce on our sense-organs; hence all direct knowledge of the external world is confined to memories of the sensations of light, heat, touch, sound, taste, and smell.

"According to Elliot Smith, smell was the predominant sense of the Ptilocercus-like ancestor of the primates, but in man sight has become the predominant sense. 'Seeing is believing,' hence the visualizing tendency in human nature.

"All intelligent action whatever depends upon the discerning of distinctions among surrounding things," said Spencer, and, as Leibnitz pointed out, a substance is discovered only when it has been shown to differ from all known substances.

"As all knowledge is relative, the primary task of practical science consists of the detection and measurement of differences, while theoretical science attempts to classify the differences observed.

"Now, in order to measure, it is necessary to adopt a standard, and, moving along the lines of least resistance, man has, whenever possible, used himself as a standard.

"People are still measured in feet and thumbs, or inches, and horses in hands, while our ten fingers caused us to become the basic number of our arithmetic. . . .

"To find an impersonal method of measurement is to found a science," said Le Dantec."

Astronomy first taught men that there are laws in nature, and astronomy, mechanics and geometry were the first sciences to make any considerable progress. They supplied the better known in terms of which the less known phenomena of the more backward sciences had to be explained. Altho chemical energy is obviously a non-mechanical form of energy, chemical phenomena had to be explained in terms of the better known mechanics. At first it was by the falling together of like atoms that all things were made. Then it was unlike atoms which united, and they developed points, cavities, little hooks and electrical poles with which to combine. By definition an atom is that which can not be divided. Hence logically it can not have any parts, for if it had it could be divided into those parts:

"As Duhem has clearly shown, there is really no question of a mechanical constitution of compounds.

"It is the human mind which demands a mechanical explanation, or mental image, and not the compound that demands a mechanical constitution.

"The physicists evolved hypotheses of dynamical atoms; true, each dynamical atom was a *perpetuum mobile*, or that which cannot exist, but for atomics this was a detail.

"This strange dead, fossil world of inert matter was composed of absolutely hard, absolutely elastic, absolutely indestructible, absolutely frictionless atoms, which were kept in eternal motion by mysterious centralized forces in an infinitely rarefied, frictionless, all-pervading ether, which was much more rigid than steel, and millions of times denser than lead. The duty of the ether was to overcome the difficulty of action at a distance, but in this it was unsuccessful, for its 'smallest parts' had to be in a violent state of rotational motion to explain its rigidity; hence it could not be continuous itself; it had to be materialized and atomized to give a mental image."

Dynamical atomics was based on celestial mechanics, but the motions of the stars are not eternal. Tidal friction acts slowly but none the less surely as a brake. It was only the brevity of human life that caused the motions of celestial objects to appear to be eternal, just as it caused the chemical elements and the biological species to appear to be immutable. If all phenomena are due to the mechanical motions of frictionless atoms, all changes, and therefore all physical time, should be reversible. Atomics attempted to eliminate time from chemical theory, yet it is only changes that are cognizable and change is the author of time. Hence questions of time underlie the whole of practical chemistry. The "phase" rule gave chemists a practical chemistry in space and the most crying want of modern chemistry is a chemistry in time, to bring theory into closer touch with practice:

"The atomic hypothesis gave no foresight; none of the great advances in chemistry were deduced from it; but, after the advances had been made, it was rather a question of bolstering it up with supplementary hypotheses, to try to give it some semblance of covering the new facts. . . .

"The idea of two atoms of oxygen united to one atom of carbon no more explains why carbon dioxide is a colorless, somewhat soluble, and reactive gas than the idea of two atoms of oxygen united to one atom of silicon explains why silica is a hard, crystalline, difficultly fusible, inert solid. One by one, experiment has transferred all the properties of substances from eternal matter and its atoms, to the energies.

"Take, for example, such a familiar element as iron. What are the properties of iron atoms? What properties does iron possess in the solid, liquid, and gaseous states, and in all its compounds?

"Even mass has passed from atomics to energetics, and modern science has reduced matter to an absolutely propertyless substance, which, as Ostwald remarks, is a thing unthinkable."

the extreme disparity between the size of the German navy and our own would encourage this method of continuing or hastening the process of 'attrition' by which Germany hopes to strike a balance."

In meeting a raid by Zeppelins whether over her fleet or over her capital, England will rely in part, says the expert of the *London Times*, upon her aeroplanes. The advantage possessed by the aeroplane over the airship is a matter of high climbing. To climb over your enemy in the air is practically to escape him in a battle, and, if that does not of itself insure safety, the higher aeroplane can, by diving, get an enormous speed if escape by speed be enjoined. By being above the enemy all methods of attack are made available and easier. The carbine and the revolver remain useful and to them are added the multiple darts which are dropped as well as the use of bombs and grappling lines from a higher aeroplane. By diving into his line of flight the enemy can be headed off unless he be prepared to sacrifice himself man for man, and at the same time his visit can be rendered useless by preventing him from taking home what information he has gathered:

"It has also been said that a Zeppelin cannot rise higher than 6,000 feet. Were this believed the steps taken to guard against such craft would be totally inadequate. The dissemination of such a notion is playing into the hands of the enemy. One important method of aeroplane attack on rigid airships being to rise above them, and to do this equipped with a somewhat heavy apparatus, calculations based on this fictitious limit to an airship's abilities to climb would render this form of attack powerless.

"Some of our American friends seeking to warn us of what possible dangers were ahead, and having gained the impression that there are 50 rigid airships available to the enemy, have so reported. We should probably not mind very much if there were, but knowing that rigid airships are not collapsible we can count the possible maximum by the number of sheds, without any reference to the secret services, and be assured that a handsome doubling or tripling of the actual figures has been resorted to by those Germans who wished to create a 'moral' effect on their hearers."

A supreme difficulty to Germany in the matter of her Zeppelins, insists that famed expert H. Massac Buist in the *London Post*, has to do with the supply of oil. It seems established, according to him, that at the end of last April there were in the German empire only the normal fuel supplies for airships and other uses, representing the average rate of consumption in times of peace. The effective blockade to which Germany and Austria-Hungary have been subjected by the fleets of the allies since the outbreak of war has pre-

vented any supply being secured from overseas, while the early events in the Russian campaign throughout Galicia has at one stroke cut off the great internal source of supply—a source doubtless deemed amply sufficient for all war needs. Hence it is all the more surprising that a better organized effort was not made to insure it in the case of that nation above all others engaged in aerial campaigning, the nation which has set most store by the use of the internal combustion engine in all its ever widening applications. Even so, there yet remains to Germany the means of working her motors on alcohol, of which she is a big producer. But for the purposes of aviation and for all the uses to which the internal combustion engine is put when it is taxed to the utmost, the engineering world in general has not yet found alcohol as serviceable outside the laboratory as are those fluids of which the basis is petroleum. It is not impossible that Germany has discovered some new method of working her aircraft on alcohol—an interesting possibility.

The noted expert just named writes with reference to another feature of the threatened Zeppelin raid upon the English:

"These giant rigid aircraft are not primarily intended for service against us in western France, where the Allies have plenty of dirigible balloons at their disposal, as well as fleets of the finest aeroplanes and most skilled aviators. The Zeppelins are to be used in cooperation with the fleet for occasional raids, more or less of a surprise character, and chiefly over areas known to possess no adequate means of defense against much modes of attack, and for operations against the Russians, on the German assumption that that nation is at some disadvantage in the matter of aerial equipment, an assumption which must by no means be accepted as correct. The significance of the latest Zeppelin raid by night is that it has again occurred at a time when there is practically no moonlight, just as during the first series of attacks over Antwerp. Evidently Germany does not like to use her Zeppelins at night except in circumstances in which she can approach with every prospect of effective concealment. She has her Zeppelin fleet in readiness, though they have scarcely been seen by Sir John French's force. We may be sure that should any appreciable success attend the present strong reinforcement, notably to General von Kluck's army, such as would enable Germany to take the offensive in a ding-dong war, and begin to make appreciable progress back again towards Paris, the idea of the long-promised aerial raid over London would not be kept very far in the background."

A far more emphatic statement of the case against Germany's Zeppelin raid upon the English by land or sea appears in the *London Mail*, a paper which has taken aerial navigation un-

der its wing for some years and which has given fifty thousand dollar prizes to aviators. Those, it says, who have studied the problem of the airship in Germany are of opinion that, owing to the impossibility of taking correct aim from a great height with shells or other projectiles dropped from Zeppelins, massed rifle fire from ten thousand expert riflemen who have practiced night and day firing at these big balloons is one of the best means of dealing with them:

"As to bomb-dropping, much nonsense has been written. Unless the Zeppelin can come low down to its object it cannot accurately drop bombs or other explosives. If it comes low down it can easily be destroyed by massed rifle fire. In the recent destruction of the Düsseldorf airship-shed by Lieutenant Marix the inhabitants of the town noticed that he was flying very low, and indeed he is stated to have descended within five hundred feet of his objective. Not one of the bombs dropped from German aeroplanes that have visited Paris has hit its mark, with the exception of the one which fell on Notre Dame Cathedral, and the trifling damage which that did is clearly shown in a photograph.

"To sum up. (1) All the precautions we are taking against Zeppelins are as well known in Germany as they are in this country. (2) Gasbag aircraft can be destroyed from below by rifle fire and elevated machine guns, and from above by aeroplanes. (3) The fullest precautions should be made instantly, and extra vigilance observed on calm nights, not only in London, but in all great cities, and at Harwich, Dover, Chatham, Portsmouth, Hull, Rosyth, etc. The writer, who has watched many kinds of aircraft at work, can vouch that during the approaching stormy weather the steering of Zeppelins to any point of Great Britain with any chance of safe return is a matter of immense difficulty."

As it is scarcely probable, says *London Engineering*, that the aerial fighting machines can be furnished with complete bullet-proof protection, at least such as can be considered effective at short range, we may take it that it is unimportant whether the bullets used in its destruction be of the usual British 215 grains or the 162 grains of the Mannlicher. At present there are few cases in which the automatic or semi-automatic 1-pounder can compete with the machine rifle-caliber gun as an aeroplane arm. If such a thing existed as an impact-fuse of such sensitiveness that it would explode with certainty on encountering balloon-cloth, the 1-pounder would be an excellent weapon for the destruction of the airship or dirigible; every particle of a shell exploding within the envelope is effective, and the fragment of a shell leaves wounds in the envelope and gives rise to loss of gas of a more serious character than is due to the rifle or machine-gun bullet.

TRIUMPH OF THE CHEMICAL ENGINEER IN THE BELGIAN CAMPAIGN

CHEMICAL engineering has won such unexampled victories in the many Belgian battles, we are assured by the *London Telegraph*, as to compel a revision of all modern tactics. In fact, this stupendous world war could not be carried on were it not for the instruments of destruction devised by the engineer recently. Fundamentally, these all depend upon explosives. It suffices to recall that some of the first warlike acts on the part of Belgium were the blowing up of bridges, tunnels and viaducts to the total value of no less than \$300,000,000 by the use of high explosives. That such work is possible is a result of the inventiveness of the chemical engineer.

A charge of the explosive must first, of course, be inserted in or placed in actual contact with the construction to be demolished. Hence suitable arrangements must be made for the safe firing of the explosive. In destroying a brickwork railroad bridge, for example, charges of ammonal, or of some high explosive not sensitive to shock, fire or concussion, but which can be readily detonated, are placed at intervals about the structure. In each of these charges it has been customary to place a detonator, these being laid in position while the bridge is still in use. The preparations of the Germans for the destruction of a city in Belgium do not involve any disuse of the structures to be demolished. The sidewalks are simply taken up and replaced over the explosive:

"There is consequently a possibility of danger even tho every care may be taken to prevent any of the detonators becoming fired prematurely. Fuses, either slow or rapid, are, of course, connected up to each of the charges, and when everything is ready they are ignited, communicating in turn with the detonators, each of which fires the explosive with which it is in contact. The danger of using several detonators, which generally have to be fixed some time prior to the actual explosion, can be eliminated by the use of a new kind of fuse, which requires only one detonator however many charges of explosives it may be intended to fire simultaneously. This new fuse is simply a thin lead pipe filled with a coal tar product known as tri-nitro-toluene. This chemical, tho a high explosive when detonated, is perfectly harmless under all ordinary conditions of usage, and cannot be fired except by the explosion in actual contact with it of a fulminating detonator, which is placed at the operator's end of the 'T.N.T.' fuse.

"This fuse, in addition to its safety, has the advantage of flashing at the extraordinary speed of nearly four miles per second. Compared with this speed the usual type of 'instantaneous' fuse, burning

at the rate of 150 yards per second, seems very slow. Its introduction for fuse purposes has led to the adoption of 'T.N.T.' as an explosive by itself, and judging by experiments which the writer has conducted with this material, there is no doubt as to its tremendous effectiveness in this new capacity.

"With regard to explosives generally, and 'T.N.T.' in particular, these are built upon a nitrate base, and consequently, as natural nitrates are a diminishing quantity, the production of artificial nitrates is becoming a vital matter, and in this country particularly we could have commenced the present war more comfortably had it been possible to produce here in unlimited quantities the nitrates necessary for the manufacture of our explosives. So far the commercial development of the artificial nitrate industry has been carried out practically entirely on the Continent, in spite of the fact that most of the pioneering work was done in this country."

Those German shells, propelled from the huge howitzers of which we read so much, contain, then, a charge of which the main part is this tri-nitro-toluene. It is a bright yellow substance that looks very much like tropical sugar and is just as harmless when let alone. It is not easy to make and not easy to destroy. Put a light to it and it will flare up but precipitate no violent explosion. Encase it in a shell of steel with a detonator—just like the cap at the end of a cartridge—and it will make a tremendous noise. Moreover, it will do a lot of damage in its immediate neighborhood.

No shell of this kind can ever stop steady infantry. We hear stories of men turning yellow when they have been near an explosion, but this is probably due to some action of the nitric acid

from imperfectly exploded material. Nitric acid has a way of staining the skin much as tincture of iodine stains it. The power of the shell, however, is gigantic. If its charge were burned away quietly it would send some millions of cubic feet of gas into the air. If it be detonated in a thousandth part of a second, those millions of cubic feet of gas, with their steel casings, crush everything in their immediate vicinity to the finest powder and make a tremendous noise besides. The military expert of the *London Standard*, who recently investigated this theme, makes these observations:

"Many people who have no experience of high explosives believe that 'dynamite strikes downwards.' Neither dynamite nor any other explosive strikes in any particular direction. All strike all round. If their explosion is quick they expand themselves in the air, just as much as in the solid rocks.

"The effect that men see is on the rock, not on the air; but when dynamite is carefully exploded inside a sheet of steel it grinds it up in every direction, and probably peppers a lot of steel dust on anyone standing 100 yards away.

"A hole made by a high explosive shell in an infantry entrenchment is therefore infinitely less destructive than one made by the same kind of shell in a battleship.

"Our men were taught this in the Boer war, when they found out that lyddite very seldom killed anyone. It frightened a hundred, possibly killed two, crushed many rocks, and stained every organic thing—tree, grass, horse, or man—an intense yellow.

"Lyddite, like melinite, is a form of picric acid. The only difference between this and the German shell-charge is that while the English and French is made out of carbolic acid the German is made out of a light coal oil, known as toluene—not



"JACK JOHNSONS"

The great German siege guns are referred to by the British troops as Jack Johnsons because they occasion such a big smoke.

benzene. The difference may seem subtle, but it gives all the difference in the world in the explosive effect.

"Whichever high explosive should be used, either the shaly flakes of picric acid or the yellow grains of tri-nitro-toluene, they must be fused, poured into a shell of steel, and fitted with a suitable detonator. In each case the explosion of a shell makes a terrible noise and causes intense local destruction.

"Against infantry or cavalry widely spread it depends for its effect on the nerve-shattering noise. Against a warship or against a fort it depends on its grinding power.

"Our men [the British] refuse to have their nerves shattered, but the ruined walls of Rheims Cathedral will testify for many years to come that the explo-

sives shattering one statue seldom hurt its next-door neighbor."

Three leading electrical processes are in operation for the manufacture of artificial nitrates. They differ chiefly, indeed almost entirely, in their method of producing the electrical arc which, working in an electric furnace, causes the atmospheric nitrogen to combine to form the nitrogen product essential for making explosives. In the Birkeland-Eyde process air, in a firebrick-lined furnace, is forced around a circular sheet of arc flame by an alternating current of 5,000 volts and in a constant magnetic field. In the Schönherf furnace lengthy contact of the air with the

arc is obtained by the use of thin arcs up to twenty feet in length, around which air is circulated in a comparatively narrow iron tube which constitutes the furnace. In the Pauling apparatus an arc flame is produced by the use of water-cooled electrodes of the "horn" type, and in each case the cooling and absorption of the gases follow on very similar lines. The main products of these processes are four in number—nitric acid, calcium nitrate, ammonium nitrate and sodium nitrate. The net result is to render battle-fields of this war a series of vast open-air chemical laboratories in which every demonstration is highly empirical. Its scientific importance is obvious.

WHY THE NAPOLEONIC IDEA MAY RENDER THE GREAT WAR A DEADLOCK

IN THOSE discussions of the war by the military experts of Europe which form so conspicuous a feature of newspapers abroad, there emerges more and more a tendency to dispute regarding the Napoleonic conception of battle. All the authorities agree that as yet the great struggle has exemplified the Napoleonic idea. England, France, Germany and Russia alike profess to be conducting their respective projects in strictest accordance with those fundamental principles which from the famous Italian campaign to the battle of Waterloo are exemplified at all stages of the Corsican's career. For instance, there are no councils of war in the accepted sense. The great general staff at Berlin dictates neither the strategy nor the tactics, notwithstanding insinuations to the contrary. The French troops are absolutely under the orders of General Joffre. The Minister of War in Paris gives no orders. In deference to the Napoleonic idea that one bad general is better than two good ones, Sir John French is a subordinate to General Joffre. In Germany every army takes its orders from the Emperor. The conference for the formulation of plans of campaign has been rigidly suppressed. To this extent the authorities, whether we turn to the military expert of the *Paris Figaro*, of the *London Times* or of the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, are agreed. This does not mean a blind subservience on the part of corps commanders in the field. It signifies simply that the commander-in-chief carries out his own ideas of what is best instead of accepting a plan made for him by others. Moreover, his instruments must be of his own choosing. This is the essence of the Napoleonic idea. In the words of that renowned English military expert, Spenser Wilkinson, which we find in the *London Post*:

"Napoleon is the creator of modern war. He first organized the lines of communication and made the line of operations the essential element of his doctrine. He invented the services of exploration and protection. The system of the staff he found ready to his hand, his fresh contribution to it being the employment of aides-de-camp to be the bearers of his orders and his thoughts. No commander has ever taken so much pains to communicate his thought full and entire to the commandants of his army corps. He gave his marshals all possible initiative, far more than Moltke left to the commanders of his armies. It is not true that he kept his marshals under a tutelage which rendered them incapable of acting independently. The marshals of 1812 and 1813, except Ney, were not those of 1805 and 1806, and there had been no opportunity to train them.

"On the whole and in detail, from whatever point of view it is regarded, Napoleon's warfare is profoundly different from that of all the generals of previous ages. Military history falls into two periods, of which the first goes from the earliest times to Frederic the Great; the second begins with Bonaparte's first campaigns. Bonaparte had the good fortune to rise at the very moment when the progress accomplished in the art of war was producing a complete revolution. But this revolution had only been prepared by his predecessors; he himself had to create and invent more than any other general.

"How is his genius to be reconciled with the repeated disasters of 1812, 1813, 1814, and 1815? His skill in execution was never greater than in these fatal years. His maneuvers were never more brilliantly conceived or more perfectly executed. Where, then, is the cause of his reverses? First of all in the men. Of the Grand Army Napoleon alone was left. He gives a command neither to Davout nor to Soult, and Lannes is dead. The leading rôles had to be given to supernumeraries. The troops, too young, cannot stand the fatigues, so that an army of 400,000 men melts away in two months.

But there is a deeper, graver reason. Napoleon had realized the dream of the preceding generation, that of offensive war vigorously conducted, driving the enemy to battle or to the frontier. That was his masterpiece, and he is identified with it. He did not create a second. In 1812 and 1813 he practised the same kind of operations as in 1796 and 1805. But the conditions were different; they did not lend themselves to prompt and decisive warfare because the armies were maneuvering in immense spaces with unlimited lines of retreat."

Here we have a hint respecting one consideration which begins to occupy the military experts occasionally. Is the war proceeding in too blind a subservience? Napoleon, in the words of the greatest student of his strategy and tactics in France, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Colin, solved one problem which had preoccupied a generation or two. He could go no further. Having created a system of principles and of procedure he was unable to improvise another in the presence of circumstances that required it. Napoleon talks always of system in the science of war and of its guiding principles. In the conduct of his campaigns he is always guided by principles. The war unfolding itself before our eyes is an exemplification of them on land. Napoleon's favorite principles are to have all your forces united under a single command, to have only one center of operations always covered or protected against raids. The faults which he most censures are the division of the forces or of the command, the absence of a fortified center of operations and the loss of the line of operations. In the region of the moral element he is supreme. He has analyzed the impressions made on the hearts of the combatants, especially of the generals. Much of his doctrine and many of his resolves are based on his knowledge of the human heart. This is

what he called the divine part of the science of war and he treated it with the same logic as all the rest. Logic and method are the essence of his mind. He does nothing without system, nothing that is not based on principles.*

"In the offensive, Napoleon generally prepares two centers of operations, fortified places, which will permit of a change of the line of operations. To begin with, he assembles the army on an extended line, then quickly contracts it into a space two or three marches wide and two marches deep, and without interrupting the movement begins his advance. If the en-

*NAPOLEON. Par Lt.-Col. J. Colin. Paris: Chapelot.

emy be well collected and the French army superior, Napoleon advances along one side of the theater of war. He seizes if possible the barrier formed by a river upon the enemy's line of retreat, partly to cut off that retreat, partly to limit the enemy's movements and to have elements of certitude in his own final calculations. Then he attacks without waiting for the illusory reports of the hours that immediately precede the collision. If the enemy be divided, Napoleon throws himself between the two parts of the adverse army to beat them in turn. In either case he keeps the army extended over a vast space, ready to oppose the enemy's movements in a great part of the theater of operations.

"From the beginning it is a kind of beating, which he will resume immediately after the battle. Before the battle Napoleon usually keeps the bulk of his forces collected in a small space, with one army corps detached by itself, five, seven or fourteen miles away on a wing if the victory is to be determined by a turning movement. In the battle the attack delivered against the flank of the enemy, already occupied by the combat in front of him, disorganizes the enemy materially and morally. This is the moment to conquer by reanimating the struggle along the whole front and by producing a vigorous effort at the point judged to be the most sensitive by the crushing fire of the battery—a great battery."

CRITICAL FACTORS IN THE SHACKLETON ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

BLIZZARDS, the pack ice and difficulties presented by the geological formations of the Antarctic cause grave concern among scientists regarding the destinies of the latest expedition to the South Polar regions. A few days before his departure to the Antarctic last month, Sir Ernest Shackleton, in command of the present British exploration party, observed that from all accounts this is to be a very heavy ice season in the farthest south. The impression is confirmed by observations of the quantity of pack ice reported by navigators below the South American continent. Shackleton hopes to winter in the seventy-seventh degree south latitude. There is much doubt regarding his capacity to get his ship through the pack ice and even greater doubt on the subject of blizzards. If the reports finding their way into *London Nature* be accurate, these reports being based upon meteorological conditions in Tasmania and New Zealand, the whole Antarctic continent is undergoing marked disturbance. Blizzards arrive in the Antarctic Ocean with tremendous violence. Every recent work on Antarctic exploration teems with instances of these tremendous blizzards.*

The cause of these great blizzards and the reason why they should occur over the western half only of that great ice barrier which is such a characteristic feature of the Antarctic continent, must for the present, observes Professor G. C. Simpson, of the unfortunate Scott expedition, remain a mystery. It appears that the chief factor is the air over the barrier itself. This air cools down much more than does the air over the Ross Sea. In consequence there is a region of relatively low pressure over the sea. Into this region the air from the barrier tends to move, but, owing to

the large deflecting force of the earth's rotation so near to the Pole, the air can not move from south to north but is driven towards the west. There is at present reason to infer that the area of wind disturbance over the Antarctic is much greater than previous records have established. The route taken by Amundsen to the Pole seems at least partially affected. The critical period for the Shackleton expedition, therefore, will be in the blizzard season.

There is reason to conjecture, as Sir Ernest himself admitted, that the ice will be found in an especially difficult state before the great barrier is reached. The first embarrassment may present itself in the form of what is called pack ice. Sir Ernest Shackleton will push south to examine the pack to ascertain whether it is loose enough to go through. In the words of Professor Charles S. Wright:

"Pack ice, in distinction to fast ice, is not bound to the shore, but moves under the influence of local currents and wind. . . .

"The process of freezing is a very interesting one to watch in cold, calm weather. As the temperature falls the sea becomes covered with small scalelike plate crystals up to one inch across of a delicate fernlike structure. They generally float flat upon the surface, but many are imprisoned in an approximately vertical position. After the surface becomes covered, the ice then grows in the ordinary way by accretion from below. In the initial stages, when the ice is only an inch in thickness, the feltlike mass on the surface has little rigidity, and even up to 3 inches thick moves freely up and down under the influence of a swell without losing its coherence in any way.

"Sea ice is quite different in its properties from the ice formed on a pond or lake of fresh water, owing to the fact that some of the salt in solution in sea water is always imprisoned between the individual crystals in the sea ice. This imprisoned salt between the crystals does not freeze in contact with ice till a fairly

low temperature is reached, and consequently sea ice when new and thin is never hard and rigid like fresh-water ice. As a result ice even four or more inches thick is for sledging by no means safe, whereas the same thickness of fresh ice would be sufficient to support a regiment of soldiers."

Grave concern has been inspired in Great Britain by the intention of Sir Ernest Shackleton to winter in the Antarctic under conditions that may make communication with him difficult. He will not be able to send messages northward for some months after severing contact with the outside world. The character of the region he invades is known geologically in a general way, but its details are believed to be greatly modified from year to year with the progress of one blizzard after another. That the number and distribution of these blizzards has a real effect upon the climate of Australia and the adjacent land surfaces can hardly be doubted and it is therefore evident that a close study of the subject will give results of the very greatest importance. The matter is to receive adequate attention from the experts accompanying the expedition. The geological formation of the region is bound, however, to make the task one of tremendous difficulty, especially if the explorers separate into parties. Professor Griffith Taylor has these notes on the local conditions:

"The great earth movements which affected Australia in middle and late Tertiary times also affected America. A readjustment of equilibrium raised the west and depressed the east in both continents. The central portion of Australia, consisting of ancient rocks which have been planed down to a uniform level by the normal agents of erosion—by rivers, wind, etc.—is an example of a peneplain. It was formed in middle Tertiary times, and bears all the evidence of 'old age' in a land surface. It has been elevated and now the rivers are cutting it down."

*SCOTT'S LAST EXPEDITION. Two volumes. Dodd, Mead.

HEART OF THE ANTARCTIC. By Sir Ernest Shackleton. Lippincott.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

AN ENGLISH REVELATION OF GERMANY'S IMPERIAL RELIGION OF VALOR

THAT Germany, in assuming the rôle of creator of a world-religion of valor, strives for world dominion not merely for material but for spiritual ends, is the startling message of an English scholar to the British Empire. The series of addresses in which this phase of "inevitable war" between England and Germany is brought out by the late Professor J. A. Cramb, of Queens College, London, has now been published in a small volume declared to be "the book of the hour" by the London *Guardian*. That church paper also says, "we are inclined to think that it will survive the hour on its own merits." The Boston *Transcript* reviewer is of the opinion that "never has an Englishman before so entered into the German point of view, never has the German passion for empire been so sympathetically and so powerfully explained." Joseph H. Choate, ex-United States Ambassador to Great Britain, declares, in his introduction to the American edition, that it is a book every American should read because it explains very lucidly the deep-seated cause of the present war, "which is a life and death struggle between two mighty powers, each entitled to the respect and admiration of the onlooking world." Mr. Choate considers it a timely warning to us against lack of preparedness for war.

The German Religion of Valor Professor Cramb derives chiefly from the voluminous works of the German historian Heinrich von Treitschke (untranslated for English readers) and other German writers of the same school. We gather from Professor Cramb that General von Bernhardi's books show the supreme application of the religion of valor to the "transcendent" business of imperial war and that Nietzschean philosophy tends to free the German spirit for the titanic fray. Just as the greatness of Germany is found in the governance of Germany by Prussia, so the greatness of the world is to be found in the predominance of German culture, of the German mind—in a word, of the German character.

"This world-dominion of which Germany dreams is not simply a material dominion. Germany is not blind to the les-

sons inculcated by the Napoleonic tyranny. Force alone, violence or brute strength, by its mere silent presence or by its loud manifestation in war, may be necessary to establish this dominion; but its ends are spiritual. The triumph of the empire will be the triumph of German culture, of the German world-vision in all the phases and departments of human life and energy, in religion, poetry, science, art, politics, and social endeavor.

"The characteristics of this German world-vision, the benefits which its predominance is likely to confer upon mankind, are, a German would allege, truth instead of falsehood in the deepest and gravest preoccupations of the human mind; German sincerity instead of British hypocrisy; Faust instead of Tartuffe."

Professor Cramb says that whenever he has put to any of the adherents of this ideal the further questions, "Where in actual German history do you find your guarantee for the character of this spiritual empire; Is not the true rôle of Germany cosmopolitan and peaceful; Are not Herder and Goethe its prophets?" he has met with one invariable answer:

"The political history of Germany, from the accession of Frederick in 1740 to the present hour, has admittedly no meaning unless it be regarded as a movement towards the establishment of a world-empire, with the war against England as the necessary preliminary. Similarly the curve which during the last century and a half Germany has traced in religion and metaphysical thought, from Kant and Hegel to Schopenhauer, Strauss, and Nietzsche, has not less visibly been a movement towards a newer world-religion, a newer world-faith. That fatal tendency to cosmopolitanism, to a dream-world, which Heine derided and Treitschke deplores, does, indeed, still remain, but how transfigured."

What definitely is to be Germany's part in the future of human thought? Professor Cramb phrases Germany's answer in part as follows:

"It is reserved for us to resume in thought that creative rôle in religion which the whole Teutonic race abandoned fourteen centuries ago. Judea and Galilee cast their dreary spell over Greece and Rome when Greece and Rome were already sinking into decrepitude and the creative power in them was exhausted, when weariness and bitterness wakened

with their greatest spirits at day and sank to sleep again with them at night. But Judea and Galilee struck Germany in the splendor and heroism of her prime. Germany and the whole Teutonic people in the fifth century made the great error. They conquered Rome, but, dazzled by Rome's authority, they adopted the religion and the culture of the vanquished. Germany's own deep religious instinct, her native genius for religion, manifested in her creative success (note the witness of Gothic architecture), was arrested, stunted, thwarted. But having once adopted the new faith, she strove to live that faith, and for more than thirty generations she has struggled and wrestled to see with eyes that were not her eyes, to worship a God that was not her God, to live with a world-vision that was not her vision, and to strive for a heaven that was not her heaven. . . .

"The seventeenth century flung off Rome; the eighteenth undermined Galilee itself; Strauss completed the task that Eichhorn began; and with the opening of the twentieth century Germany, her long travail past, is reunited to her pristine genius, her creative power in religion and thought."

Thus the new movement represents a wrestle of the German intellect not only against Rome but against Christianity itself. The earnest and passionate mind of young Germany asks, Must Germany submit to this alien creed derived from an alien clime? Must she forever confront the ages the borrower of her religion, her own genius for religion numbed and paralyzed?

"Hence the significance of Nietzsche. Kant compromises, timid and old; Hegel finds the Absolute Religion in Christianity; Schopenhauer turns to the East and at thirty-one adapts the Upanishads to the western mind; David Friedrich Strauss, while denying and rejecting the metaphysic of Christianity, clings to the ethics. But Nietzsche? Nietzsche clears away the 'accumulated rubbish' of twelve hundred years; he attempts to set the German imagination back where it was with Alaric and Theodoric, fortified by the experience of twelve centuries to confront the darkness unaided, unappalled, triumphant, great and free.

"Thus while preparing to found a world-empire, Germany is also preparing to create a world-religion. No cultured European nation since the French Revolution has made any experiment in creative religion. The experiment which

England, with her dull imagination, has recoiled from, Germany will make; the fated task which England has declined, she will essay."

So is the prevalent bent of mind of young Germany toward what Professor Cramb describes as the Religion of Valor reinterpreted by Napoleon and Nietzsche—the glory of action, heroism, the doing of great things—what one might call a Deification of Energy. In metaphysics Zarathustra's "Amor Fati"; in politics and ethics, Napoleonism; not oppression, but the creed of action—live dangerously!

"Kant's great Imperative was born of the defeats and of the victories of Frederick; echoes from Kolin and Kunersdorf, as well as from Rossbach, thrill along its majestic phrasing; it is molded in heroic suffering and brought forth in resignation and in grief that is overcome. But in the newer Imperative ring the accents of an earlier, greater prime, the accents heard by the Scamander, which even at Chaeronea did not entirely die away:

"Ye have heard how in old time it was said, Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth; but I say unto you, Blessed are the valiant, for they shall make the earth their throne. And ye have heard men say, Blessed are the poor in spirit; but I say unto you, Blessed are the great in soul and the free in spirit, for they shall enter into Valhalla. And ye have heard men say, Blessed are the peacemakers; but I say unto you, Blessed are the war-makers, for they shall be called, if not the children of Jahve, the children of Odin, who is greater than Jahve."

Professor Cramb does not anathematize such a religion. He thinks that over all Europe the same conflict between Napoleon and Christ for the mastery of the minds of men is the most significant spiritual phenomenon of the twentieth century. He finds no rival or even competitor of Germany in this race for the spirit's dominion, the mightier empire of human thought. "Not England assuredly," he says, "for in that region England in the twentieth century has a place retrograde almost as Austria or Spain." Germany's courage and daring Professor Cramb sets forth as a warning to his countrymen against the danger of loss of world-empire through lack of valor. And with regard to moral title to rule material empire he admits that Britain is scarcely in position to throw stones, in view of the opportunist policies by which the British Empire has haphazardly come to be what it is.

Whether Germany's dream of material world-empire will be realized or not Professor Cramb does not predict; but that war with England would come he was sure. To him the significance of General Bernhardt's "epochmaking" book, "Germany and the Next War," lies in the fact that it represents the

definite attempt of a German soldier to understand not merely how Germany could make war upon England most effectively but why Germany ought to make war upon England. Says Professor Cramb:

"The ethico-political or moral origins of the sentiment of antagonism between England and Germany are obvious enough—the confrontation of two states, each dowered with the genius for empire; the one, the elder, already sated with the experience and the glories of empire; the other, the younger, apparently exhaustless in resources and energy, balked in mid-career by 'fate and metaphysical aid,' and now indignant.

"This is the moral, the most profound source of antagonism; and its roots lie deep in European history—German historians as widely apart as Hegel and Treitschke seeing the cause of Germany's frustrated destiny in her pursuit of ideal ends, of 'the freedom of the spirit'; in her deep absorption in religion at the period when England, Holland, France, Spain, fired by commercialism, played against each other for the dominion of this planet. This is clear: this is the ethical, the permanent and the real cause. It has the characteristics of all true causes: universality and necessity."

Bernhardt's moral justification for war is thus shown to have been drawn from the Prussian school of historians, by whom a portrait of England as the great robber-State has been evolved; and that conception has been gradually permeating all classes in Germany. England bars the way to the realization of all that is highest in German life, they say. The English race is the possessor, "by theft," as Treitschke described it, of one-fifth of the habitable globe, and they ask, "By what right? By the right first of craft, then of violence." Then, observes Professor Cramb, German indignation takes the place of German analysis.

"So long as England, the great robber-State, retains her booty, the spoils of a world, what right has she to expect peace from the nations? England possesses everything and can do nothing. Germany possesses nothing and could do everything. What edict then, human or divine, enjoins us to sit still? For what are England's title-deeds, and by what laws does she justify her possession? By the law of valor, indeed, but also by opportunity, treachery, and violence. . . .

"England's supremacy is an unreality, her political power is as hollow as her moral virtues; the one an arrogance and pretense, the other hypocrisy. She cannot long maintain that baseless supremacy."

Professor Cramb recites particulars of the German wholesale indictment of Britain at length, accuracy or inaccuracy aside, in order that Englishmen may see the German portraiture. Colonies shiver with impatience under the last remnant of the British yoke. Failure in India shows loss, if it were ever

possessed, of the three qualities revered by the Hindu race—creative genius in religion, the valor in arms of a military caste, and the pride of birth of the rajah. Egypt, which, next to India, is the most sacred region on this earth, Britain has only succeeded in vulgarizing. Anglicanism, the national religion, is barren and provincial. To German scholarship England owes the initiatory impulse to study each of the four great world religions in her empire—Mohammedanism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, and Brahminism. The army is contemptible. The militant suffraget is contrasted with the Prussian mother "who has given most sons to die for the Fatherland." The significance of the indictment, says Professor Cramb, is its moral scorn. And the inference drawn from it may be stated thus:

"How is the persistence of a great unwarlike power sprawling Fafnirwise across the planet to be tolerated by a nation of warriors? Ought not the arrogated world-supremacy of such a race to be challenged? He who strikes at England does not necessarily sin against the light or commit a crime against humanity. England is failing because she ought to fail. She is already straining to the utmost. This she betrays by her pleadings with Germany to disarm. . . .

"In Treitschke's phrase, 'a thing that is wholly a sham cannot in this universe of ours endure forever. It may endure for a day, but its doom is certain; there is no room for it in a world governed by valor, by the Will to Power.' And it was of England that he spoke."

Professor Cramb's book has been widely advertised as an "answer" to Bernhardt and his teachers; but, as the *New York Times* points out, this English scholar "nowhere condemns, or even hints condemnation of, the 'superman' doctrines, and if he antagonizes them at all—which is doubtful—it is only that he doubts their culminating exemplification in Germany and rather hesitatingly hopes that England is not too degenerate to develop some more supermen of her own." The *Times* adds:

"What appreciative readers in Prof. Cramb's book see in it—what makes it interesting and valuable beyond most others of its class—is not that it 'answers' the disciples of Treitschke and Nietzsche, but that he tells us just what those disciples think, what they believe, and what they are trying to do. This is a valuable service, and not less valuable for the convinced and thoroughgoing pacifist than for those of us who neither expect the immediate dawning of the millenium nor are even quite sure that we want it to dawn. For of all dull, hopeless and stagnant states, that of attained perfection would probably be the most dismal.

"And yet, after all, Prof. Cramb does in a way 'answer' Bernhardt and the school of which Bernhardt is an unde-

servedly well-known member. He answers them—and himself—in the way that anybody who is desperately and utterly wrong answers himself when that somebody makes a clear and vigorous presentation of his own theories or position."

"We fear that Professor Cramb has studied his subject too much," comments *The Independent*. "Not only does he tend to overestimate Treitschke's influence, but he is deplorably influenced with his spirit."

"Indeed, 'Germany and England' has exactly the same angry contempt for the pacifists that appears in Bernhardt's 'Germany and the Next War,' as a few quotations will show:

Christian morality is personal and so-

cial, and in its nature cannot be political. (Bernhardt.)

And the peace which Christ came to proclaim was not the peace of the ending of battles; it was the peace within the soul, the spirit at one with itself, Islam, in the sense that Mohammed used it, a metaphysical peace altogether apart from political peace. (Cramb.)

The individual must sacrifice himself for the higher community of which he is a member; but the state is itself the highest conception in the wider community of man. (Bernhardt.)

The litigant appeals to something higher than himself, while no free state sees anything higher than itself. (Cramb.)

The love which a man showed to another country as such would imply a want of love for his own countrymen. (Bernhardt.)

I never can understand what meaning that kind of talk has—"friendly rivalry," "generous emulation." For the friendship

of nations is an empty name; peace is at best a truce on the battlefield of Time; the old myth or the old history of the struggle for existence is behind us, but the struggle for power—who is to assign bounds to its empire, or invent an instrument for measuring its intensity? (Cramb.)

"But whether universal peace be a day dream or a prophetic vision, one thing is certainly true, that it is better not to gain the world if it means the loss of one's soul. It is well that the British did not listen to Professor Cramb, true though his warnings were, as the Germans did to Treitschke and Bernhardt, for it would be far better, if the choice had to be made, for Great Britain to have been conquered outright by Germany than by the worst thing in Germany, the domination of the state by a military machine, a militarist caste and a militaristic spirit."

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT THAT OVERCOMES RACE PREJUDICES

AT A time when the revival of so-called racial animosities appals the world, an American may experience another kind of thrill by reading Edward A. Steiner's story of his life in America, "From Alien to Citizen." In its spirit and in its record of personal experience the book is a document of extraordinary "human interest." Professor Steiner's delight in relating an incident of his ciceronage of the Minister of Public Instruction of Hungary in Chicago is typical. They had been watching a social settlement basket-ball game over which His Excellency became enthusiastic. "Of course these young men are native Americans," he commented. With perfect assurance Professor Steiner replied: "There is not a native American among them. The losing team is made up of Slavs from the Stock Yards district, and the winners are Jews from the neighborhood of Twelfth and Halstead streets." To prove it Professor Steiner called one of the players, asked his name and birthplace, and said, "Now, my boy, I want you to meet His Excellency the Minister of Public Instruction of your own country!" Professor Steiner continues:

"With perfect democratic dignity, the boy shook 'His Excellency's' reluctant hand, saying heartily: 'I am glad to meet you, Minister; how do you like Chicago?'"

"It took 'His Excellency' some minutes to recover from the shock. Then he said to me in tragic tones: 'It is impossible! This boy belongs to the lowest of our subject races. We have ruled them for nine hundred years, but have not really conquered them. We have forced our language upon them and they have refused to speak it; we have forbidden the use of their mother tongue in the higher schools, yet they never forget it, and with each year, they become more and more

Slavonic. You take our refuse, our lowest classes, and in a generation you make Americans of them! How do you do it?'"

Professor Steiner grew up among Slovak boys and left his Jewish mother in Hungary to come in the steerage to America. His story shows intimately the forces which are at work, both for good and evil, upon the immigrant: the sweat-shop, the mills and mines with their grinding labor, the lower courts, the jail, the open road with its dangers, the American home, the college, and the Christian Church. He now occupies the chair of Applied Christianity at Grinnell College, Iowa, and has become most widely known for his personal and public work for immigrants. "I have tried," he says, "to humanize the process of admission to this country, to expose and abolish the worst abuses of the steerage, and to interpret the quality and character of the new immigrant to those Americans who became hysterical from fear and believed that these newer people were less than human."

"Upon the vast army of workers who free us from hard and dangerous toil we must look with the respect due to their calling. The man who goes into the depths of the mine and exchanges his day for night, that we may change the night into day; the man who faces the boiling caldron and draws ribbons of fire from the furnace for our safety and comfort; the man, the woman and the child who have bent their backs to stitch our clothes, have not only justified their existence, but have made ours easier, more beautiful and safer. That they are Hungarians, Italians or Jews ought to make no difference, for after all they are human."

Against holding the immigrant responsible for every supposed evil to which society is heir, Professor Steiner

has stood out. If he is optimistic regarding the future, he says it is because he knows from actual experience that the newer immigrant is just as worthy as those who preceded him.

"I have shared his economic burdens for many years and have seen him lifting himself and his family to a new and higher level. I have watched him develop his downtrodden strength and his hidden talents. I have also sounded the note of warning, for I have known him to become more and more the victim of our industrial maladjustment, suffering anew from overstrain, accidents and occupational diseases. . . .

"Over and over again I have traveled the 'Trail of the Immigrant,' from shop to mill, from farm to mine and back again. I have retraced my steps to the villages and towns of the Old World, and have repeatedly gone over the self-same path which once I traveled from sheer necessity. I have joined my life to thousands and tens of thousands of these strangers. I have helped to create groups of faithful workers and have endeavored to fill them with the prime requisite for their task—an effective sympathy.

"I have touched in the great throngs the men and women who voluntarily or perforce have become the neighbors of these aliens, and they have justified my faith. I have not yet heard an ill word spoken of them by those who know them best; their detractors always live at a distance."

Climate, quality and quantity of food, economic opportunity, a good wage, are important environmental influences; but Professor Steiner's plea is for the strengthening of the one power which he has found most active in shaping and reshaping not only his own life but the lives of others—"the Spirit of Democracy, which basically is supreme confidence in man."

The generations which are to fol-

low as a result of race mixtures here, Professor Steiner thinks, "will be an American type, in whose shaping environment will play a larger part than inherited race qualities."

"We are told by a certain professor whose genius in generalizing is unquestioned, that we shall become a mongrel race and lose all those qualities which have made us virile, intelligent and resourceful.

"Others tell us that we shall become a super race, inheriting the virtues of all these people who mingle with us; that we shall surpass every other nation in strength and talents.

"I am frank to say that I do not know what will happen. The effects of inter-marriage are imperfectly understood and we have no reliable data; but I am not a believer in the immutability of race. I stand between Chamberlain's 'Rasse ist Alles' and Finot's 'Rasse ist Nichts' [Race is everything; and, Race is nothing]. My own observation has led me to believe that nothing serious happens when a child has in its veins a mixture of Latin and Saxon blood, and that Slavic and Semite mixtures, and others, too, have produced normal children."

It was in the Lower Town church,

in a large city of the Northwest, situated between huge terminal railroad yards, that Dr. Steiner changed the text of his preaching from "People, be good," to "People, be good to *One Another*." There was a cosmopolitan congregation of wage-earners, he tells us, Scotch, Scotch-Irish and real Irish; Germans, English and French; Swedes and Norwegians, one happy Italian and a few Americans. The children were mixtures of many races, and they constituted splendid new stock to quicken the life of the nation:

"In Lower Town I saw the supreme test of the Church accomplished. A vital unity was created among people of different races and tongues; they were bound together into a new blood kinship, which is wider than tribe or nation or race, and they were a new people, one in Christ Jesus.

"There, for the first time, I came in touch with the 'Melting Pot.' It was not a chafing-dish with an alcohol lamp under it, as many, forming their conception of it from Mr. Zangwill's rather mild drama, imagine it to be; it was a real, seething caldron, with its age-old fires of hate and prejudice threatening to consume its con-

tents. Then came the torrent of love, with its mighty power, putting out the old fire by kindling a new one.

"There in Lower Town my neighbor, an old Jewish ragman, came and asked me to 'commit a matrimony,' by marrying his niece to as typical an Irishman as I have ever seen. There, too, I baptized the baby born of that Irish-Jewish parentage.

"The relatives on both sides claimed the privilege of selecting its name, and decided on Patrick and Moses, respectively. A conflict seeming imminent, as I stood ready to perform the sacred rite—I interposed and with one syllable from each name, baptized the child Patmos, which satisfied both factions."

"This boy Patmos," adds Professor Steiner, "became rather symbolic of all my ministry, for it has been my supreme effort to reconcile old divisions, blot out old hates and bring into kinship those who have been afar off. It would be too great presumption to believe that I have always succeeded; but to feel that I have tried, that I am still trying and have not lost faith that it shall ultimately be accomplished, is something in which to glory."

A MOHAMMEDAN INDICTMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION OF WHITE RACES

WAR between "Christian" nations furnishes ample opportunity for invective from followers of Mohammed. We are told that Christendom is heaping up material for a Jihad, a Pan-Islam, a Pan-Asian Holy War, a gigantic Day of Reckoning. Amusing to the Moslem is the hypocritical dogma that the so-called White and Christian countries are the superior countries, just because they are White and Christian. An indictment is trenchantly phrased, in *The Forum*, by Sheykh Achmed Abdullah, a native of Afghanistan and descendant of the Prophet, educated in England, France and Germany. In his opinion the people of Europe and America are blind to the Writing on the Wall, they have sealed their ears against the murmuring voices of Awakening Asia; self-satisfied and stupidly the Christians, the white races, continue to misread the lessons of history and the signs of the times:

"You Westerns feel so sure of your superiority over us Easterns that you refuse even to attempt a fair or correct interpretation of past and present historical events. You deliberately stuff the minds of your growing generations with a series of ostensible events and shallow generalities, because you wish to convince them for the rest of their lives how immeasurably superior you are to us, how there

towers a range of differences between the two civilizations, how East is only East, and the West such a glorious, wonderful, unique West. . . .

"In material progress you have led the world for the last two or three centuries. By the True Prophet . . . all of three hundred years!

"And, like all parvenus, you are so astonished at your success, so pleased with yourselves, that you imagine your present hegemony in the race for material progress to be a guarantee for the future. But there is not even the shadow of an excuse for such an assumption, unless it be the fact that the Christian mind is diseased with racial and religious megalomania. There is not a single historical parallel which justifies your pleasant superstition that your present leadership, which after all is of very recent birth, will show greater stability than any of those many alien, ancient civilizations which long ago came from the womb of eternity, to go back whence they sprang."

Nations as well as men, declares this writer (whose article is entitled "Through Mohammedan Spectacles"), are judged by two factors—their virtues and their vices:

"As to virtues, what have you Christians done for the general uplift of the world which could not be matched by a random look into the pages of Oriental history? And as to vices, is there any degeneracy rampant amongst us which is not equalled by the degeneracy of the Western lands?

"History has an unpleasant knack of repeating itself; and the helot of to-day has the disagreeable habit of being the master of to-morrow, regardless of race and color and creed. I would like to return to earth about three hundred years from to-day just to observe how my descendants, who will have intermarried with Chinese and Japanese, will succeed in ruling their colonies in Europe and in America. . . .

"Human nature is the same the world over, and there never was an originally superior race or people. Some nations have founded powerful civilizations which lasted for a shorter or a longer period, but it was never the racial force which caused it, but rather the irresistible swing of circumstances.

"It was Kismet."

The alleged superior, pure Aryan, "white" race, conqueror of Europe and India, this Oriental insists, is a fictitious invention; even the Brahmins were recruited from devil-worshipping priests of aboriginal jungle tribes in the interests of the caste system. "Your wonderful Aryan kinsmen in India," he says, "were absorbed by the 'inferior' races whom they conquered, just as the Normans were absorbed by the Saxon Englishmen, the Alexandrian Greeks by the Egyptians, the Mongols of the Golden Horde by the Chinese, just as the strong always absorb the weak, and just as, a few hundred years hence, we shall absorb you."

We are reminded that others ruled

India successfully before Asia had ever heard of Christian England:

"Akbar, the Mogul Emperor, enforced tolerance and justice in those barbaric days when the life of a Jew in Europe was at the kind mercy of an ignorant and brutal Christian rabble. He, the Muslim, built and endowed Hindu temples and charitable institutions while his European contemporaries were periodically burning down the synagogues and were trying to extend the sway of the gentle Christ with the effective help of murder and torture. He, and before him his father's successor on the throne of Delhi, Shir Shah, the Afghan usurper, attempted to found an Indian empire 'broad-based upon the people's will,' long before the days of Voltaire, Robespierre, Rousseau, and Beaumarchais. He settled land revenue on an equitable basis while the peasants of Europe were groaning under the heavy and humiliating burden of serfdom."

It is true that the last Moguls degenerated from this standard, but Achmed Abdullah finds fitting parallels for this in the history of Christian Europe in the successors of Theodosius and Charlemagne's descendants. He asserts that the civilization of ancient Rome was partially saved by the Asians, the Syro-Christians:

"Judaism is an Oriental creed, and what is your famed European Christianity if not 'Judaism for the Masses'?"

"The Asian genius of Christ and his Hebrew apostles saved the Aryan genius from stagnation and stupidity, and brought the first faint glimmer of light into the barbaric darkness of Northern Europe."

"The Asian Christians succeeded in Aryan Rome, and just as long as the Asians ruled, the traditional cupidity and cruelty of Aryan Rome were softened by the broadly tolerant humanity of Asia. But as soon as the Syro-Christians were in the minority and the Christians of European stock in the majority, persecution and intolerance commenced, and the word of the great Oriental Prophet Jesus Christ was sadly mutilated and misunderstood by that superior race, the 'Whites.'"

"But even then you could not rid yourselves of our subtle Asian influence. I know your gifts of energy and your spirit of progress; but we men of Asia have a power of resistance and a capacity for rapid recuperation which you can never fathom."

"Could you break the spirit or the virility of the Jew? You have tortured him, you have exiled him, and you have burnt him on the stake for the greater glory of God . . . and he rules you to-day."

Achmed Abdullah considers the Reformation as only a return to doctrines of the Asian evangelists, a triumph of the spirit of Asia which the Europeanized Christian church attempts in ignorance and intolerance to despise and patronize. He exclaims:

"Must we sit at your feet? Shall the pupil teach the master?"

"We taught you to read, to write, and to think. We gave you your religion and your few ideals. We have done more for you than you can ever do for us. We freed you from your ancient bondage of superstitions and idolatry. We gave you the first sparks of science and literature. We paved the way for your material progress."

"Without our help you would still be tattooed and inarticulate barbarians."

"But you have been getting out of hand, and are sinking back into the old slough of ignorance and crass intolerance."

"And so perhaps some day, after we Mohammedans have finished converting Asia and Africa to the Faith of Islam (and we are doing steady work in that direction), we may send another Tamerlane into Europe, reinforced by an army of a few million Asians who laugh in the face of death, and finish the job."

The mystery which is supposed to shroud the Orient is Christendom's lying invention, according to Achmed Abdullah. He dares to assert that "the Most High God did not take the trouble to create two different types of human beings, one to work on the banks of the Seine, and the other to sing His praises on the shore of the Ganges."

"There is no veil, no mystery, no romance . . . except the veil of Christian ignorance, the romance of Christian imagination, the mystery of Christian want of desire to know."

"There is perhaps a latent search after knowledge and truth in your hearts' souls. But your inborn selfishness forces you to believe that a healthy portion of ignorance is the best medicine against the ravages of the dangerous malady which is called Tolerance. Just a little effort would teach you that there is no mystery about us, no abyss which separates you from us. But your ignorance is your bliss and provides you with a sort of righteous bias. It also sheds a holy and therefore eminently Christian halo around your attitude of meddling interference in the affairs of Asia and North Africa. Of course you only interfere because of your laudable intention to show us the true path to civilization and salvation. And if accidentally you increase your own power and wealth, if you impoverish the native whom you attempt to 'save,' if you incite strife where no strife existed before you imported soldiers and bibles and missionaries and whisky and some special brands of 'white' diseases . . . well . . . Allah is Great . . ."

"If you wish to conquer with the right of fire and the might of sword," says Achmed Abdullah, "go ahead and do so, or at least say so. It would be a motive which we Muslim, being warriors, could understand and appreciate. But," he adds, "do not clothe your greed for riches and dominion in the hypocritical, nasal sing-song of a heaven-decreed mission to enlighten the poor native, a Pharisee call of duty

to spread the word of your Savior, your lying intention to uplift the ignorant pagan. Drop your mask of consummate beatitude in the contemplation of the spiritual joys, the Christian and therefore very sanitary plumbing you are endeavoring to confer upon us. Stop being liars and hypocrites: and you will cease being what you are to-day—the most hated and the most despised men in the length and breadth of Asia and North Africa."

The attitude of Europe, from the "Berlin Congress of Thieves" down to the Young Turk Revolution, is given as a case in point. The liberty deemed necessary to the Christian Balkans is a negligible quantity when applied to the followers of the Prophet Mohammed who inhabit the same peninsula; "an ounce of baptismal water makes such a difference, does it not?"

"I believe that I am the mouthpiece of a great majority of my fellow-Muslim and my fellow-Asians when I state that the Jesuit policy of Europe during the political travail of Young Turkey, when the Osmanli attempted to crystallize his newly found liberty, will do more to fan the red embers of fighting Pan-Islam into living, leaping flames than any other political event since the Berlin treaty."

"We have suffered long enough a series of deliberate moral insults and material injuries at the hands of selfish, canting, lying Christianity, and we are still capable of tremendous energies when Islam is in danger. . . ."

"You are deaf to the voice of reason and fairness, and so you must be taught with the whirling swish of the sword when it is red."

Achmed Abdullah denies that altruism and the virtues are a monopoly of the Christian creed or the white race.

"In reality the teachings of Jesus are not a particle more apt to lead his followers in the golden path than are the sayings of the Lord Buddha, the laws of Moses, the wisdom of Confucius, or the words of the Koran. True tolerance, true altruism teaches us that what is right in Peking may be wrong on the shores of Lake Tchad, and what is wrong in a Damascus bazar may be right at a Kansas ice-cream social."

"Such true tolerance is far broader than the limits of professing Christianity, than the limits of any established, cut-and-dried creed. It is as broad as the Seven Holy Rivers of Hindustan and as vast as Time. The creed of mutual sympathy is a very old creed: even amongst the troglodytes chosen spirits must have known it, the red-haired barbarians of Gaul must have heard of it, and amongst the lizard-eating Arabs of pre-Islamic days it must have found adherents. It is a human truth, a human principle which is the common property of mankind East and West; but Christian hegemony in worldly affairs has killed it, has blighted it with the curse of the cross."

"Intrinsic unselfishness and abstract goodness," concludes this Mohammed-

dan, "is older than the Gospel, the Koran, the Veda, or any other religious book. Being at the very core of that civilization from which all changes spring, it is in itself eternally

unchangeable, be it clothed in the words of the Sermon on the Mount, the Prophet Mohammed's three great principles of Compassion, Charity, and Resignation, or the famed edict of the

Emperor Asoka, who many centuries before the days of Jesus declared to the world that 'a man must not do reverence to his own sect by disparaging that of another man.'

UNCOMFORTABLE LIBERTY FROM THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT

THE self-conscious modern woman may insist that she has a life of her own to lead which neither father nor priest nor husband nor Mrs. Grundy is fit to prescribe for her. But when she begins to prescribe life for herself, her real problems begin. Thus does Walter Lippmann restate the crux of feminism, in this day of necessary battle against "the chaos of a new freedom." For, in society as a whole, we are reminded, Democracy is more than the absence of Czars, more than freedom, more than equal opportunity. It is a way of life, a use of freedom, an embrace of opportunity. In other words, "liberty may be an uncomfortable blessing unless you know what to do with it."

Mr. Lippmann's observations on the woman's movement appear in his new book, "Drift and Mastery," which he calls "an attempt to diagnose the current unrest." The volume is strikingly suggestive and brilliantly phrased. "A nation of uncritical drifters," he says, "can change only the form of tyranny, for, like Christian's sword, democracy is a weapon in the hands of those who have the courage and skill to wield it; in all others it is a rusty piece of junk."

"The issues that we face are very different from those of the last century and a half. The difference, I think, might be summed up roughly this way: those who went before inherited a conservatism and overthrew it; we inherit freedom, and have to use it. The sanctity of property, the patriarchal family, hereditary caste, the dogma of sin, obedience to authority—the rock of ages, in brief, has been blasted for us. Those who are young to-day are born into a world in which the foundations of the older order survive only as habits or by default. So Americans can carry through their purposes when they have them. If the stand-patter is still powerful amongst us it is because we have not learned to use our power, and direct it to fruitful ends. The American conservative, it seems to me, fills the vacuum where democratic purpose should be."

Since women have been the most conservative of conservatives, what does the feminist revolt amount to? Chaotic tho the movement appears to be, Mr. Lippmann thinks that the awakening of women points straight to

the discipline of cooperation, and so is laying the real foundations for the modern world. This opinion is developed from the fundamental fact that conditions force women to break from the past and readjust their position. He says:

"If all that women needed were 'rights'—the right to work, the right to vote, and freedom from the authority of father and husband, then feminism would be the easiest human question on the calendar. For while there will be a continuing opposition, no one supposes that these elementary freedoms can be withheld from women. In fact, they will be forced upon millions of women who never troubled to ask for any of these rights. And that isn't because Ibsen wrote the 'Doll's House,' or because Bernard Shaw writes prefaces. The mere withdrawal of industries from the home has drawn millions of women out of the home, and left millions idle within it. There are many other forces, all of which have blasted the rock of ages where woman's life was centered. . . .

"The question is not even whether women can be as good doctors and lawyers and business organizers as men. It is much more immediate, and far less academic than that. The feminists could almost afford to admit the worst that Schopenhauer, Weininger, and Sir Almoth Wright can think of, and then go on pointing to the fact that, competent or incompetent, they have got to adjust themselves to a new world. The day of the definitely marked 'sphere' is passing under the action of forces greater than any that an irritated medical man can control. It is no longer possible to hedge the life of women in a set ritual, where their education, their work, their opinion, their love and their motherhood are fixed in the structure of custom. To insist that women need to be molded by authority is a shirking of the issue. For the authority that has molded them is passing. And if woman is fit only to live in a harem, it will have to be a different kind of harem from any that has existed."

What women will do with the freedom forced upon them, no person, declares Mr. Lippmann, can foresee by thinking of women in the past. Tradition is no guide; the emancipated woman has to fight bewilderment in her own soul; she has lost the authority of a little world and been thrust into a very big one which nobody, man or woman, understands very well. Resultant chaos is apparent in a cry

like that for a "single standard" of morality:

"It means two utterly contradictory things. For the Pankhursts it is assumed that men should adopt women's standards; but in the minds of thousands it means just the reverse. For some people feminism is a movement of women to make men chaste, for others the enforced chastity of women is a sign of their slavery. Feminism is attacked both for being too 'moral' and too 'immoral.' And these contradictions represent a real conflict, not a theoretical debate. There is in the movement an uprising of women who rebel against marriage which means to a husband the ultimate haven of a sexual career. There is also a rebellion of women who want for themselves the larger experience that most men have always taken. . . . There is an immense vacillation between a more rigid Puritanism and the idolatry of freedom. Women are discovering what reformers of all kinds are learning, that there is a great gap between the overthrow of authority and the creation of a substitute. That gap is called liberalism: a period of drift and doubt. We are in it to-day."

Not in any attempt to model her career on man's, or in entering capitalism, or in overcrowding the industrial labor market, does Mr. Lippmann discover purposive achievement in the movement for emancipation for woman. Rather is it to be found in the application of the arts and sciences to a deepened and more extensively organized home, where there is opportunity for every kind of talent, and for the sharing of every kind of interest. Here the problem of an intelligent and powerful consumer's control upon industry and the introduction of the principle of division of labor and cooperative organization into the work of the home, reveal openings to "economic independence," and real emancipation of women.

"One of the supreme values of feminism is that it will have to socialize the home. When women seek a career they have to specialize. When they specialize they have to cooperate. They have to abandon more and more the self-sufficient individualism of the older family. They will have to market through associations. They will do a great deal more of the housework through associations, just as they are now beginning to have bread baked outside and the washing done by

laundries that are not part of the home. If they are not satisfied with the kind of work that is done for the home but outside of it, they will have to learn that difficult business of democracy which consists in expressing and enforcing their desires upon industry. And just as, from the kindergarten up, education has become a collective function, so undoubtedly a great deal of the care and training of infants will become specialized. . . . The penalty that grown-ups pay for the sins of the superstitious and unsocialized nursery is something that we are just beginning to understand from the researches of the psychiatrists."

There is, Mr. Lippmann notes, a rag-tag of Bohemianism attached to feminism; but overwhelmingly the demand

is for greater sexual sincerity, and the legislation initiated and the books written look almost entirely to the establishment of a far more enduring and intelligently directed family. The far-reaching results of the woman's movement, accumulating with the generations, we can hardly guess: "For we are tapping a reservoir of possibilities when women begin to use not only their generalized womanliness but their special abilities. For the child it means, as I have tried to suggest, a change in the very conditions where the property sense is aggravated and where the need for authority and individual assertiveness is built up. The greatest obstacles to a cooperative civ-

ilization are under fire from the feminists. Those obstacles to-day are more than anything else a childhood in which the anti-social impulses are fixed."

Mr. Lippmann would have us understand that the forms of cooperation are of precious little value without a people trained to use them: "The old family with its dominating father, its submissive and amateurish mother produced inevitably men who had little sense of a common life, and women who were jealous of an enlarging civilization." It is this, in the opinion of Mr. Lippmann, "that feminism comes to correct, and that is why its promise reaches far beyond the present bewilderment."

EFFECTING A REFORMATION IN THE COUNTRY CHURCH

THE future of the country church is with the leaders of a vitally progressive rural reformation which shall be comparable in scope and depth to the great Reformation of Wyclif and Huss and Luther, according to Robert W. Bruere in *Harper's Magazine*. It is principally city money, we are told, which, through the country-life departments of Protestant denominations and the country work of the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, is supporting the men and women who are effecting this reformation. It preaches and practises a religion of the social order thus set forth:

"The essence of the new reformation is the definite abandonment of authoritarian dogmatism and the candid adoption of the open-minded methods of modern science. In the language of churchmen, they are seeking the will of God, not exclusively in the threshed straw of medieval creeds and scholastic speculations, but primarily in the scientifically ascertained facts of contemporary realities. The best description of the new policy is contained in the series of rural surveys made during the past four years by the Department of Church and Country Life of the Presbyterian Church, under the general supervision of the Rev. Warren H. Wilson.

"The Presbyterian Church in the United States [says the introduction to the survey of three rural countries in northern Missouri] has been ministering to country parishes for more than a century. It has sought farmers through forests and across deserts. It has built innumerable little white churches on the country cross-roads for them to worship in. It has baptized the farmer's children, taught them, married and buried them. It has striven to save the farmer's soul—striven earnestly, valiantly, sometimes heroically.

"But never until within this year has it made a thorough scientific study of the country community it has attempted to

serve. It has done everything in its power to pave the farmer's road to the Celestial City, but it has paid little attention to his road to the nearest village.

"It has given great sums to alleviate poverty, but given little thought to the causes that make for poverty—the American system of farm tenantry, the robbing of the soil, and the stripping the hillside of its trees.

"It has pictured the beauties of the heavenly mansions and taken no account of the buildings in which men and women must spend their lives here and now.

"Hereafter it is going to know something about the communities it attempts to serve—of what stuff they are made, what their needs and aspirations. It will take an interest in the every-day affairs of the farmer—his crops and stock, the buildings and machinery, his lodge and recreation.

"The spires of the little cross-road church will still point to the skies, but its foot-stone will lie on the commonplace work of the day."

This declaration of principle, asserts Mr. Bruere, is as radical a departure from the prevailing policy of the church in our generation as the declaration of Luther that "a Christian man is a most free lord of all things and subject to no one" was from the autocracy of the medieval hierarchy. "It marks the end, so far as the followers of the new reformation are concerned, of the long war between science and the church. And wherever it has been adopted as a guide to action, in poor lands and rich alike, the church is experiencing a renaissance of constructive leadership in both material and spiritual things."

The social service activities of the Blue Ridge Industrial School in Virginia, with its demonstration farm, sawmill, dairy, workshops, kitchens, orchards and fields for scientific study, are described in detail by Mr. Bruere. New neighborliness is cultivated there by the Reverend George P. Mayo, not as yet by getting together inside the

church (the old habit of interdenominational strife must be reckoned with) but by getting together outside the church "as human beings and citizens" on lines of common interest:

"Every one in Bacon's Hollow—the popular name for the valley—is gradually coming to see that where blue grass grows wild, and apples will ripen, and corn and wheat will yield abundantly, ignorance and moonshine and crime have no providential sanction; that physical vigor and prosperity and happiness are not at variance with the will of God. And the people are gathering in unprecedented numbers to Mr. Mayo's support, because through him the church has humbled itself, to be reborn in the spirit of science and to win its claim to leadership by the concrete quality of its daily human service.

"The Blue Ridge Industrial School is only one of a chain of church enterprises—largely financed with city capital—that is being stretched through the southern mountains to meet the reproach: 'The poor ye have always with you.' They are acting as a sort of spiritual middlemen to hitch up the farmers' demand for more life with the cities' demand for more food. With the mountaineers the primary problem is the elimination of poverty, and this the church is helping them to meet by the development of a community social and educational, and an economic program based upon scientifically ascertained facts."

In the corn-belt of the Middle West the same method is proving effective, we are informed, tho the problem there has an entirely different character. Church surveys show that a veritable rural revolution has taken place to which readjustment is required:

"The people of the corn-belt are not crying feebly for enough to eat and to wear, but in powerful, full-fed voices are demanding the higher satisfactions of life—recreation and knowledge and art—and

they are demanding these things with the vigor of men who will and do climb into their automobiles and speed away to the town if the mountain of civilization will not come to them. The cityward migration, the growth of tenant farming, land speculation, and absentee landlordism is not only undermining the ancient authority of the country church, but is responsible for the menace to the national food supply. . . .

"The farmers who have what money they want take the shortest cut to the satisfactions of life, secure in the knowledge that there are no more vast 'areas available for agricultural purposes' to break the market for their land. And real-estate speculation and farming on shares have such obvious advantages over the rough work of plowing and sowing and reaping! Speculation is rife throughout the corn-belt and production is at a standstill. In Iowa, for example, there were 11,578 fewer farms in 1910 than in 1900, and 406,353 fewer acres under cultivation. And whereas a short while ago practically all of the farms were worked by their owners, from two-fifths to a half, and in some sections seventy per cent., of the farms are worked by tenants, who, having a one-year lease, are compelled to rob the soil to get a living."

Mr. Bruere quotes approvingly the words of a Presbyterian survey of forty-four rural communities in Illinois, which says that these landlords should be called to account by the churches:

"Owners of land in a country where the soil is producing less every year, where the churches and schools are deteriorating, where the human stock is being exploited and an American peasantry produced, are responsible men. Mere evangelism, with talks about saving of souls and promise of heavenly life, is not enough; in such a situation the unlimited promise of heavenly salvation is false to the kingdom."

"In self-defense, the Illinois country churches will be forced in the future to promote the conservation of the soil. If they do not save the soil, they will lose the right to save the soul."

Instead of assuming a leadership in creating social and intellectual conditions to hold the owners upon the land, churches have sought to preserve their institutional integrity and persisted in denominational strife. Records of 232 churches in three Indiana counties for the past ten years, for example, showed 38.6 per cent. growing, 13.6 per cent.

standing still and 47.8 per cent. losing ground or dead. [Another survey covering twelve counties in four states—Missouri, Ohio, Indiana and Tennessee—shows 760 churches; membership 29 per cent. of the population. One-fifth of the churches are said to be dead and half of them dying.]

The reformation is seen by Mr. Bruere in the changed attitude of church authorities, in instances of consolidation of weak churches, and in varied activities of the socialized church in the West. The latter include athletics, lecture courses and entertainments, clubs, cooperative associations and other social satisfactions; and in Pine Island, Minnesota, the Methodist Church board runs a moving-picture show in the local opera-house. With the frequent lack of training and low average preachers' salary of \$573, Mr. Bruere contrasts the \$1,400-college-trained Y. M. C. A. county secretary, and adds: "It is because the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations serve the purposes of the rural revolution outside of denominational lines that they are proving such valuable aids to the new reformation."

THE DEATH OF MYSTIC CHRISTIANITY AS A RESULT OF THE PRESENT WAR

WHEN this war is over and reason resumes its sway, our dogmas will be found to have been scored through forever, writes John Galsworthy, the English author and playwright, in *Scribner's Magazine*. He explains:

"Three hundred thousand church spires raised to the glory of Christ! Three hundred million human creatures baptized into His service! And—war to the death of them all! 'I trust the Almighty to give the victory to my arms!' 'Let your hearts beat to God, and your fists in the face of the enemy!' 'In prayer we call God's blessing on our valiant troops.'"

"God on the lips of each potentate, and under the hundred thousand spires prayer that twenty-two million servants of Christ may receive from God the blessed strength to tear and blow each other to pieces, to ravage and burn, to wrench husbands from wives, fathers from their children, to starve the poor, and everywhere destroy the works of the spirit! Prayer under the hundred thousand spires for the blessed strength of God, to use the noblest, most loyal instincts of the human race to the ends of carnage! 'God be with us to the death and dishonor of our foes' (whose God he is no less than ours)! The God who gave his only begotten Son to bring on earth peace and good will toward men!"

No creed, he declares, in these days

when two and two are put together, can stand against such reeling subversion of its foundation.

"After this monstrous mockery, beneath this grinning skull of irony, how shall there remain faith in a religion preached and practised to such ends? . . . Whatever else be the outcome of this business, let us at least realize the truth: It is the death of mystic Christianity! Let us will that it be the birth of an ethic Christianity that men really practise!"

Such is the first in a sequence of "Thoughts on the War" to which Mr. Galsworthy gives expression. The second is like the first:

"Mystic Christianity was dying before this war began. When it is over it will be dead. In France, England, Germany, in Belgium and the other small countries, dead; and only kept wonderfully alive in Russia and some parts of Austria through peasant superstition and simplicity. 'Tell me, brother, what have the Japanese done to us that we should kill them?' so said the Russian peasant in the Japanese war. So they will say in this war. And at the end go back and resume praise of the God who fought for holy Russia against the God who fought for valiant Austria and the mailed fists of Germany."

"This mystic Christianity will not die in the open and be buried with pomp and

ceremony; it will merely be dead—a very different thing, like the nerve in a tooth that, to the outward eye, is just as it was. That which will take its place has already been a long time preparing to come forward. I know not what it will be called, or whether it will even receive a name. It will be too much in earnest to care for such a ceremony. But one thing is certain—it will be far more Christian than the Christianity which has brought us to these present ends. Its creed will be a noiseless and passionate conviction that man can be saved, not by a far-away, despotic God who can be enlisted by each combatant for the destruction of his foes, but by the divine element in man, the God within the human soul. That in proportion as man is high so will the life of man be high, safe from shames like this and devoid of his old misery. The creed will be a fervent, almost secret application of the saying: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself!' It will be ashamed of appeals to God to put right that which man has bungled; of supplications to the deity to fight against the deity. It will have the pride of the artist and the artisan. And it will have its own mysticism, its own wonder at the mystery of the all-embracing Principle which has produced such a creature as this man, with such marvelous potentiality for the making of fine things, and the living of fine lives; such heroism, such savagery; such wisdom and such black stupidity; such a queer insuperable instinct for going on and on and ever on!"

LITERATURE · AND · ART

Mr. Huneker Declares
that Genius Has No
Country.

A SHARP and pertinent comment comes from James Gibbons Huneker on those warring patriots who are boasting of the superior culture of their countries. The English, he writes in *Puck*, are hurling Shakespeare's sacred name at Germany. Germany hurls back that of Goethe, "as if literature is football, a battle of the books, to be settled in ten rounds." The Slavs boast Tolstoy, the French Balzac. But, declares our greatest literary critic (to continue in the same strain), genius has no country. Genius is attached to its country only by its defects. A genius is a stranger in his own land. The few who are honored or recognized are the exceptions. And Huneker supports his contention with a formidable list of examples:

"Poe was chiefly a drunkard to his contemporaries; the gentle Emerson, our one great philosopher, was abused for his can-

Richard Strauss and Arnold Schoenberg are victims.

"In France the number disconcerts. Rabelais, Pascal, Rousseau (Montaigne was too sensible, Voltaire too pugnacious, to be crushed), Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, Flaubert (the two last-named were publicly prosecuted for 'obscene' writings—stupendous!), Berlioz (adjudged a madman), Balzac, Pasteur, Verlaine, Manet, Monet—how many more? Mind you, I don't say that these men were all model citizens; but they were men of genius (Claude Monet still lives, honored in his old age), and were persecuted, Edouard Manet as bitterly as was Richard Wagner. Italy: Dante, august name, mighty poet, 'solitary pacer of the shore,' Tasso, Columbus, Galileo, Leopardi, Carducci. Even little Holland allowed Rembrand, Vermeer, and Spinoza to die obscurely. Ireland among others can show James Clarence Mangan—now don't say, 'It's a pity he drank!'—and John M. Synge. Scotland has Burns as an 'awful' example, while England is first in the field, as she is first in the field as the mother of poets: Milton, Blake, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Browning, Swinburne, Meredith,

ally brave, as his music proves, left Warsaw forever for Paris. This list might easily be lengthened. I avoid mention of Socrates, Jesus Christ, Mahomet, Moses Maimonides, Luther, Loyola, and Savonarola, because they were victims to the worst passion of mankind—the passion aroused by theological odium. Such serene souls as Shakespeare, Da Vinci, Velasquez, Montaigne, never became embroiled in politics or religious rows. If you are ever assailed with any of the great names above, simply reply with the question: 'How were they treated during their lifetime by their fellow-countrymen?'"

Was Nietzsche a
Cry-Baby?

JUST at present everyone seems to be interpreting and misinterpreting the philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche. There is a peculiar and appropriate timeliness in the portrait of him that we find in Anne Douglas Sedgwick's new novel "The Encounter" (The Century Company). The exponent of the "master morality," the inventor of the "blond beast," is



A LITERARY ROUND-UP

Iowa recently honored her literary lights by celebrating an authors' home-coming week in Des Moines. Those in the foreground are impersonating the characters in books written by the distinguished group just above them, while in the background stand those Iowans who believe that letters no less than live stock and corn should be considered among the assets of every state.

dor; Walt Whitman was howled down, and our one genius as a painter, Whistler, lived abroad his life long. Thoreau was considered as no great 'shakes,' and Henry James is a dweller under foreign tents. Germany, too, has a little list: Goethe, who was early damned an 'immoral' and an epicurean when his land was occupied by Napoleon (the Little Corporal knew better; 'Voilà un homme!' he exclaimed). Heine died in exile as 'M. Henri Heine, poète et raconteur,' at Paris. Schopenhauer and Nietzsche abused their native country in language that still glitters with irony and hatred. Richard Wagner had no reason to love Germany, and there is Beethoven, who lived and died in Vienna; Handel, an Englishman by adoption; Schumann, and many others, who suffered from neglect. In our own days

Landor; and Harvey, Darwin, De Foe, Bunyan, could all tell tales of neglect, contumely, even worse.

How Were They Treated
While Living?

SPAIN scorned her greatest writer: Cervantes; Sweden her mystic Swedenborg, her gifted Strindberg. Ibsen, like Dante, lived in exile, solitary, and abused by the world. Lenau, of Hungary, died mad.

"Russia was not too gentle in her handling of Dostoevsky—who was shipped to Siberia for ten years. Tolstoy was hated by the throne. Turgenev was self-exiled, but occasionally was imprisoned on his country estate by the authorities. Poland's bard, Adam Mickiewicz, fled to Paris; even the spiritual Chopin, psychi-

cal, depicted in "The Encounter" as—a cry-baby. That is our final impression, in spite of the author's aim to delineate the creator of Zarathustra as "pitiful yet splendid." Here is how Wehletz (as the philosopher is named) strikes the American heroine:

"What strange eyes; pained, strained, scorched, as it were, by close gazing at some burning object! She had been more and more vividly aware of them, and their gaze, tho she had not again encountered it, had filled her with a growing sense of discomfort and unpreparedness. Fierce eyes, resentful yet appealing—and the man's whole personality expressed the same contradiction—violence, and a sensitiveness that sought to veil itself in non-

chalance. She had been aware of all this and of the muscle in his cheek twitching, as, involuntarily, he clenched and unclenched his jaws, and of the fact that when, with a sudden clatter, he dropped his knife to the ground, he blushed deeply as he stooped to pick it up and glanced angrily around the circle as if suspicious of ridicule. Yet not once had she looked at him since that first meeting of their eyes."

The London *Athenaeum* finds in the book "a brilliant conception of the interplay of temperaments such as has ever been the theme of real novelists," but the acute reviewer of the N. Y. *Globe* declares that those who found "Tante" one of the most interesting novels of recent years must prepare for some disappointment in "The Encounter." The Boston *Transcript* thus concludes an enthusiastic review of the book:

"As an exposition of Nietzsche's philosophy, as an exposure of his weaknesses of mind and body, as an interpretation of his life, 'The Encounter' is masterly in its compactness and brevity. It sums up the man and his ideas in the episodes of a few weeks. The novelist is content with the mere suggestion offered her by the love affair of Nietzsche and Mlle. Salomé. All but that is her own. Rarely is a novel so filled to the brim with ideas, rarely does it combine so successfully and illusively the elements of seriousness and fantasy. It is, in spite of its vigorous discussion of the problem of life, a comedy—al tho a comedy in which one of the most tragic of human personalities is the leading figure. The novelist reads Nietzsche aright. She makes him not a hero, but a man of multitudinous frailties. She has written in 'The Encounter' a novel that is brilliant, a novel that grows all the greater in retrospect."

**The Poet of a Thousand
Scrapbooks.**

IN his latest novel, "The Poet" (Houghton & Mifflin), Meredith Nicholson has put a great deal of heart into an idyllic portrait of James Whitcomb Riley. The story itself is not particularly original. There is the little girl Marjorie, her parents—an unhappily separated couple—a pair of young lovers, and a vivacious kindly old lady, over all of whom "The Poet" casts the magic wand of his quaint, tender and solicitous spirit. A younger poet and romancer (Is this Mr. Nicholson himself slightly disguised?) tells the tale, and into his mouth Mr. Nicholson puts his loving tribute to Riley. No reviewer of the book has thus far disagreed with the younger lover, when he thus describes "The Poet" to his sweetheart:

"It's a great thing to have done what our Poet has done—give to the purely local a touch that makes it universal. That's what art does when it has heart behind it, and there's the value of provincial literature. Hundreds of men had

seen just what he saw—the same variety of types and individuals against this Western landscape—but it was left for him to set them forth with just the right stroke. And he has done other things, too, besides the genre studies that make him our own particular Burns; he has sung of the days like this when hope rises high, and sung of them beautifully; and he has preached countless little sermons of cheer and contentment and aspiration. And he's the first poet who ever really understood children—wrote not merely of them but to them. He's the poet of a thousand scrapbooks! I came up on a late train last night and got to talking to a stranger who told me he was on his way to visit his old home; pulled one of the Poet's songs of June out of his pocket and asked me to read it; said he'd cut it out of a newspaper round a pair of shoes in some forsaken village in Texas and that it had made him homesick for a sight of the farm where he was born. The old fellow grew tearful about it, and almost wrung a sob out of me. He was carrying that clipping pinned to his railway ticket—in a way it was his ticket home."

**Hogs, Corn and
Literature.**

WHILE Indiana has been holding a statewide celebration of the birthday of her Poet, James Whitcomb Riley, Iowa has been



SHE DEPICTS NIETZSCHE IN LOVE

Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Mrs. Basil de Selincourt) was born an American, but has lived in close contact with European culture for many years. Her portrait of Nietzsche, in "The Encounter," is declared a literary achievement.

calling attention to her own crop of writers and litterateurs by holding the first state "home-coming of authors." Iowa claims Hamlin Garland, Emerson Hough, Rupert Hughes, Octave Thanet, Arthur Davison Ficke, Herbert Quick, Ellis Parker Butler, Dr. Woods Hutchinson, Eleanor Hoyt Brainard, Susan Glaspell, Roy Rolfe Gibson, Edna Ferber (who was brought

up if not born in Iowa), Randall Parish, Dr. Albert Shaw, George Fitch, Albert Bigelow Paine, and many others, all of whom were present in spirit if not in person at the home-coming celebrated in Des Moines the other week. The Des Moines *Register and Leader* recalls that the lineage of many of the brightest literary stars is to be traced to Iowa and not to Indiana. The same paper does not put the case too strongly, believes the N. Y. *Evening Post*, when it asserts that the country will learn, through this celebration, of Iowa's important contribution to the best thinking and best writing Americans are doing, and that Iowa will henceforth hold "an entirely new place in the estimation of those who have been talking about us as a state of hogs and corn." The N. Y. *Evening Post* facetiously notes the rivalry of Indiana and Iowa and the eclipse of Boston by Iowa in the publishing world, remarking that "one living author is better than two dead ones" and that the Iowa writers are all "known to some publishing house, not of ten or twenty years ago, but of to-day, this autumn of 1914." The Boston *Traveler* thereupon expresses its preference for hogs and corn to best-sellers, evidently ignoring the aim of Iowa, which is quite evidently not to decrease the corn crop in favor of literature but to encourage hogs and corn and literature and art without prejudice, and to set a worthy precedent in this respect for other states.

**The Private Opinions of
Mr. Havelock Ellis.**

HAVELOCK ELLIS'S first volume of literary studies, "The New Spirit," appeared in 1890. He was thirty-one years old then. He is fifty-five now; but since that time he has become famous in the civilized world both as a scientist and a man of letters. His admirers will be more than interested in "Impressions and Comments" (Houghton & Mifflin), composed of casual thoughts and impressions. His confession of literary likes and dislikes is more than usually interesting. For instance, in commenting on the Strindberg cult in America, he declares impatiently: "One wonders why Americans, anyway, should go to this distinguished Swede for such a 'corrective' when in their own country, to mention but a single name, they have a writer like Robert Herrick, whose novels are surely so admirably subtle and profound an analysis of the position of womanhood in America, and quite reasonably sane." Mr. Ellis characterizes Remy de Gourmont as "the finest of living critics." Of the beloved R. L. S. he makes this unexpected comment: "And there was Stevenson—prototype of a vast band of accomplished writers of today—the hollow image of a great writer, a man who,

having laboriously taught himself to write after the best copy-book models, found that he had nothing to say and duly said it at length." He dismisses Robert Browning in the following manner: "Browning was a man whose radically prim and conventional ideas, heavily overladen with emotion, acquired the semblance of profundity because they struggled into expression through the medium of a congenial stutter—a stutter which was no doubt one of the great assets of his fame."

"The Books of the
Small Souls."

THE introduction to American readers of the work of the Dutch realist, Louis Couperus, through Alexander Teixeira de Mattos' translation of "Small Souls" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is hailed by Llewellyn Jones in the *Chicago Evening Post* as a distinct literary event, deserving the same amount of acclaim and recognition that greeted the first translation of Romain Rolland's great masterpiece. Like Rolland, we are told, Couperus is a great artist in human character. Unlike Rolland, he forces no homiletics down the reader's unwilling throat. "He irresistibly evokes our two and only godlike attributes—our laughter and our tears." The present volume is the first of a series of four books known to the Dutch by the generic title of "The Books of the Small Souls." James L. Ford, in the *New York Herald*, commends the book as a study in thoro meanness. Mr. Ford believes that this chronicle of a Dutch family specializes exclusively in all the petty and sordid features of life. The *N. Y. Evening Post* declares it to be fiction of high order. The Van Lowes are real people, not engaging or striking, but alive:

"They are chronicled, not exploited, made plain by means of a large body of cumulative detail. Yet as with all fictitious chronicles which survive the hour, this body of detail exists not for its own sake but in the service of a larger interpretation. These small souls are such stuff as life is made on. Their creator neither veils nor mocks them, but sets them forth for what they may be worth, as if with a smile of kindly irony. . . .

"Teutonic realism is more naturally intelligible to the Anglo-American mind than the realism of Russia or even of France. Couperus's people, like Ibsen's or Sudermann's, surprise us by being so really human. But for a few foreign quaintnesses of custom and speech, they might be living next door. But how many of us honestly believe in those madmen of Turgenieff, those flighty or dirty children of Zola?"

Couperus' small souls are of that multitude of conventional folk who, in the words of one of the characters of the book, "criticize a dress or an evening party, but never criticize life."



TWO GENTLEMEN FROM INDIANA

James Whitcomb Riley once wrote that his eyes were like two fried eggs and his nose was like a Bartlett pear, but Meredith Nicholson, whom we find here seated on the arm of Riley's chair, has portrayed the spiritual beauty of the poet, whom he characterizes as the Burns of the Middle West.

French Poets Who Rally
to the Colors.

THE death of Charles Peguy, poet and essayist, in the battle of the Marne, is recorded in recent news from Paris. Peguy was a Roman Catholic and a militarist, one of the reactionaries satirized by Anatole France in "La Révolte des Anges." He was the author of two or three long poems of almost epic quality; "Eve," "La Tapisserie de Notre Dame," etc., and was still better known for his prose. For Peguy death in battle was a fate to be desired. In many of his essays he deplores the fat comforts and smug self-satisfaction of a commercial age, and longs for more heroic ideals. In one of them he writes: "We are a sacrificed generation. We are not only

conquered — that would be nothing. There are glorious defeats, sounding disasters, more fixed, better preservers of glory, more accepted and commemorated than any triumph. But our defeat is the worst of all—an obscure defeat. We shall not even be despised. Waterloo, more than any victory, is fixed in the common memory of humanity; but we—we shall be little, ordinary, mediocre. Or, rather, we shall not be at all. Nobody will notice us. We shall pass unperceived."

To a man of this temper the call to arms must have been welcome, especially since the enemy was Germany. For throughout Peguy's work runs a mood of bitterness. He could not forget 1870, nor cease to hope for "la

revanche." He has died for his ideals.

But Peguy is not the only poet-soldier in France. All schools are represented in these long battles. Nicolas Beauduin, leader of the "Paroxysmistes," also went to the front among the first. Beauduin and his group of young enthusiasts are at the other extreme of opinion from pessimists like Peguy. While Peguy deplored his age and its ideals, Beauduin exalts them. He writes odes about trains and telephones and aeroplanes. In a recent number of his interesting quarterly, *La Vie des Lettres*, he has a series of poems on "Living Beauty," in which, under such titles as "The City in Me," and "The Soul of the New Century," the intense activities of our time are glorified in eloquent verse.

The Esthetic Revolution in France.

THE difference between Peguy's and Beauduin's points of view is typical of the change now going on in the ideals inspiring French art and literature, and the art and literature of other countries as well. Peguy's mood was of the past—he looked back; while Beauduin is all for the future—he looks forward. The war which is changing the map of Europe may be no more epoch-making in its way than this war of esthetic ideals is in its way, at least if we are to believe Beauduin. Listen to his pronouncement in the first number of his quarterly:

"Let us not deceive ourselves. Never was an esthetic revolution so great or so complete. In a few decades the world will realize that it means the upheaval of all the old values, the old prejudices, the old systems. New perspectives are before us, beyond us are new achievements.

It is a new world which awakes to live, to sing.

"At last the old divorce between art and science is over. To-day they are not merely united—they are mingled together. The whole life of the modern world is to be sung in all its plenitude, its amplitude. All the formidable mechanism of modern civilization, which seemed hideous to poets in love with the forms and idyllic reveries of the past will be so celebrated in odes to these new machines, new powers, to the vaster life and the solidarity of human labors.

"To understand this new beauty born of mechanical invention, one must be born again; one must drop forever all lessons learned and forms received from the past, and be brave enough of soul and fervent enough of heart to dare face modern beauty—that maiden rude and formidable who has not yet been softened and wearied by the caresses of a million senile poets. The face of the world is changed. To a new world, new poetry. The poem of our epoch celebrates science, labor, will, action, modern thought, and the numberless unknown heroes who struggle for the sustenance and the greatness of the human race. It is love of life in all its forms which makes our generation so different from that pessimistic, enfeebled, enervated generation of 1890, which Paul Bourget reveals to us in the preface to his 'Disciple.'"

Whitman's Persistent Influence in Europe.

THIS modern movement, according to Mr. Beauduin, had its origin in the "mystic personalism" of Lipps, in the philosophy of Nietzsche, in the ideas of Bergson, and "above all in Whitmanism." It confesses also points of contact with the "expressive incompleteness" of Rodin, the "dionianic modes" of Debussy, and the technique of certain more or less "futuristic" modern painters.

"Above all in Whitmanism." The typical American is such a hopeless conservative in his esthetic ideals that it still gives him a shock to recognize in Whitman the prophet of a new artistic era, to find foreign critics classing him, as in a recent number of the *Mercure de France*, with Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. His ideal of social democracy is permeating modern thought in Europe among the "intellectuals," as his free-rhythm technique is influencing modern verse.

Other French poets of the "paroxysmist" group are Pierre Hamp, Divoire, Gossez, Lebesque, Parmentier and Le Roux. These men are in close touch with the group of English and American Imagists and Vorticists in London—a group introduced in this country by the Chicago magazine, *Poetry*, and more recently anthologized by *The Glebe*. Of this group of revolutionists, Ezra Pound, who hails from the United States (his grandfather was once governor of Wisconsin), is the leader. This little London Vortex, which includes the other arts as well as poetry, has been swallowed up in that vast Vortex, the war. Its last shriek before the whirlwind was *Blast*, which prayed for a breeze "that would stiffen the back of the Serpentine and put aquatic steel half way down the Manchester Canal."

The breeze came with amazing promptness, laden with the deafening roar of guns, and we have yet to see whether these young revolutionists of three nations will be swept to the heights by it or merely whirled away with the debris of battles. They are in the midst of the Vortex they desired. Will they give us a Voice out of the whirlwind?

THE INTRODUCTION OF RUSSIA'S MOST SINISTER NOVELIST TO AMERICAN READERS

WHILE his introduction to English and American readers is less belated than that of the Dutch realist Couperus, the Russian novelist Mikhail Mikhailovich Artzybashev is by no means a less significant figure. Artzybashev is not exactly a new arrival on the literary horizon of Europe. His masterpiece "Sanin" first appeared in 1907, and caused a literary sensation both in Germany and France, where it appeared in translation a short time after its publication in Petrograd. But translators evidently deemed it too bold or too sensual for the English-speaking public at that time. Now it is announced for immediate publication in London from the press of Martin Secker, and *The Trend*, the latest attempt at an "advanced" magazine in

this country, announces the serial publication of a translation from the French text.

The author of this amazing novel was born in 1878, so that, if he has not yet sacrificed his life for a country he does not believe in, he is now 36 years of age. Like Gogol, he came from the south of Russia. In one of his "Studies" he has given an interesting account of his origin. William Lyons Phelps, in his "Essays on Russian Novelists," thus quotes Artzybashev:

"I am Tartar in name and origin, but not a pure-blooded one. In my veins runs Russian, French, Georgian and Polish blood. I am glad to name as one of my ancestors the famous Pole Kosciusko, who was my maternal great-grandfather. My father, a retired officer, was a landed proprietor with very little

income. I was only three years old when my mother died. As a legacy, she bequeathed me tuberculosis. . . . I am now living in the Crimea and trying to get well, but with little faith in my recovery."

The impulsive temperament of the young southerner was at an early age drawn into Russian revolutionary activities, the failure of which, as in the case of Ropsin, another brilliant young novelist, has left an irradicably pessimistic impress upon his writings. His first work to receive recognition was a volume of tales published in 1905, when Artzybashev was twenty-six years old. Among his novels published the same year were "The Revolt," "Ensign Golobov," "Lande's Death" and "The Wife." A number of other works were also published before the appearance of "Sanin" in 1907. But this,

his "masterpiece" was actually written in 1903, when Mikhail Artzybashev was only twenty-four years old, in the most intensely creative period of his career.

Professor Phelps has informed us that this book is a bold attempt "to marshal the animal instincts of humanity, terrifically strong as they are even in the best citizens, against every moral and prudential restraint." There is in the doctrine of the books, we are told, something of Nietzsche and more of Rousseau. "Sanin" is, declares Mr. Phelps, the boldest attack upon Christianity yet to be found in a novel. Sinister and damnable as it is, the same writer points out the extraordinary skill that has gone into the creation of the book. "I am sorry that such a book as 'Sanin' has ever been written," writes Phelps, "but it cannot be blackballed out of the republic of letters. The style has that simplicity and directness so characteristic of Russian realism."

The glorification of the body and the

sensuality and voluptuousness which permeate the pages of "Sanin" may be as much the emanation of tuberculosis, according to William Lyon Phelps, as of honest mental conviction. But it is to be noted that in spite of the insistence upon tuberculosis, Mikhail Artzybashev has been an unusually prolific and creative spirit in Russian letters. "Sanin" brought him early renown, but did not cause him to slacken or cease his activities. In 1908 he published a book entitled "A Million" and a new volume of short stories. In 1909 he published "Free Love," "Justice," "The Story of the Old Attorney" and more short stories; and in 1910 a book entitled "Pasha Tumanov."

The most sensational of Artzybashev's books since "Sanin" is "At the Very Limit," which was recently published in the Zemlia Almanach of Moscow. The first part of the book, E. Semenov informs us in the *Mercure de France*, is a symphony of Death and Love. The second and third parts of

the novel are even more lugubrious. M. Semenov writes as follows:

"It ceases to be a symphony, but instead an orgy of death. The young girl Lisa—one of those whom the hero of the novel, the painter Mikhailov, seduces easily or by force one after the other—throws herself in the water and is thus destroyed; the gardener kills himself by a pistol shot; the official Ryskov hangs himself; the officer Trenev cuts his own throat with a razor; the student Tchij hangs himself, etcetera, etcetera. And finally the hero himself, the conquering male, in the beginning all for the joy of life, at least regains his self-possession, after the death of his victim Lisa, and comes to understand 'not only the vanity but the emptiness of life,' and commits suicide—he as well as the rest! An impression of emptiness and disgust gets hold of you as you read this novel, and you ask yourself, along with a good many of the Russian critics, why Artzybashev wastes so much talent and 'fine writing' on pure loss, for these last productions really present nothing worth while."

ROBERT CHANLER—AMERICA'S MOST IMAGINATIVE DECORATOR

A BUST of Robert W. Chanler by his friend Henry Clews, Jr., shows the American decorator hugging a monkey to his breast, tightly enough to crush it. The muscles of his neck are taut and swollen, his expression one of physical strength and determination.

Mr. Clews, says Frank Crowninshield in *Vanity Fair*, was perhaps poking a little fun at his friend and allowing his satirical vein to run rampant. Yet on the other hand, the sculptor may have been trying to express in symbolical fashion that direct and emphatic contact with Nature in its most bizarre and barbaric forms that seems to be the chief inspiration of Chanler's screens and mural decorations. Underneath their fantastic and decorative qualities is evident not only a

concrete but almost a scientific appreciation of the fundamental facts of wild and tropic nature. The explorer and the ethnologist is expressing himself almost as eloquently as the decorator.

Mr. Crowninshield admits that the Clews bust does not shoot wide of the mark.

"Among our painters," he declares, "Mr. Chanler stands a physical giant, a veritable ogre for work, and a restless and almost naïve independent whose work breathes energy.

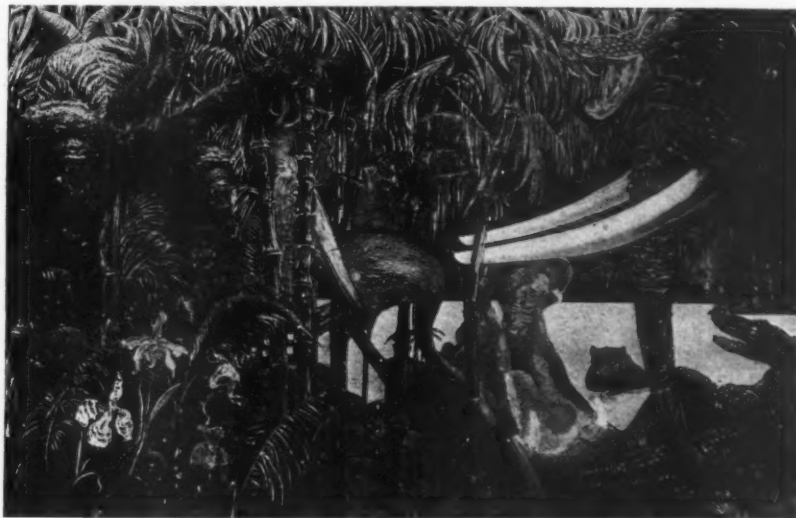
so ago when the doors of the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory were opened upon that extraordinary exhibition of modern post-impressionistic art."

The "animal activity" here mentioned evidently refers to Chanler's explorations in all parts of the world and his first-hand studies of Nature

in her most extravagant forms. Not the least interesting and productive of these, we are informed, was a sojourn in the Arizona desert, where he discovered the strange and desperate manifestations of life. One spot he has described as "a land of death," a region in which animal life became an unceasing violent drama. Chanler has a peculiar predilection for the macabre; and no talent could have been more adequate than his to convey the spirit of this dreadful spot,

where at a dried water-hole huge buzzards fed greedily upon the bodies of sheep that had dropped dead from thirst.

Altho Chanler's screens and deco-



THAT MOUTH MADE ART

"And when he looked again it was a hippopotamus. 'If this thing stays to lunch,' he said, 'there won't be much for us.'" In the Jungle screen here reproduced, Robert W. Chanler has revealed the decorative possibilities in color and line of the forbidding mouth of a hippopotamus. The brilliant blood-colored gaping mouth strikes the keynote in this brilliant fantasy of an African forest.

His impressive screens, his tremendous decorations, representing an enormous amount of animal as well as esthetic activity, only became known to the general public in New York a year or



A SNAKE DANCE

Here is an imaginative interpretation of one of the ceremonial dances of the Hopi Indians of the western desert. It is one of the most brilliant examples of Robert W. Chanler's realistic manner. It is the result of a long sojourn among the tribes of the Arizona desert, and in the original it is saturated with the sultry atmosphere of the primitive folk.

rations created a sensation at the now historical International Exhibition of 1913, as the writer in *Vanity Fair* points out, it would be wrong to classify his art as post-impressionistic. It is decoration; and if Mr. Chanler conforms to any rules, it is to those of decorative art. He dispenses with the principles of perspective, aiming with all decorators to keep his work in a single plane. He claims first and foremost to be a decorator, with none of the conventional aims of the painters on canvas. Says Mr. Crowninshield:

"Most painters owe all but themselves to their predecessors, ancient or modern,—to the art of the painted canvas. Mr. Chandler owes little excepting quality to the artists before him. If the major part of his art has any ancestry it is to be found in Persian rugs, in Japanese prints, or in old missals. He is an Oriental, as barbaric as Bakst, as rich in color and invention as any animal rug—the Yerkes' one, for example. Indeed, the forms of his conventionalized animals suggest some of the figures in that famous carpet, while his flower pieces, more sturdy in line and fuller in color, would seem to descend from the best work of the Japanese, not only of modern but of ancient times as well."

Perhaps the only artist with whom Chanler may be compared is the Frenchman Odilon Redon, who, like Chanler, has combined realism and

imagination to a remarkable degree, and has been an indefatigable student of what may be termed artistic biology. Some of Redon's studies of flowers resemble weird, uncanny animals, an effect similar to that produced by the works of Chanler in which he makes skilful use (as in the giraf screen) of



THE WAVE

Here is a decorative treatment of the structural qualities of the wave which Chanler has put into one of his screens. Even here we discover his overwhelming interest in natural life, even tho these fishes seem to be crowding each other into the picture.

the decorative unity of animals and their environment. But it is only in the similarity of vision that these two artists can be compared.

Chanler has revealed versatility both in subject and manner. One of his most interesting feats in mural decoration is the polo decoration for the house of Mr. Joseph B. Thomas. Without sacrificing decorative values, the artist in this series—even on the same canvas—succeeded in representing in graphic fashion the "game of kings" as played in the earliest times and the thrilling sport that it has become to-day. Elsewhere he had made masterly use of the decorative elements of New York's sky - scrapers and bridges.

The latest phase of Chanler's talent is displayed in his sketches for stage decorations, which have lately been exhibited in the first display of stage decorations in the new manner. This exhibition was held in New York City last month under the auspices of the Committee of Mercy, for the benefit of the victims of the continental war.

With his keen appreciation of decorative values, Chanler does not make the mistake of most studio artists who occasionally attempt stage decorations and look upon the stage only as an enlarged canvas to be painted upon. Chanler has in fact been a tireless worker in providing picturesque back-grounds for interesting people, and has realized that the problem of the stage decorator of to-day is one that differs not essentially from his own.

THE MYSTERY OF JOHN TREVENA'S PUZZLING GENIUS

OUT OF every hundred novels published during the year, we read in the book review of the New York *Times*, at least seventy-five are advertized as "big." "Out of the

seventy-five there are occasionally two or three which actually deserve to be thus classified, and among these few rank the works of that very unusual writer, John Trevena." Other reviewers have been likewise impressed by the novels of Trevena, which are being published in the United States in rapid succession by Mitchell Kennerley. The Boston *Herald* sets him beside Galsworthy, De Morgan, Bennett and Wells, and thinks that "the uniform quality of his work will place him above any of these." Other critics are equally enthusiastic.

The personality of Trevena has been veiled in mystery, either by himself or by his publishers. We are informed that he is a man of forty, that ill health forced him out of the smoky, tainted air of English towns, and that he became a voluntary exile in a little isolated cabin on the heights of Dartmoor. There he has dwelt for a number of years. He first won the admiration of the critics with a trilogy of Dartmouth life and nature. These novels were entitled "Furze the Cruel," "Heather" and "Granite." His aim was thus explained in a prefatory note: "Almost everywhere on Dartmoor are Furze, Heather and Granite. The Furze seems to suggest cruelty, the Heather endurance and the Granite strength. The Furze is destroyed by fire, but grows again; the Heather is torn by winds, but blossoms again; the Granite is worn away imperceptibly by the rain."

These books are strikingly reminiscent of Thomas Hardy's works, Nature in them being treated never of secondary importance, and always of a sinister dynamic power. The structure of the books is not that of a single unit; instead they are a vivid patchwork of color, brilliant portraiture, flashes of drama, amazing if sometimes purposeless observation, and not infrequently the commonplace of the mediocre novel. The latest novel of Trevena's to be discussed is "Wintering Hay" (Kennerley). In reviewing it, E. F. Edgett in the Boston *Transcript* points out some of the weaknesses of Trevena's work:

"He writes with the freedom of one who is independent of all the rules and regulations of fiction. He seems indeed deliberately to rebel against them, and to be striving to make his stories chaotic and formless. It is difficult, even impossible, at times to follow him intel-

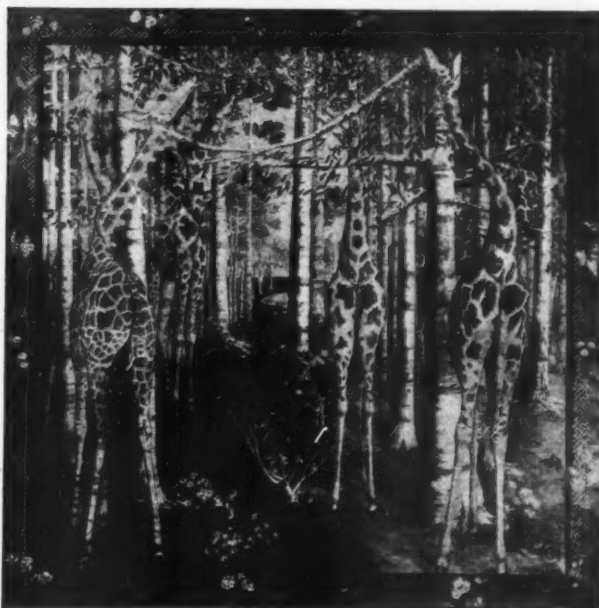
than of emphasis. Characteristic of his strength and vividness in narration is the passage in which Cyril, the hero of "Wintering Hay," breaks his bonds of companionship with a profligate wretch in London:

"A body went violently against the railings, swayed there one instant like a rag on a thorn-bush, toppled and fell upon the stone step of a house in darkness; while Cyril stood, dazed and stupid, staring at it, wondering what had happened and what act of God had torn that figure from him and flung it upon the stones, giving him freedom—yet how could he leave the man who had at least dealt fairly with him, and had shared in all things; how could he escape and carry with him the memory of the poor creature, homeless, drunken, exposed upon the stones? Cyril made a forward step; another moment and he would have given way, have lifted the wretch and taken him to his attic and placed him upon his own bed, and bound himself with that fallen man forever; but Case stirred, raised his face with a moan, then fell back against the steps; and the light from a street-lamp fell upon him, upon the awful face, upon the breast exposed by the break-

ing open of rotten garments, upon the bones of a skeleton, upon horror, upon death. This was what life could bestow on the man who went in the wrong direction and persevered that way, and thought in his madness he had found the path which led to happiness and the perfect gift. The bond was broken."

Trevena's work has been often compared to that of Eden Philpotts. An eye and a tongue for the grandeur and beauty of a natural scene in which human figures have their place, a sort of Olympian humor, an appreciation of the littleness and dearness and fundamental wholesomeness of man are qualities *The Nation* discovers in both writers. But *The Nation* does not find the healthy optimism of Philpotts in the novels of John Trevena.

"Even at the outset he wandered perilously near the line that divides what is grim from what is morbid. His realism lacked the balance-wheel of health which has protected the realism of Mr. Philpotts in the most desperate conditions. Often a young author (Trevena is not very young, but his authorship may still be called so) grows into such health. This one appears to have lost all chance of it. The confused fanciful melancholy of 'Bracken,' its misdirected or undirected ardor of imagination, its moral impotence, are to be found again, if less repellingly, in 'Wintering Hay.'"



ADAPTATION

An illustration of the felicity with which Nature lends her vegetation to the idiosyncrasies of the giraf's salient physical characteristic, the discovery being not ours but that of Robert W. Chanler.

ligently, and more than once during the course of his long novels the reader wonders whether Mr. Trevena is not losing himself in a maze of human complications and wandering hither and thither in a vain effort to extricate himself. Is his peculiar manner simply a conscious and persistent effort to reproduce the chaos of life, or is it due to his inability skilfully to avail himself of the resources of that constructive technique which every novelist should have at his command? These are the questions that we are continually asking during a reading of Mr. Trevena's novels.

"From 'Furze the Cruel' to 'Wintering Hay,' as Mr. Trevena's novels have come to us from England, we have been in a constant state of bewilderment. At successive moments during our reading of him he appears to be a genius and a charlatan, an artist and an incompetent, a man of great knowledge and a man of little wisdom. But never at any time is there doubt of his originality or a suspicion that his work is not the expression of a unique individuality. He himself is a mystery."

Trevena, we must conclude, surpasses at individual portraiture, giving words free rein when he describes one of his carefully studied characters of Dartmoor. "His isolated episodes glow with a colorful significance," writes Mr. Edgett. If at times he fails to convince, his sin is one of omission rather

A DUEL IN THE SKY—AN INCIDENT OF THE RAID UPON PARIS

This is a narrative of the war that Jules Verne should have lived to read. It is, however, no creation of the imagination. It is a true narrative simply but dramatically told by the aviator who figured in the thrilling incident. It takes its place alongside the account by Capt. Weddigen of the raid by his submarine U-9 upon the British cruisers (published by us in November) as one of the narratives of this war destined to live long after the guns have ceased to roar. This account first appeared in the *Berlin Tageblatt*, from which it was taken by the *N. Y. Evening Post* and translated as below. The name of the aviator is not revealed. His account is dated as follows: "Bivouac in Orto, September 10, 1914."

GOD be thanked! After a veritable Odyssey I am at last joined again this noon to my division. To be sure, my wanderings were not much to be wondered at, for, during my absence, my troop had advanced about sixty-five kilometers in a southwesterly direction. All the more joyfully, however, was I greeted on all sides, for I had already been given up after an absence of more than four days; and, indeed, I myself wondered, as I made my report to my commander, that Jack Death had so allowed me to slip through his fingers.

ON THE morning of the 6th of September, I had ascended from D— with the commission to report the positions of the enemy at S— and F— and to make charts of the opposing forces which I observed. First Lieut. K— went with me as a guest on the flight, and my brave biplane soon bore us at an altitude of about 800 meters above the hostile positions, which were repeatedly sketched and photographed from aloft. As we had expected, we were soon the objective of a lively bombardment, and several times I felt a trembling of the machine, already well known to me, a sign that a shot had struck one of the wings. After a three hours' flight we were able to give our report at the office of the General Staff of the — army at M—, and earned for it the warmest praise and half of a broiled chicken and an excellent Havana.

As I was making my "Kiste" ready for flight again in the afternoon, with the help of several drivers of the General Staff auto—that is to say, refilling the benzine tank and carefully patching with linen the places where shots had pierced—I counted four of them, one in the body and three in the wings—a Bavarian officer of the General Staff informed me that he would be glad to observe the retreat of the English along the great military road toward M—. I prepared the machine at once, and ascended at about four o'clock in the afternoon with Major G—, the aforementioned General Staff officer.

FOLLOWING the road, it was at once obvious that the retreat of the English was a disorderly one, absolutely without plan, that it had apparently occurred to the troops to reach the fortified positions at Paris as soon as possible, and there to make their stand.

At Paris! My flying companion shouted something into my face. Altho the noise of the motor drowned it out, I believed that I nevertheless un-

derstood what he meant. I glanced at the benzine indicator. I had sufficient fuel. Then I held a direct course to the south, and after a period of about half an hour we saw ahead of us in the gray distance, far, far below, the gray, immeasurable sea of stone that was the chief city of France. At a speed of a hundred kilometers an hour we rushed toward it. It became clearer and plainer. The chain of forts, St. Denis, Montmartre, stood out; from the haze there raised itself the filigree framework of the Eiffel tower. And now—now we hover over the mellow panorama of Paris.

THERE lay the white church of Sacré Cœur, there the Gare du Nord, from which the French thought to leave for across the Rhine; there Notre Dame, there the old "Boul Mich," the Boulevard St. Michel, in the Latin Quarter, where I Bohemianized so long as an art student, and over which I now flew as a conqueror. Unprotected beneath me lay the heart of the enemy, the proud glittering Babel of the Seine. The thought of everything hateful, always attached to the great city, was swallowed up; an emotion of possession, of power, alone remained. And doubly joyful we felt ourselves. Doubly conquerors! In a great circle I swept over the sea of houses. In the streets raised itself a murmuring of the people, whom the bold "German bird" astonished, who cannot understand how the Germans are turning the French discovery to their own service more cleverly and advantageously than the French themselves.

FOR nearly an hour we had been flying in swoops and had been shot at vainly from here and there below us, when there approached in extremely rapid flight from the direction of Juvisy a French monoplane. Since it was much faster than my biplane, I must turn and seek to escape, while the major made ready my rifle and reached for his revolver. The monoplane came steadily closer and closer; I sought to reach an altitude of 2,000 meters, in order to reach the protecting clouds, but my pursuer, on whom we constantly kept an eye, climbed more rapidly than we. And came always closer and closer. And suddenly I saw at a distance of only about 500 meters still a second biplane, attempting to block my way.

Now it was time to act. In an instant my companion had grasped the situation. I darted at the flyer before us; then a turn—the major raised the rifle to his cheek. Once, twice, thrice,

he fired. Then the hostile machine, now beside us, and hardly a hundred meters away, quivered and then fell like a stone. Our other pursuer had in the meantime reached a position almost over us, and was shooting at us with revolvers. One bullet struck in the body close beside the fuel controller. Then, however, impenetrable mist enfolded us protectingly; and the clouds separated us from the enemy, the sound of whose motor grew ever more distant.

When we came out again from the sea of clouds, it was toward seven o'clock. In order to get our position, we descended, but suddenly there began to burst before us and behind us and beside us roaring shrapnel shells. I found myself still always over hostile positions and exposed to French artillery. "The devil to pay again!" Ever madder grew the fire! I noticed that the machine received blow after blow, but held cold-bloodedly to my course; at the time, it did not come into my mind that all that these little pointed pieces of steel meant death and destruction. Something in mankind remains untouched by knowledge and logic!

THERE—suddenly before me, a yellow-white burst of flame! The machine bounds upward; at the same time the major shrinks together, blood runs from his shoulder, the wiring of one of the wings is shattered. To be sure, the motor still booms and thunders as before, but the propeller fails. An exploding grenade had knocked it to pieces, torn one of the wings to shreds, and smashed the major's shoulder. Steeply my machine sinks to the ground. By calling up all my power, I succeed in getting the machine into a gliding flight, and I throw the biplane down into the tops of the forest trees. Crashing break the branches and tree crowns. I strike heavily, and know no more what goes on around me.

When I wake again from my unconsciousness, I find Major G. lying beside me on the ground, in the midst of a group of Landwehr men. German outposts had recognized me as a friend, and had forced their way into the woods, altho only in small numbers, to protect me. Major G. had suffered a severe injury to his shoulder, which made it necessary to transfer him to the nearest field hospital. I, however, had only sustained a bruise on my leg, and after the application of an emergency bandage remained with the outpost, later to find my way, by all possible—and some impossible—means of transportation, back to my troop.

VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

VOLUMES of poetry have been descending upon us in the last month like a veritable deluge. When to them are added the scores of war poems, we feel as tho we had been swimming in a vast sea of verse whose metrical tides are beginning to daunt us. We are inclined to hold George P. Brett, of Macmillan Company, responsible for it all. That interview with him six months ago, in which he talked about the "boom in poetry," aroused in us a premonition of disaster. If the new volumes were only worthless we would know what to do. We could ignore them and go on our way with an easy conscience. But there are so many that merit attention, and—we feel it in our bones—there are so many more on the way, that we are hopeless of satisfying our conscience. Here is a partial list of the new books worthy of consideration:

BEYOND THE BREAKERS. By George Sterling. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.
 OPEN WATER. By Arthur Stringer. John Lane Co.
 THE CRY OF YOUTH. By Harry Kemp. Mitchell Kennerley.
 THE LITTLE KING. By Witter Bynner. Mitchell Kennerley.
 POEMS OF PROBLEMS. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. W. B. Conkey Co.
 SWORD BLADES AND POPPY SEED. By Amy Lowell. Macmillan.
 EARTH TRIUMPHANT. By Conrad Aiken. Macmillan.
 IN DEEP PLACES. By Amelia Josephine Burr. George H. Doran Co.
 THE GRAND CANYON. By Henry Van Dyke. Scribners.
 YOU AND I. By Harriet Monroe. Macmillan.
 TREES AND OTHER POEMS. By Joyce Kilmer. George H. Doran Co.
 ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. Scribners.
 POEMS. By Edward Sandford Martin. Scribners.
 LUX JUVENTUTIS. By Katherine A. Esdaille. Houghton Mifflin Co.
 THE FALCONER OF GOD. By William Rose Benet. Yale University Press.
 ERIS. By Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff. Moffat, Yard & Co.
 AMERICA AND OTHER POEMS. By W. J. Dawson. John Lane Co.
 BORDERLANDS AND THOROFARES. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Macmillan.

Nearly all these poets have been made known to our readers from time to time. They are all worth while. If, as Professor Woodberry has said, "the nation's poets are its true owners," the names above are those of large landed proprietors.

The war poems continue to be, for the most part, poems of peace, at least those which come from the bards of this country and Great Britain. One notable poem comes from Germany, however, that drips with war-poison.

It is fairly terrific in its intensity of hate. It rings like steel on steel. It was published originally in the *Jugend*, and the translation below was published in the *N. Y. Times*:

A CHANT OF HATE.

BY ERNEST LISSAUER.

Rendered into English verse by Barbara Henderson.

FRENCH and Russian, they matter not;
 A blow for a blow, and a shot for a shot;
 We love them not, we hate them not.
 We hold the Weichsel and Vosges-gate,
 We have but one and only hate,
 We love as one, we hate as one,
 We have one foe and one alone.
 He is known to you all, he is known to you all!
 He crouches behind the dark gray flood,
 Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,
 Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.

Come, let us stand at the Judgment place.
 An oath to swear to, face to face,
 An oath of bronze no wind can shake,
 An oath for our sons and their sons to take.

Come, hear the word, repeat the word,
 Throughout the Fatherland make it heard:

We will never forego our hate,
 We have all but a single hate,
 We love as one, we hate as one,
 We have one foe and one alone—
 ENGLAND!

In the Captain's Mess, in the banquet-hall,
 Sat feasting the officers, one and all,
 Like a saber-blow, like the swing of a sail,

One seized his glass held high to hail;
 Sharp-snapped like the stroke of a ruler's play,
 Spoke three words only: "To the Day!"

Whose glass this fate?
 They had all but a single hate.
 Who was thus known?
 They had one foe and one alone—
 ENGLAND!

Take you the folk of the Earth in pay,
 With bars of gold your ramparts lay,
 Bedeck the ocean with bow on bow,
 Ye reckon well, but not well enough now.
 French and Russian they matter not:
 A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot.
 We fight the battle with bronze and steel,
 And the time that is coming Peace will seal.

You will we hate with a lasting hate!
 We will never forego our hate.
 Hate by water and hate by land,
 Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
 Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
 Hate of seventy millions, choking down.
 We love as one, we hate as one,
 We have one foe and one alone—
 ENGLAND!

Mr. Chesterton's fine poem is of a different sort. It has an intensity almost equal to that of Lissauer's chant,

but it has not the same martial ring. It first appeared in *The New Witness*, and is one of the selection of "Poems of the Great War" published by Chatto & Windus, London:

THE WIFE OF FLANDERS.

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.

LOW and brown barns, thatched and repatched and tattered,
 Where I had seven sons until to-day—
 A little hill of hay your spur has scattered. . . .

This is not Paris. You have lost your way.

You, staring at your sword to find it brittle,
 Surprised at the surprise that was your plan,
 Who, shaking and breaking barriers not a little,
 Find never more the death-door of Sedan.

Must I for more than carnage call you claimant,
 Pay you a penny for each son you slay?
 Man, the whole globe in gold were no repayment
 For what you have lost. And how shall I repay?

What is the price of that red spark that caught me
 From a kind farm that never had a name?
 What is the price of that dead man they brought me?
 For other dead men do not look the same.

How should I pay for one poor graven steeple
 Whereon you shattered what you shall not know?
 How should I pay you, miserable people?
 How should I pay you everything you owe?

Unhappy, can I give you back your honor?
 Tho I forgave, would any man forget?
 While all our great green earth has, trampled on her,
 The treason and terror of the night we met.

Not any more in vengeance or in pardon,
 One old wife bargains for a bean that's hers.
 You have no word to break; no heart to harden.
 Ride on and prosper. You have lost your spurs.

Miss Monroe's little magazine, *Poetry*, in its October number, introduces a new poet who gives us a series of wonderfully interesting "Songs of the Coast Dwellers." They are all good and they open up a rich vein that has been but little worked, despite the fact that Longfellow showed us years ago, in "Hiawatha," how productive it could

be made. There are nine of the "Songs," of which we can reprint but one:

SONG OF THE LITTLE SON.

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER.

HEAR me! I shout, "Ki-Ki-y!"
See me! I shake my little spear!
I am Leqa-a-to'q, the Little Son—
The strong little, swift little, fierce little
Son of the Chief.
Ki! Ki-Ki-y!
When I stamp my mighty little foot, my
mother weeps;
She fears me, she trembles;
(Also old Bi'iq, my grandmother.)
The earth trembles, the sea shakes;
My little foot, stamping, rocks all the
canoes of the world.
The clouds, like screaming windy birds,
Fly, fly before my little willow-bow.
The eagles screech, leaping to the pine-
tops,
When they see me fit my sparkling red-
feathered little arrow
To my gleaming bowstring.
Running on the beach above the glisten-
ing bay,
For sport, I shake my tall little spear—
Ok—Ki! see the great shadows on the
sea!
Kok-wats-Tyee, old Salmon-Chief,
Beckons with his tail all other fishes
And dives to the bottom of the world!
He fears me! Ki-Ki-Ki-y!

Tlet-la, the fisher, calls from his big
canoe,
Where my father's twenty tribesmen
paddle,
"O Leqa-a-to'q! Little Son! we pray
thee,
No longer shake thy frightening spear!
If thou scare all the salmon from the sea,
How shall we eat dried fish when winter
dances?
Thy tribe will die!"
Ai!—the sweet smoked fish! I hide my
spear;
Once more the sea is full of salmon,
Swimming to the fishers' nets.
I run among the berry bushes,
Crying my fierce "Ki-Ki-y!"—
And laugh to see the wild wolves fleeing.

See Me! I jump the biggest log—
Ki-Ki-Ki-y!—
My stuck-out little fingers pierced the sky!
"Leqa-a-to'q!" . . . Who calls? . . .
(Ho! 'tis but my trembling mother.)
When the beach crawled longly down
To the low sea, at morn,
With my sharp hunting little knife
I killed the fat Father of the Clams!
. . . "Leqa-a-a-to'q!" . . . (Ho? ai-ai?
. . . Angrily she calls me!)
Farewell, slaves:
I hear the loud voice of the Great Chief's
Great Woman calling,—
The high voice of the Great Chief's great
Little Son's great Mother.
"Leqa-a-a-to'q—co-omes!"
See Me!
Grinding, flashing, my long, white, many,
fierce little teeth,
I run, I run, I run—Ki-Ki-Ki-y!—
To eat my big little supper.

What the London *Athenaeum* de-
scribes as "the greatest poem inspired

by a bird since Shelley's 'Skylark,'" is
the following. Its author, we learn
with pleasure, is to pay a visit to the
United States next month:

THE THRUSH BEFORE DAWN.

BY ALICE MEYNELL.

A VOICE peals in this end of night
A phrase of notes resembling
stars,
Single and spiritual notes of light.
What call they at my window-bars?
The South, the past, the day to be,
An ancient infelicity.

Darkling, deliberate, what sings
This wonderful one, alone, at peace?
What wilder things than song, what things
Sweeter than youth, clearer than Greece,
Dearer than Italy, untold
Delight, and freshness centuries old?

And first first-loves, a multitude,
The exaltation of their pain;
Ancestral childhood long renewed;
And midnights of invisible rain;
And gardens, gardens, night and day,
Gardens and childhood all the way.

What Middle Ages passionate,
O passionate voice! What distant bells
Lodged in the hills, what palace state
Illyrian! For it speaks, it tells,
Without desire, without dismay,
Some morrow, and some yesterday.

All—natural things! But more—whence
came
This yet remoter mystery?
How do these starry notes proclaim
A graver still divinity?
This hope, this sanctity of fear?
O innocent throat! O human ear!

None among our younger choir, as
we may have remarked before, is in
our opinion going to go farther and
last longer than Joyce Kilmer. His
poetry is adorably free from hysteria
and hectic passion, but it warms like a
glowing camp-fire in October. He can
and does make real poems out of a
railway time-table, a delicatessen shop
and a grocer's boy. So many of the
best things in his "Trees and Other
Poems" (Geo. H. Doran Co.) have
been reprinted by us from the maga-
zines ("Martin," for instance, and
"Trees" and "Old Poets") that we se-
lect now one not quite the best or most
characteristic, but very striking, never-
theless:

MADNESS.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

THE lonely farm, the crowded street,
The palace and the slum,
Give welcome to my silent feet
As, bearing gifts, I come.

Last night a beggar crouched alone,
A ragged, helpless thing;
I set him on a moonlight throne—
To-day he is a king.

Last night a king in orb and crown
Held court with splendid cheer;
To-day he tears his purple gown
And moans and shrieks in fear.

Not iron bars, nor flashing spears,
Not land, nor sky, nor sea,
Nor love's artillery of tears
Can keep mine own from me.

Serene, unchanging, ever fair,
I smile with secret mirth
And in a net of mine own hair
I swing the captive earth.

Miss Harriet Munroe dips her poetic
pen in the blood of her brain more
often than in that of her heart. In her
new volume, "You and I" (Macmillan),
we find ourselves admiring many things
—"The Turbine," for instance, and
"Our Canal"—but not emotionally
stirred. In reading the following, how-
ever, we find an effective appeal both
to the emotions and the intellect:

THE SHADOW-CHILD.

BY HARRIET MONROE.

WHY do the wheels go whirring
round,
Mother, mother?
Oh, mother, are they giants
bound,
And will they growl forever?

Yes, fiery giants underground,
Daughter, little daughter,
Forever turn the wheels around,
And rumble-grumble ever.

Why do I pick the threads all day,
Mother, mother?
While sunshine children are at play?
And must I work forever?
Yes, shadow-child; the livelong day,
Daughter, little daughter,
Your hands must pick the threads away,
And feel the sunshine never.

Why do the birds sing in the sun,
Mother, mother,
If all day long I run and run,
Run with the wheels forever?

The birds may sing till day is done,
Daughter, little daughter,
But with the wheels your feet must run—
Run with the wheels forever.

Why do I feel so tired each night,
Mother, mother?
The wheels are always buzzing bright;
Do they grow sleepy never?

Oh, baby-thing, so soft and white,
Daughter, little daughter,
The big wheels grind us in their might,
And they will grind forever.

And is the white thread never spun,
Mother, mother?
And is the white cloth never done,
For you and me done never?

Oh, yes, our thread will all be spun,
Daughter, little daughter,
When we lie down out in the sun,
And work no more forever.

And when will come that happy day,
Mother, mother?
Oh, shall we laugh and sing and play,
Out in the sun forever?

Nay, shadow-child, we'll rest all day,
Daughter, little daughter,
Where green grass grows and roses gay,
There in the sun forever.

THE BUSINESS WORLD

ANNOUNCEMENT.—We have made arrangements with Mr. Harold A. Holmes, former editor of *The Caxton*, to take editorial charge of this department, beginning with the January number.—Editor CURRENT OPINION.

DEVELOPING THE FIGHTING EDGE IN BUSINESS

BUSINESS is a fight. It may be a fair fight or a foul fight, but it is always a fight of some sort. The love of money and what it will bring is, of course, one of the incentives; but the love of conflict is a greater incentive. It is the latter that keeps a Hariman or a Hill in the game long after he has amassed more money than he knows what to do with.

So true is this that Professor William James long ago pointed to business, and the outlet it gives to the fighting instinct, as a substitute for war that might yet prove efficacious in bringing about universal peace among the nations. Now Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University, makes a similar discovery. Free trade, so he suggests, is the world's alternative to war. Others have found the world-struggle for industrial supremacy to be a pregnant cause for war. Professor Giddings considers it a preventive, if only a fair field and no favor can once be secured. Speaking before the Institute of Arts and Sciences last month he said:

"One thing stands forth clearly. Peoples and civilizations grow. They are supreme manifestations of the will to live. They must then have place to live and room to grow. Hemmed in and denied, they burst their barriers, exploding in the wrath of war. Only two ways have been found in human experience so far to provide for expansion by a virile people developing into characteristic civilization. One is the acquisition of territory by conquest or purchase, the other is the removal of commercial barriers. Or, to put it more bluntly and unequivocally, the choice is between war and free trade. There are some millions of men and women in the United States and elsewhere who do not believe this or will not admit it. They will be forced by the facts of life and history to admit it. Until they are ready for world-wide free trade they will merely waste their breath in praying for world peace."

THIS fighting edge or love of conflict in men is often made a most important factor in the success of a business and when it is roused there comes that spirit of enthusiasm and determination which recognizes no obstacle. The vocabulary of such an organization does not contain the word dull. At the present time, when busi-

ness men are inclined to wallow in the slough of despond and think that owing to the Democratic tariff, or the attitude of the Interstate Commerce Commission toward the railroads, or the European war, they cannot hope to do any business, an interview in *System* with Walter H. Cottingham, president of the Sherwin-Williams Company under the heading, "The Stimulus of Breaking Records," is particularly timely and instructive. It is evident that Mr. Cottingham is a master of the art of developing the fighting edge as a driving force in his business. He tells of a particular sales campaign which he organized in a period of depression, and which was so effective that it succeeded in breaking the records of a progressive concern at a time when businessmen generally thought that there was no prospect of making sales. Behind the campaign for greater sales was the driving power of three every-day motives:

"First, there was a desire on the part of the management to dispel the idea in the minds of the organization, both in the home office and in the field and in the minds of dealers and the trade generally, that times were dull, or at any rate that just because times were a little dull it was necessary for the organization to lean back, make little effort, and expect to see a slump in comparative sales figures."

THE second purpose was, to inject into the organization the thought that there were still records to be broken; that the old leaders who had made records in the past decade were expecting the new members of the organization to make their records, and were ready to encourage and support them. Says Mr. Cottingham:

"Sometimes it is not recognized that the danger in any organization is that the leaders, from the president down, get to a time in their careers when they can look back and say, 'at this-and-this time we broke records, at this-and-this time we accomplished great results; we have built up this great organization, which is a fine and prosperous thing.' The point is not so much that these leaders will rest on their laurels—for that they have a right to do—but rather that the younger men who have come into the organization since these leaders made their mark do not have their chance in turn to break records and make careers, and that there-

fore the organization will in time retrograde both in its personnel and the volume of its business."

The third motive behind the campaign was the very practical idea that the company ought to be doing more business; that something had to be done to prevent the slump, and not only keep up the volume of business but actually increase it, depression or no depression.

On this basis the forward movement in sales was initiated. The planning of the entire movement, and especially the working out of details, was left by the president much more to the organization than in any other movement, because he found such an unexpected response to his suggestions. This response proved, too, that the psychological result was the most important of all.

YOUNG men, Mr. Cottingham believes, are essential to the progress and vitality of a business. No man, he holds, should keep his nose on the grindstone all his life. He says of the policy of his company:

"The men who are the tried leaders in the business to-day are men over forty and mostly over forty-five. They have done great things. Everybody is willing to grant it. They have made records and broken their own records; they have built up not only a great organization and profitable business but also an efficient organization. They have reached a treble conclusion: first, they have made their careers, whether it be as president of the company or district manager; second, they have attained to a certain amount of monetary wealth, each in his sphere; and, third, from the president down they come to a point where they eventually consider that, from the money viewpoint and from the viewpoint of their age, they need no longer make, nor should they be called upon to make, those records which involve strenuous work, nerve vitality and so on."

"But the business is a continuous thing and must progress. The business cannot progress without these forward movements, and these forward movements cannot take place unless there are men in the business who have records and careers to make. The younger generation in the business cannot reach the efficiency of the present leaders, cannot contribute the parts which their generation should contribute, unless they have these 'stunts'

put up to them, and unless there is put upon them the necessity for making extra effort and making records.

"Conversely, also, the organization would not continue to attract the best brains in its recruits, at any rate would not develop the best in its younger members, unless it did keep on expanding and

making these special efforts and breaking records."

Therefore Mr. Cottingham concludes, when the head of the business is arriving at a time when he spends four months on vacation, and no longer feels the personal impetus to break records,

and realizes that there are other men who are in the same position, then some other force must be developed that will contribute intensity and enthusiasm. He finds that force in the young men with their careers yet to be made.

DUST AND NOISE—THE LITTLE HOLES WHERE PROFITS LEAK THROUGH

AN IMPORTANT feature of the modern efficiency movement is the searching out of small wastes, which are generally regarded as mere inconveniences incidental to our system of doing things, but which in their aggregate effect upon countless human workers bring a large total of inefficiency, exhaustion and poor health. James H. Collins, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, tells of the effect of minor wastes of dust, noise and vibration and the remedies for these wastes. He "gets down to cases" in the following manner:

"In a large department store, housed in a group of old buildings thrown together to get space as the business grew, the damage from dust and soot was a definite loss item, appearing on the books as depreciation of goods and high cost for cleaning. A new building was erected for the business, equipped with a modern dust-prevention system. Direct savings paid for this system in a year or two.

"In a big shoe factory the superintendent was worried by 'cripples,' which are shoes rejected at the final inspection for defects, caused chiefly through the soiling of fancy leathers and fabrics. Shoe fashions have run persistently to light-colored leathers and fine fabrics lately, and the cripple loss on these millinery shoes is very high. When the superintendent dealt with this difficulty as a dust problem he was able not only to reduce the losses but to raise the wages.

"In breweries, creameries, canning plants, yeast factories, packing houses, and in every business where food is handled, dust means direct lowering of quality, if not actual spoiling. In running pneumatic drills, hammers and riveters, cooling motors, dynamos and other machinery, dust elimination greatly lengthens machine life. Damage to goods and equipment is only part of the dust losses in business; for in mines, flour mills, and other places where dusty operations are carried on, there is constant danger from dust explosions."

TO KEEP all the dust out of a building where it is making trouble, says Mr. Collins, the expert sets to washing all the air that enters. It sounds to the layman like an impossible task, but it is comparatively easy. Here is the way it is done:

"Ten or twelve years ago a palatial new hotel was opened in the city of New York. One of its famous luxuries was a ten-thousand-dollar bed; and another was its air-washing plant, by which every cubic foot of atmosphere breathed by the guests was carefully laundered. Ten-thousand-dollar beds are still rather scarce, but air-washing has since become so common that to-day many men who carry dinner pails and many girl clerks at ten dollars a week work in a factory or store where the atmosphere is as clean as it was in the most wonderful metropolitan hotel of a decade ago. Indeed, the factory and store of to-morrow will have nothing but washed air, warmed in winter and cooled in summer, with the humidity carefully adjusted for comfort and health. The windows in such buildings will be unopened, because the engineer regards an open window not only as a source of contamination but as a leak in his system corresponding to a broken pipe in a water supply.

"Air was cleaned at first by passing it through a cheese-cloth screen; but now the common practice is to wash it with water sprays that take out as much as ninety-eight per cent. of dirt and dust, after which it is distributed through the building."

Dustlessness, we are assured, pays. The installation of a collector system to carry away leather dust and chips from certain machines has effected as much as twenty-five per cent. increase in production in that department of a shoe factory.

MERE noise in business as in politics is often confused with the attainment of results. Perhaps there may be some justification for this confusion in politics and in advertizing, tho it seems that the results of noises in these lines are likely to be short-lived. In the factory noise indicates friction and waste. Mr. Collins illustrates the effect of noise by the following incident:

"A big machine works had two groups of workers. Several dozen managers, draftsmen, accountants and stenographers were quartered in offices at one end of the plant and carefully shut off from the shops by sound-proof partitions, in the belief that they did valuable mental work and must have quiet to think. Several hundred machinists and toolmakers were all thrown together in a big general shop, where noise was allowed to combat noise.

Machines roared and chattered, belts screeched, gears groaned; and every few minutes a giant planer in the center of the hubbub reversed with a noise and vibration that shook the building.

"Somebody became interested in the fact that many of the mechanics were better paid than office help, and that they had to use as much brains in their work as draftsmen or accountants. A campaign against noise was started. The big planer went into a sound-proof room of its own, shafting was overhauled and silent gears introduced. In a little while it was found that men did better work, more of it, and were better-tempered through the day and less tired at night."

NOISE and vibration inside a factory often indicate something out of balance. When the trouble is corrected the machinery will run more softly, last longer, need fewer repairs, be capable of operation at higher speeds. We quote again from the same writer:

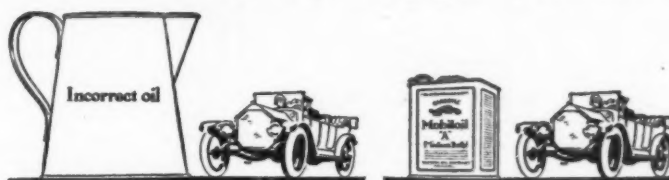
"Not long ago a new machine was installed in a shoe factory, and the operator complained that it did not do so much work as the device which had been discarded. Investigation showed that it really did twenty-five per cent. more work, but was quieter. The operator made the common mistake of associating noise with speed; but speed nowadays is apt to mean less noise, and that is what engineers mean when they say that the noise problem is largely one of better machine design.

"The automobile has been the greatest educator in silent-machine design; for in this popular convenience engineers first found a market demand for silent machinery together with the money to develop it. Early automobiles made as much noise as a threshing machine; but the car of to-day is a marvel in silence, and the methods employed on it to secure silent operation are being applied to other machinery.

"Not long ago an automobile salesman gave a striking demonstration of how quiet the modern car has become. One of his prospective customers attached vast importance to silence, and the salesman gave him a ride that involved crossing a river on a ferryboat, where motors must be stopped while the boat is in transit. It was understood that the automobile's engine would be left running while they were on the boat and that the sale would be off if the ferry crew discovered it. The ferrymen suspected nothing and the car was sold."

Stop Wasting Oil

Why some oils waste while others lubricate.
The economy of Gargoyle Mobiloils



HOW many miles do you get from each gallon of lubricating oil? You should know.

The function of a lubricating oil is to protect friction surfaces. *To protect, it must wear well.*

Why do some oils "wear out" so quickly?

Often their inferior *quality* will not withstand the heat of service.

Often the oil is too light or too heavy in *body* for the motor's mechanical conditions. Excess oil then gets by the piston rings. Reaching the combustion chamber, it burns.

When oil consumes rapidly, power-waste also occurs. The fuel charge escapes past the piston rings on the compression stroke. Gasoline consumption mounts up.

Make this test.

Begin now to count the miles of "wear" you get from a gallon of your present oil.

When you have used it up, clean out and fill the crank case to the proper level with the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your motor.

Again count the miles.

It is not uncommon for the first-time user of Gargoyle Mobiloils to worry because fresh oil is needed so seldom.

He frequently finds that a gallon of Gargoyle Mobiloils lasts twice as long as the oil he has been used to.

This superior "wear" of Gargoyle Mobiloils is clear proof of their ability to protect properly the moving parts.

It is far from being an accident. It results from correct *quality* and correct *body*.

With the correct oil, full compression results. And full compression is the only basis of full power.

The monthly cost-difference in gasoline and oil is often startling.

There is quite enough to learn about your car without experimenting with lubrication.

You will find below a Chart of Automobile Recommendations which for a number of years has been a standard guide to correct lubrication. Note down the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils recommended for your car. Insist that you get it.

If your car is not listed send for our complete Chart of Automobile Recommendations.

You will then have oil that wears long because it protects well—oil that suits *your* motor.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils, it is safest to purchase in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores and others who supply lubricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office. The city and state address will be sufficient.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

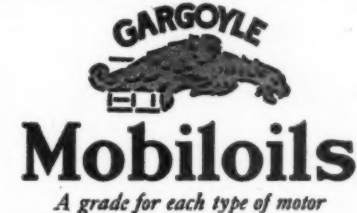
Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

DOMESTIC Detroit Philadelphia New York Chicago
BRANCHES: Pittsburgh Boston Indianapolis Minneapolis

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation:—In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc," means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Alco	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
American	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Astoria (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Avery	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model C)	A	A	A	A	A
Brick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Cadillac	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Carter	A	A	A	A	A
Case	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chandler	A	A	A	A	A
Chase (air)	B	B	B	B	B
" (water)	A	A	A	A	A
Cole	A	A	A	A	A
Delaney-Belleville	B	B	B	B	B
E. M. F.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Empire	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Fiat	A	A	A	A	A
Flanders	E	E	E	E	E
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Ford	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Franklin	B	Arc	A	Arc	A
" Com'l.	B	A	A	A	A
G. M. C. Truck	B	A	A	A	A
Havers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
" (Model 6-60)	A	A	A	A	A
Haynes	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile (Model 20)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Model 24)	A	A	A	A	A
L. H. C. (air)	B	A	A	A	A
" (water)	A	A	A	A	A
International	B	A	A	A	A
Isuzu	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A



MODEL OF	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer
Jackson (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Jeffery	"	Com'l.	"	Com'l.	"
Kelly	"	Com'l.	"	Com'l.	"
King	"	Com'l.	"	Com'l.	"
" Com'l.	"	Com'l.	"	Com'l.	"
Kiesel Kar.	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model 48)	A	A	A	A	A
Kline Kar.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Knox	B	A	A	A	A
Kry	A	A	A	A	A
Loeb	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lozier	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mack	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model 5)	A	A	A	A	A
Marion	A	A	A	A	A
Marmont	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E
" (6 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E

MODEL OF	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer
Marion	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Moline	A	A	A	A	A
Moline Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Moore (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
National	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	A	A	A	A
Packard	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Paisie Detroit	E	E	E	E	E
Pathfinder	"	Com'l.	"	Com'l.	"
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Com'l.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pope Hartford	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A
Rambler	A	A	A	A	A
Regal	A	A	A	A	A
Renault	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	A	A	A	A
Saxon	"	Com'l.	"	Com'l.	"
Sears	A	A	A	A	A
Selden	A	A	A	A	A
Simplex	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Speedwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Model 10)	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stoddard-Dayton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	E	E	E	E	E
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A
Veie (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Walter	A	A	A	A	A
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc



The ANGELUS Player-Piano
and
The Spirit of Christmas

The ANGELUS embodies the spirit of Christmas. It typifies the joys that Christmas symbolizes. Just as Christmas is the great home festival, so the ANGELUS is the great home instrument.

The ANGELUS brings to the home good cheer and the joy of living. It is the family treasure because it is equally playable by every member of the family. All have a common interest in it. It becomes a bond of unity through which all the household may wander into melody's golden realms.

With the ANGELUS Player-Piano you can play all the music of all the world.

The ANGELUS immediately gives you control of all the music making possibilities of the piano, without the need of knowing musical technique. No previous skill is needed. All that is required is a love of music and a desire to play it.

The wonderful Phrasing Lever, requiring but a slight pressure of the finger, will enable you to put in the tempo nuances; while the Melodant will bring out the melody clear and sparkling. They are patented devices found only on the ANGELUS, and distinguish its playing from that of all other player-pianos.

Knabe-Angelus—Grands & Uprights. Chickering-Angelus—Grands & Uprights
Emerson-Angelus—Grands and Uprights. Lindeman & Sons-Angelus—Uprights
Angelus Piano—An upright made expressly for the Angelus
In Canada—The Gourlay-Angelus and Angelus Piano
Any of these instruments can be played by hand in the usual manner

The WILCOX & WHITE CO.
Meriden, Conn.
233 Regent Street, London
Telegraph our expense for address of nearest representative
Estab. 1877 Agencies all over the world

Current Opinion Scholarship Fund

FOR COLLEGE AND HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS

In this Land of Opportunity no boy or girl need forego the advantages of a college education because of lack of funds.

During the past six years the Current Opinion Scholarship Fund has enabled over 1,000 ambitious, energetic, high-school and college students to meet their college expenses.

What others have accomplished YOU can accomplish.

Write TODAY for "The Open Door to a College Education."

CURRENT OPINION SCHOLARSHIP FUND

134-140 W. 29th Street

NEW YORK CITY

THE EFFICIENCY EXPERT IN VERSE

MUCH discussion of the methods of the efficiency expert has been given us in prose, but little or none heretofore in verse. The following lines from the *Chicago News* appear to come from one who has a knowledge of some of his characteristics:

The devil opened the furnace door
And heaved in a shovel of coal,
When out there popped on the scorching floor

A truculent, half-baked soul.
"Look here, good devil," it said, "I pray
You will pardon my seeming haste,
I am—you must listen to what I say—
Appalled at your awful waste!"

"Two-thirds of your heat goes up the flue,
Your coal is but half consumed;
If a modern plant should compete with you

This business were surely doomed.
Your times and motions I've studied well
As you hustle the sinners in,
And I find you have here but a third-rate hell,
For the way it is run is a sin!"

The devil grabbed up that critic then
With an angry shake and a flirt,
And said: "Go back to the world of men,
You efficiency expert!
If you stay down here you will get my job!"

(Here he uttered a dismal groan),
"But if you go" (here he gave a sob),
"You will fix up a hell of your own!"

THE RAPID INCREASE OF CHAIN STORES

THE present outcry against the high cost of living has brought the middleman under popular suspicion. Perhaps most prominent among the middlemen have been those who operate the rapidly increasing chains of grocery stores, which have taken so considerable a part in the distribution of our food products in recent years.

It is not competing retail dealers alone who look with disfavor upon the chain stores but many manufacturers and advertizing men also, who find the costly reputations of their brands injured by the chain stores' policy of price-cutting on advertized brands and the establishment of their own brands. The wholesaler and jobber see their very existence threatened through the wholesale purchasing power of the chain stores and cooperative buying associations, and the consumer, when not running after the bargains at the chain store, is much given to berating the growth of monopoly. Consequently it is hard to find a professed friend for the chain-store movement.

Whatever we may think of the pol-

icy of price-cutting and the driving out of business of the small independent dealer, it is certain that there are possibilities of marked economy in the handling of goods in large quantities, and that price concessions on the basis of quantity are certainly justified by lower cost of handling goods.

Is the Chain Store Developing a New Trust.

THE *Journal of Commerce* speaks of the problems presented by this new development and scrutinizes the case from both sides:

"The chain store is clearly a retailer. Chain-store managers also claim that they are wholesalers because their buyers can purchase quantities of goods equal to the quantities purchased by the wholesaler. Because they can handle jobbing quantities they claim the right to buy at jobbing prices and they unquestionably can show economics for the producer, of which, perhaps, they have a right to demand a part. Any producer would prefer to sell a thousand cases to one customer, in one transaction, in one shipment and with one collection, than the same amount to 100 customers in 100 transactions, shipments and collection accounts.

"But the wholesaler declares that these chains are clearly retailers and, therefore, his legitimate customers. . . . In other words, they deny that quantity purchase should dictate the price, but assert that classification as wholesaler and retailer should rest on the relative function each performs in the distributive chain, rather than on the amount purchased. They ask rating by service rather than rating by magnitude. . . .

"Whatever their purpose, it is very questionable if concentration of control in anything—least of all in food—is good for the public. Given a community with 1,000 independent grocery stores all competitive (preferably along ethical lines), would that community be better served if they could be displaced by 1,000 stores managed by 50, or 25, or 10 managements? And if so, why have more than one management? 'Food Trust,' you say? Well, yes, of course. That's where concentration into a few hands always drifts. If there is any virtue in the great chains of grocery stores, where is there any ground to find fault with the Standard Oil, or the 'Sugar Trust,' or the 'Meat Trust,' or any of the other fat gentlemen the funny papers are fond of depicting?"

Price Maintenance and the Independent Dealer.

THE Sherman Anti-Trust Law has aided the chain store to overthrow the small dealer by refusing to allow the manufacturer to maintain a resale price on his goods in the hands of the retailer. Whether or not it will be to the public's advantage in the long run to permit the maintenance of these resale prices is a debatable question, but it is certain at least that the ability to cut prices recklessly on a few leaders and make up for losses on

Quality
Is
Economy

UNIVERNISH
The One Varnish
For All Purposes

It is waterproof

Hot-waterproof

Salt-waterproof

Hot-dish-proof

Alkaliproof

Alcoholproof

Ammoniaproof

Dry-weatherproof

Cold-weatherproof

It does not thicken
in the can

It does not clog
the Painter's brush

It works easily

It flows out smooth

The Varnish **Murphy Varnish Company** NEWARK
That Lasts FRANKLIN MURPHY, President AND
Longest Associated with Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, CHICAGO
Montreal, Canada

SOUTH AMERICA

An enjoyable education for the traveler, an unlimited field for business men. Frequent sailings by 12,500 ton steamers to Barbados, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Ayres.

TOURS AROUND SOUTH AMERICA
Over the Andes by rail and through the Panama Canal.

BUSH & DANIELS, GEN. AGTS.
305 Prod. Exch., N.Y., or Local Agts.

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE

Delicious Pecan Nuts

Fresh, Wild Grown, Full Meated, Exquisite Flavor

Fine new crop of Wabash Valley Pecans now ready. Thin shelled—easily cracked—appetizing—healthful. We ship direct to consumers in ten, 15 and 20 lb. cartons at 25c. per pound, express prepaid east of Missouri River. Also Wild Hickory Nuts, Walnuts, and Shell Barks. Order Ten Pound Trial Carton Today, \$2.50.

Southern Indiana Pecan Co. 248 3rd Street, Mt. Vernon, Ind.

Read circular around bottle.



A BOTTLE of Listerine, a toothbrush, a glass of water (and dentifrice, if you so desire), are the requisites of a correct dental toilet. Brush the teeth regularly and rinse them with Listerine, the safe antiseptic. The Listerine permeates the entire mouth, reaches parts of the teeth that the brush cannot touch and so makes them clean and aseptic.

LISTERINE

Use it every day

Many uses of Listerine described in circular wrapped around the bottle.

All Druggists Sell Listerine Demand the Genuine

LANBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.


Sleep Out of Doors

If you have one or more windows in your bedroom, you can sleep in the open air. Our "Sanequo Window Tent" enables you to do this. Fits any window. Put in or taken out in two minutes. No fastenings. Window sash holds it. Price, \$15.00 complete ready for use. Write for particulars to—

SANITARIUM EQUIPMENT CO.
1111 Washington Street, Battle Creek, Michigan

THE FAMILY Shoe Stretcher
For Men and Women

Don't let Your Feet Suffer from tight or ill fitting shoes. Corns, bunions, callouses stop hurting and disappear if you remove the pressure which is the cause of all foot trouble. The improved Family Shoe Stretcher is a scientific device (look at the picture) which by simple adjustment distends the shoe wherever necessary—produces perfect fit, ease and comfort and makes your shoes wear longer. Endorsed by doctors and chiropodists. Write TO-DAY for free booklet, giving full information with list of best things for foot comfort. THE PEDICURE CO., Dept. 34, Buffalo, N.Y.



My Beauty Exercises



hood; firms the flesh, and never fails to lift drooping and sagging facial muscles, thereby obliterating resultant wrinkles. The too thin face and neck are rounded out and hollows filled in. No one too old or too young to benefit.

My System makes double chins disappear quickly and it leaves the flesh firm, after the superfluous is worked away. My Beauty Exercises are supplemented by special work to make the figure more shapely and youthful; instructions to beautify the hair, eyebrows and eyelashes, hands, nails and feet.

No matter how tired, five minutes of my Facial Exercise will freshen complexion and give it a most exquisite coloring.

Write today for my New Booklet on Facial Beauty Culture. Body Culture and New Beauty Suggestions—FREE

KATHRYN MURRAY

Dept. 2812, 209 State Street Chicago
The First Woman to Teach Scientific Facial Exercise

these leaders with higher profits on other lines of goods has been the most prominent feature of the merchandising policy of the large dealer which has tended to drive out of business the small independent dealer. On this point the *Journal of Commerce* says:

"The Sherman law was passed to prevent monopoly. It aimed to expand competition and permit the small merchant a living chance to hold his head above water in the same ocean with his moneyed competitor. Its fruit was supposed to be equality of opportunity, equality of reward for equal service. It challenged the very essence of favoritism, which logically meant concentration. Has it accomplished it? Let's see.

"Some manufacturers have sought to have their goods distributed as widely as possible by providing and enforcing an equal profit for great and small alike. To that end they have asserted that if the bulk of retailers must buy of the jobber, then all shall and none will be permitted to buy direct. To that end they have set prices and sought to have them observed in reselling. They have clearly divided wholesalers from retailers, according to the part each plays in the chain of distribution. They have refused to sell retailers and in return have expected the jobbers to show a quality of partisan support measured by the rules of gratitude and reciprocity. And what is the result?

"The Sherman law has been applied to them to compel them to exercise the very forms of favoritism it should have prohibited. They have lost their markets. They have been sued by the Government and individuals for trying to protect their prices and have been indicted for 'conspiracy.' And ambitious legislators, trusting that the public does not appreciate anything but low prices, have curried favor by inventing bills against the 'food trust,' which really played into the hands of an inevitable trust now in the making."

A Question of Efficiency.

MR. A. N. MERRITT, Secretary of the Wholesale Grocers' Exchange of Chicago, is quoted in *Printers' Ink* as recognizing that the controversy is a struggle between two systems of distribution, in which the most efficient and economical will win out in the long run. He says:

"I am aware there are several retail chains in Chicago, but a great many more have tried it out and failed.

"There is little use talking against chain stores. If they can perform the function of distributing cheaper than it can be done through the regular jobbers and retailers they will continue to grow and thrive, regardless of all the talk that may be directed against them.

"There is no doubt they work relatively to the detriment of the small retailer. The only way to solve the problem, however, is to let the chain stores have their opportunity, and if they are not an eco-

24 Years Testing Cows in England

—eleven different breeds—shows that the Jerseys produce butter at the lowest cost. 2902 Jerseys, aged from 2 to 17 years, have borne the test in competition with the other breeds.

Jersey Cows



The Jersey is the most efficient cow because she combines richness with quantity of milk, quality of all dairy products, persistency in yield, economy of production. If you keep but one cow, let it be the gentle, easy keeping Jersey. We are always glad to supply trustworthy information.

The American Jersey Cattle Club
324 W. 23d Street, New York City

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW TO DEVELOP VITALITY, ENERGY, ENDURANCE, NERVE STRENGTH, MUSCULAR STRENGTH, PERFECT PHYSIQUE?

My FREE BOOKS, "The Ways of Exercise," and "The First and Last Laws of Physical Culture," tell you, if you are weak or underdeveloped, how to grow strong; if strong, how to grow stronger. They explain how to develop the lungs and muscles, the strong and vigorous digestion—in short, how to improve health and strength internally as well as externally. Send TO-DAY—NOW—for these FREE BOOKS. Enclose 4c. in stamps to cover postage.

PROF. H. W. TITUS
56-58 Cooper Sq. Dept. 361 New York City

P&O Peninsular & Oriental S. N. Co. Frequent Sailings, India, China, Philippines, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Winter Tours in India, Round World Tours. For full information apply Cunard Line, 21-24 State St., New York.

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS
Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Correspondence Course Not Required. Fast experience and literary ability unnecessary. DETAILS FREE. \$50 EACH
Atlas Publishing Co. 496 Cincinnati, O.

MSS. SUCCESSFULLY PLACED
Criticism, Revised, Typed. Send for leaflet L. References: Edwin Markham and others. Established 1890. UNITED LITERARY PRESS, 123 5th Ave., New York

Patents, Trade Marks, Copyrights
Difficult and rejected cases specially solicited. No misleading inducements made to secure business. Over 30 years' active practice. Experienced, personal conscientious service. Write for terms—Book free. Address, **E. G. SIGGERS**, Patent Lawyer, Suite 20, N. U. Building, Washington, D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED
for publication. Big money writing song poems. Past experience unnecessary. Our proposition positively unequalled. We accept available work for publication and secure copyright in your name. Our composing staff best of any company of its kind. Have paid hundreds of dollars to writers. Send us your song poems or melodies today or write for instructive booklet—it's free. **Marks-Goldschmidt Co.**, Dept. 14, Wash., D. C.

nomical means of distribution they will go out of business automatically."

Chain stores play a more prominent part in retail distribution in England than in the United States, and apparently do so without arousing as intense opposition as they do in the United States. Thomas Russell, writing in *Printers' Ink*, says:

"Chains of retail stores—called in Great Britain 'multiple' or 'company' shops—control the bulk of the working-class business in many trades here. With these 'company shops' to contend against, and a very widespread cooperative-store movement as well, the British retailer has a pretty bad time of it.

"Speaking generally, multiple-shop companies run better and smarter shops than single-shop retailers, taken as a class. There are, of course, exceptions both ways. The greater resources of the companies enable them to use more expensive shop-fittings and keep traveling window-dressers, who often do magnificent work. For the same reason they are able to buy more advantageously and therefore sell cheaper—to the advantage of the working-class public, from which their trade is mainly derived. They generally keep shop on good principles so far as their customers are concerned, and reach a far higher level of efficiency than the ordinary retailer of this country."

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING—A NATIONAL PASTIME

CONTINUAL reminders to do our Christmas shopping early come from all sides during October and November. Many of us make resolutions to do so, but the annual rush of buying in the last few days and hours before Christmas shows no sign of abatement. What, then, becomes of all those who resolve to do their Christmas shopping early? Apparently they are largely of two classes—first, those who, out of consideration for the employees of the stores, make the resolution, but, under the press of other things, do not carry it out; second, those who have time and enjoy the process of Christmas shopping and who consequently do it both early and late. *The Hardware Age* editorially reveals some of the tendencies of these Christmas shoppers and suggests methods of dealing with them which are likely to bring the storekeeper just as much business without the exhaustion of clerks and consequent friction with customers. It says:

"Of late years a number of stores have discontinued the practice of keeping open evenings, going so far as to close at the regular hour, not only on Saturday nights, but even during the two weeks immediately preceding Christmas Day.

"These concerns have decided that keeping open evenings was not good business. They have found that the crowding and



The Cost of a Telephone Call

DID you ever think how much it costs to give you the telephone right-of-way anywhere, at all times?

Your telephone instrument, which consists of 130 different parts, is only the entrance way to your share of the vast equipment necessary in making a call.

Your line is connected with the great Bell highways, reaching every state in the union—with its poles, copper wire, cross arms and insulators in the country; its underground conduits, manholes, cable vaults and cables in the cities.

You have the use of switchboards costing upwards of \$100,000,000. You enjoy the benefits of countless inventions which make possible universal telephone talk.

Your service is safeguarded by large forces of men building, testing and repairing lines. You command at all times the prompt attention of one or more operators.

How can such a costly service be provided at rates so low that all can afford it?

Only by its use upon a share-and-share-alike basis by millions of subscribers, and by the most careful economy in construction and operation. A plant so vast gives opportunity for ruinous extravagance; and judicious economy is as essential to its success as is the co-operative use of the facilities provided.

That the Bell System combines the maximum of usefulness and economy is proved by the fact that in no other land and under no other management has the telephone become such a servant of the masses.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy One System Universal Service



Every Call means a Pair of Wires from Subscriber to Subscriber—however many Calls may be made or however far apart Subscribers may be.



"The lens is the most important part of your glasses.

And yet few people know whether they are getting good lenses or bad. These were made by the American Optical Company, the oldest optical manufacturers in America and the largest in the world. If you always insist upon getting American Optical Company lenses you will be sure to have the best glasses obtainable."

Ask **your** oculist, optometrist or optician—he knows

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY
Southbridge Massachusetts



Largest Manufacturers of Spectacles, Eyeglasses and Lenses in the World.



Pictures sharp to the corners—not dull and hazy.

Type like this—not like *this*

Bausch and Lomb Balopticon

gives entertainment as novel, as interesting; as varied and as instructive as the talking machine gives in its field. The Home Balopticon projects pictures, post cards, solid objects, etc. Pictures in correct position from left to right, not reversed. Now fitted with special nitrogen-filled Mazda lamp, giving illumination superior to any similar instrument on the market. Absolutely safe and automatic and simple enough for child to operate. Lenses, mirrors and all mechanical parts of high quality—not a toy. Ideal equipment for clubs and small schoolroom as well as the home.

Costs but \$35—with aluminum coated wall-screen included. Other models for various requirements \$22 and up.

"Fun—and Better" is an interesting booktelling of many novel ways to entertain with the Home Balopticon. Sent free upon request.




Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.
509 St. Paul Street, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN OF IDEAS and inventive ability should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," Patent Buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice FREE. **RANDOLPH & CO.,** Patent Attorneys, Dept. 78, Washington, D. C.

CORRECT ENGRAVING and FINE STATIONERY
The making of Wedding and Social Invitations, Visiting Cards and Stamped Paper is our special work, done in our own shop. Samples and prices upon request. Write Desk C.
LYCETT, Society Stationer
817 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

A GIFT THAT IS SURE TO PLEASE
Fully guaranteed. Made right to write right. Lasts a lifetime.
The "VULCAN" INK PENCIL \$1



Highly polished rubber and safety lock cap. Absolutely non-leakable. Red or Black \$1.00 Long or Short
J. K. ULLRICH & CO., 27 Thames Street, New York

confusion was but a pastime for most people. The townspeople were making playthings of their stores. Spectators outnumbered buyers twenty to one.

"They also found their employees so worn out by continuous work that they could not properly attend to their duties during the day. As Christmas approached and buyers came to a sudden white heat in their desires to purchase they met a sales force with its selling edge gone—frayed and tattered by the strain."

Does the Open Store at Night Pay?

IT IS out of the question, the writer goes on to say, to expect hardware stores to close at regular hours every evening before Christmas. When the stores are trimmed with evergreens and tinsel many people like to buy by artificial light. Then, too, working people should be given an opportunity to do their Christmas shopping outside of regular working hours.

Last year, influenced by these considerations, hundreds of hardware stores kept open nights from the first to the twenty-fourth of December. *Hardware Age* has no hesitation in saying that this is not good business. Other hard-

ware stores kept open nights for two weeks before Christmas, and a careful analysis of the business they did shows that the first five of these nights failed to bring business. The first Saturday night was the first night when business was good. Every night of the last week recorded splendid sales. To quote again:

"Thousands of hardware dealers are going to analyze their night sales of last year. Most of them will find that these statements absolutely fit their cases.

"This year Christmas comes on Friday. Some dealers will keep open nights for two weeks and four days, some for one week and four days, and others for just four days. It is time to decide now.

"Those who keep their stores open evenings during the holiday period ought also to provide their clerks with a wholesome, adequate supper—at the firm's expense.

"This will insure more loyal service from the employees at a time when demands of the business call for every ounce of energy in their make-up.

"Holiday night-work will become a nightmare if it is not limited in time and bounded by every consideration that can be shown the employees."

PULLING A BUSINESS OUT OF THE RUTS

ALL businesses have a tendency to get into ruts and to resist the application of new methods because they may require a change in settled habits and involve some hard mental application. A man, when once he gets into a rut, generally has to lose one or more jobs before he pulls himself out; but with a business it is usually some man whose mental attributes refuse to become comatose who pulls the business out, in spite of the opposition of associates. Mr. Edward Mott Woolley discusses this phase of the life of business in *Printers' Ink* and cites many cases of a business badly in a rut and going to the wall that has been pulled out by the big constructive idea of some broad-gauge man. He says:

"Almost always there is more than one way to do a thing; but habit is strong and it is hard to get a new viewpoint on a sales campaign or manufacturing proposition. It is one of the foibles of mankind to think in circles.

"Many of the notable successes in business, however, have come from a revolution in mental attitude, or from some shift in the angle of vision. By breaking away from the every-day orbit of thought, men have often changed failure into brilliant achievement. Many great successes have been won through changing the product, or through specializing in some one item of product. Other successes have come from the remodeling of selling methods, or from changing the appeal. By doing things differently, thousands of business houses have come out

of disaster. Scores of others have been lifted out of mere local success to national importance."

A House that Nearly Got "in the Soup."

ONE significant point Mr. Woolley finds in all the instances of this kind, and that is this: that almost all these men have done original things. They have not imitated other men. Precedent and tradition have played little part with them:

"In Camden, New Jersey, for instance, a large canning-house was for several decades successful. It put out a miscellaneous line, largely preserves. But something went wrong and the output lost a good deal of its popularity. Slowly, then rapidly, the business went downhill, losing large sums of money. Liquidation was considered to head off bankruptcy. The cause of this situation was more or less complicated and need not be considered here. The main fact is enough: the business was in an unfortunate crisis.

"In the employ of that company was a young chemist, J. T. Dorrance. He was a man of unusual originality and resource, and he believed that a change in both product and selling method was necessary for the salvation of the business. He conceived the idea of a condensed brand of soups and bent all his energies toward this development. There were so-called liquid soups on the market, sold in large, expensive cans, but condensed soups, in ten-cent tins, were unknown.

"One of the owners and executives of the company was Arthur Dorrance, an

uncle of the young chemist, and he backed up the nephew; but other high executives, including the founder of the firm himself, met the new idea with strong opposition. It was against all the firm's tradition and habits. To go about things differently looked to them like wanton folly.

"But the soups took hold and, with new selling methods, quickly recouped the losses of the business. All the old products except one were abandoned. To-day we think of the great Campbell Company only as associated with success, with vast sales, with large advertising appropriations. Few people know that the company came near overlooking its one best bet. Except for a break in the old circle of ideas, except for an analysis of the market, except for the courage to conduct radical experiments—except for these things we never should have known Campbell's soups."

Making the Dollar-Watch Go.

THE Ingersoll watch furnishes Mr. Woolley with another case in point. It was first sold on the mail-order plan. The trouble with the plan was that the cost of doing business was prohibitive. Some different kind of selling plan seemed necessary. A jewelry store, of course, was the logical place in which to sell a watch. But not the Ingersoll watch. Jewelers were after more profit than they could make on a dollar watch.

"Here, then, was a place to break away from the circle of tradition. But how? As we look back to-day, it seems very easy and simple, but in those days the idea was bold and original—and impossible, some people said.

"Watches for sale in a hardware store! Watches in drug stores! Watches in general merchandise stores! grocery stores! bicycle stores! Watches at railway news-stands! It was absurd.

"But the Ingersolls had got out of routine thinking. The so-called impossible looked thoroly feasible. In fact, it looked like the logical way. To do it required additional thinking and much labor, and untiring persistence in their original sales campaigns and their advertising. But they did it."

AN ENDLESS CHAIN OF INVESTMENTS

A STORY is told by Franklin Fishler in *Moody's Magazine* of a sanguine and trusting investor who went to a banker and asked for an investment which would be absolutely safe, enhance considerably in value in the course of time and yield a considerable return on the investment during the process of enhancement. The banker told the investor that he would find such an investment in the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. But then he went on to tell of a plan that comes pretty near to fulfilling these impossible conditions. It was a plan pursued by a solid citizen, a neighbor



Surprise Her With This Practical Gift For the Home

When you've trimmed the tree and filled the stockings, and good old St. Nick is about due by the chimney route, why not play Santa Claus yourself to your tired wife? Get this wonderful little vacuum cleaner and roll it into the room. Your wife will be delighted, for no other gift can ease her home duties like a

Western Electric Vacuum Cleaner

Be sure she gets this new No. 11 Western Electric Cleaner—the cleaner NOT built like a broom. Guaranteed by the world's largest distributors of electrical supplies. Can be attached to any electric light socket. Dust bag rests on a light, rigid frame which makes handling easy and allows cleaner to be hung away on a closet hook. Price \$32.50, including extension nozzle for cleaning under furniture.

Write for details of this machine and the name of our nearest agent. Ask for Booklet No. 13-AB.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York	Atlanta	Manufacturers of the 8,000,000 "Bell" Telephones	Kansas City	Denver	San Francisco
Buffalo	Chicago	St. Louis	Oklahoma City	Omaha	Oakland
Philadelphia	Richmond	Indianapolis	Dallas	Salt Lake City	Seattle
Boston	Savannah	Minneapolis	Houston	Los Angeles	Portland
New Orleans	Cincinnati	Cleveland			

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

of CURRENT OPINION, published monthly at New York, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

EDITOR:
Edward J. Wheeler, 134 W. 29th st., New York, N. Y.
MANAGING EDITOR:
Edward J. Wheeler, 134 W. 29th st., New York, N. Y.
BUSINESS MANAGER:
Adam Dingwall, 134 W. 29th st., New York, N. Y.
PUBLISHER:
Current Literature Publishing Co., 134 W. 29th st., New York, N. Y.

OWNERS: (If a corporation give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)
Current Literature Publishing Co., 134 W. 29th st., New York, N. Y.
Leonard D. Abbott, 2038 B'thgate av., New York, N. Y.
Adam Dingwall, 134 West 29th st., New York, N. Y.
Anna C. Ewing, 1067 H st., N. W. Washington, D. C.
Thomas Ewing, 1067 H st., N. W. Washington, D. C.
Isaac H. Ford, 1412 N st., N. W. Washington, D. C.
E. W. Ordway, 1093 Dean st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
E. J. Wheeler, 134 West 29th st., New York, N. Y.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: none.

Adam Dingwall
Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of October, 1914.
Pauline K. Schlotter,
Notary Public Westchester County.
Certificate filed in New York County.
(My commission expires March 31, 1915.)

FREE CHRISTMAS DINNERS

Will You Help

**THE
SALVATION
ARMY
LASSIES**

Throughout the United States to supply

300,000

Poor People

with
**CHRISTMAS
DINNERS.**

Send Donations to
COMMANDER

MISS BOOTH

118 W. 14th Street, New York City

Western Dept., Commissioner Estill, 108 N. Dearborn St., Chicago





Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The ideal "Private Secretary"

Alone in your office, inspiration never escapes you. It may be a letter, a memorandum to your assistant, a confirmation of a telephone call, or, perhaps, a memorandum to yourself as a reminder, but the Dictaphone gets it all, instantly, silently and accurately.

Your train of thought, your flow of language is never chilled, never choked by the consciousness of the stenographer's presence. The Dictaphone never asks you to repeat, never suggests that you talk slower when you wax enthusiastic and dictate rapidly.

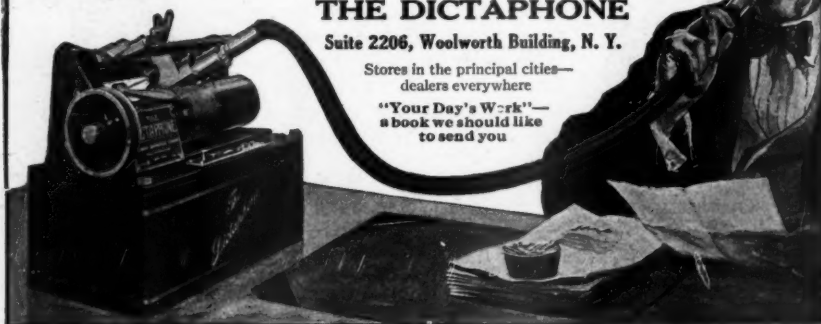
And your letters are transcribed quicker, better, more accurately and at less cost.

THE DICTAPHONE

Suite 2206, Woolworth Building, N. Y.

Stores in the principal cities—
dealers everywhere

"Your Day's Work"—
a book we should like
to send you



of the banker, who, twenty years ago, had saved a little money and wanted to invest it. He had about \$1,000, and with that he bought a good, safe railroad bond that brought him in 5 per cent. Next year he saved another \$1,000, and bought another bond—none of the same issue, but a bond equally as safe. Every year since he has made it a rule to save his \$1,000, and every year he has bought a bond. He managed never to miss a year.

"The income from his bonds he has invested each year in good, safe, dividend-paying preferred stock, something that would bring him in an average of between six and seven per cent. on the amount invested. For instance, the first year of his career as a bondholder he received something like \$50 in interest. He put that in the savings bank, where in the course of the next year it earned \$2. The second year he had, of course, two bonds, and the interest amounted to something like \$100. With that and a little more from his savings-bank account he bought his first share of preferred stock."

The Story of a Successful Investor.

HE HAS followed the same plan ever since. As soon as he gets the interest from his bonds into his hands he buys preferred stock—as many shares as his funds will pay for in full. He buys outright, never on margin. The story goes on:

"Now, all these years, of course, our friend has been receiving an income from his preferred stock. It wasn't much at first, naturally, for all he had to start with was one share, and that brought him in only about \$7 a year. But gradually, as he has increased his holdings of preferred stock, his income from that source has grown, and now it is considerable. All that his preferred stock has brought him in he has invested in dividend-paying common stock—the best he could find according to his judgment. Some of it is railroad stock, and some of it industrial; his bonds and preferred stock are both varied the same way. He doesn't hold much of any one issue. He has picked up one or two bad ones, but his losses have been small.

"His common stock brings him in a little more than 8 per cent. Investing in common stock, of course, is more or less of a speculation under almost any circumstances, but it wasn't enough of a speculation to satisfy the latent gambling fever in this man—the fever that he had smothered all these years. So when he began to get an income from common stock he cut loose. Every cent his common stock has brought in he has invested in purely speculative ventures, buying a few shares now and then as his funds would permit—that is, his funds for that purpose, the returns from his common stock. He has invested in mining stock—gold, silver, copper, coal, and lead. He has bought the stock of new power companies, irrigation shares, public service flotations—anything that seemed legitimate, sound, promising and not too heavily watered."

GAUMER

"Gaumer lighting everywhere follows the evening glow"



.010182

A Gift of Lasting Beauty.
GAUMER Hand Wrought Portables are noted for their distinctive style and their guaranteed finish.

Ask your dealer for our Guarantee Tag with every purchase. Portfolio on request. Address Dept. L.

Biddle-Gaumer Company
(Formerly John L. Gaumer Co.)

3846 to 3856 Lancaster Avenue, PHILADELPHIA

LIGHTING FIXTURES

Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires



For over three years European motorists have been getting from 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of their tires by "half-soling" them with Steel Studded Treads.

In eight months 20,000 American motorists have followed their example and are saving \$50. to \$200. a year in tire expense.

We Ship On Approval without a cent deposit, prepay the express and allow you to be the judge.

Durable Treads double the life of your tires and are sold under a signed guarantee for 9000 miles without puncture. Applied in your own garage in 30 minutes.

Special Discount offered to motorists in new territory on first shipment direct from factory. A postal will get full information and sample within a week. State size of tires. Don't wait—write today. Address nearest factory office.

THE COLORADO TIRE & LEATHER CO.

3845 E. West Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill. 1920 Acme St., Denver, Colo.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities.

RICHARD B. OWEN, 12 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.



Print Your Own

Cards, circulars, book, newspaper, etc. PRESS & Larger Ek. Rotary 800. Save money. Print for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, samples, etc. **THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.**

MAKE MONEY WRITING

STORY-WRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL
MSS. criticized, revised, and typed; also, sold on commission. Big story contest. Free booklet, "WRITING FOR PROFIT," tells how, gives proof. **The National Press Association, Dept. 41, Indianapolis, Ind.**

SONG POEMS WANTED

We will compose music to your verses and arrange for publication immediately. Write today. **Dugdale Co., Studio 296, Washington, D. C.**

HIGH-CLASS RESEARCH

for Speakers, Writers, Lecturers, Debators. Reliable data and material gathered for speeches, debates, essays, special articles. Up-to-date information on any subject and other literary assistance. **HERALD RESEARCH BUREAU, 1521 Broadway, N. Y.**



THE CHAIR-SIDE LAMP

"EMERALITE" DESK—TABLE LAMPS

The "Emeralite" Floor Lamp is the ideal eye-resting lamp for the library or den. Like all "Emeralite" Lamps, it has the scientifically adjustable shade—emerald green glass outside, opal inside—that concentrates a strong "daylight-white" light exactly where you want it. No hurtful glare, no annoying shadows. Just an even, soothing brightness.

Booklet Free—Shows in actual colors the thirty different styles of "Emeralite" Lamp, for office, library, parlor, sick-room, piano, etc.

Dealers Everywhere Can Supply You

H. G. McFADDIN & CO.

54 Warren Street, NEW YORK

BE KIND TO YOUR EYES

To-day, after twenty years, this man has from his first class of investments bonds worth \$20,000 or more; from his second, preferred stock worth easily \$12,500; and from his third, common stock that in a normal market he could sell for \$6,000. In addition he has his purely speculative investments—those that have turned out well—and they are worth perhaps, all told, \$20,000. Now he has started at the beginning again, with a new cycle; that is to say, all the money he gets from his fourth line of investments—mining stocks, etc., he puts into bonds.

SIGNS OF AN UPWARD TURN IN BUSINESS

INDICATIONS are abundant that war has done its worst so far as the business conditions of the United States are concerned, and that business is now entering a period of increased prosperity. The present improvement is principally in those lines of goods which are demanded by the warring nations as supplies. During the past two months the United States has made record-breaking shipments of wheat to England and France, and the United States manufacturers have received large orders not only for arms and munitions of war, but for clothing, boots and shoes, underwear, canned meat, other canned foods, motor trucks and horses. Activity in these lines is, of course, bound to be followed by improvement in other lines. For example, certain manufacturers of boots and shoes are considering large increases in their plants and machinery to take advantage of this tremendous demand for army shoes. Such increases in equipment indicate orders for the iron and steel and machinery industries. The steel industry suffers more severely than others when times are hard and no extensive improvements to plants are being made. Steel, it is said, is either "prince or pauper." Lately it has been decidedly "pauper." Its plants have been operating at only about 40 per cent. of capacity and prices have been cut drastically. The revival of activity in other lines will bring about a resumption of activity in the steel business, but this is of the future, not the present.

Wheat and Cotton—
A Contrast.

THE wheat-grower is having the unusual experience of selling the largest crop he ever had, at a high price, and his influence on retail trade is soon to become important. The movement of the wheat crop will increase the earnings of many railroads, which will in turn put these roads in the market for iron and steel. The re-opening of the Liverpool Cotton Exchange, with a minimum price set for cotton at 8½ cents a pound, and the

Our Business Strategy has Outdone the War's

THIS is a story of business strategy—of foresightedness and preparation. It is the history of how one American manufacturing business has fostered a domestic source of supply. It is the story, in brief, of the bond paper business.

Bond paper is made of rags. It takes several thousand tons of rags to keep a single modern paper machine running a year. The collection and preparation of rags for bond paper is an industry of no mean importance. But this industry has always had its center in Europe. Hamburg and Antwerp have been two of the hubs around which the rag industry revolved.



WHILE peace reigned, rags could be brought over to America a little cheaper than they could be secured here. That's why most makers of bond papers bought their rags abroad. They preferred to save a little money rather than to support an American industry.

But as far back as ten years ago we perceived the necessity of encouraging the packing of high grade American rag cuttings. Since then every pound of Construction Bond has been made of American rags—clean factory clippings—the by-products of American industries. Such rags cost us a little more, but the packings were more uniform than foreign rags, and we preferred them to rags gathered amid the squalor of Europe.



WHEN the war broke, the importation of rags was curtailed. Makers of bond papers turned to domestic sources of material and flattered themselves that they were supporting American industry. But now who gets the first choice of the American paper material market? Not those who have been driven to buying American material. No, indeed.

That's why Construction Bond now maintains its quality—because there has been no change in material. We know that if we had to change our making formula to conform to a different kind of rags, we could not guarantee the uniformity of our grades. But our strategy outdoes the war's. We don't have to change.

CONSTRUCTION

Made
in White
and
8 Colors



With
Envelopes
to
Match

BOND

ON your next order of letterheads specify Construction Bond. Construction Bond is sold direct to the most capable and responsible printers and lithographers only in case lots. Small wonder that Construction Bond offers better value than papers marketed in small lots in the usual manner through jobbers.

Use Construction Bond for your letterheads. Write us today and we'll tell you where you can secure Construction Bond in your locality. We'll also send you our handsome portfolio of specimen letterheads which may offer valuable suggestions for the improvement of your own stationery. Write us today on your letterhead, please.

W. E. WROE & CO.

Sales Office: 1006 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago



HOW MANY OF YOUR INVESTMENTS GONE WRONG IN 31 YEARS?

Not one of our customers has lost a penny on our 6% Farm Mortgages since we started in business 31 years ago.

"We're Right Here on the Ground" and know values and borrowers in this great fertile Northwest territory. Investigate. Write for Booklet "K" and List of Offerings.

E. J. LANDER & CO.
Grand Forks, N. D.

Established 1883
Capital and Surplus, \$100,000



6% WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY AND UNSHRINKABLE VALUE

\$100, \$500, \$1,000 DENOMINATIONS
Bonds mature in 1 to 5 years. Secured by high-grade Chicago apartments and land, having income 3 to 4 times total interest. Security 2 for 1. Debt reduced semi-annually by serial prepayments.
Chicago Title & Trust Co. acts as trustee, guarantees title and first lien, and certifies each bond. Interest promptly paid twice a year. Our book of valuable information sent free on request. Ask for No. B43.

W. N. MACQUEEN & CO.

Mortgages & Bond Bankers
10 So. La Salle St., Chicago



PROTECT YOUR HEAD

with hair just like your own. Nature demands this covering—want of it causes colds, neuralgia, catarrh, etc. Why look or feel older when the world demands younger men?

Let us make you one of our Special Undetectable Wig or Toupees (Top Piece) on approval. If it doesn't match and fit perfectly—if it isn't satisfactory in every way—we will promptly refund your money. Prices \$15 to \$35. Send for Illustrated Wig Book and Measurement Blank PARIS FASHION CO., Dept. 6312, 209 S. State St., Chicago, Ill. Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World

If a census of business men in the large cities

could be taken to discover their average physical condition, results would show that the great majority of them suffer from sluggish kidneys, nerves unstrung, dyspepsia, bladder disorders, uric acid, rheumatism or one or more of the many ills that are caused by lack of proper exercise and diet.

The remedy—be careful of what you eat, exercise more and keep the body flushed out by copious drinking of

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

It tones up the kidneys and purifies the blood by cleansing the system of the poisonous products of faulty metabolism. As a result, gout, rheumatism, gravel, renal calculi, albuminuria and Bright's Disease are relieved. Leading physicians have endorsed and prescribed Buffalo Lithia Springs Water for over forty years.

HUNTER McGUIRE, M.D., L.L.D., late President American Medical Association, said: "I know from constant use of it personally and in practice that the results obtained from its use are far beyond those which would be warranted by the analysis given. I am of the opinion that it either contains some wonderful remedial agent as yet undiscovered by medical science, or its elements are so delicately combined in Nature's laboratory that they defy the utmost skill of the chemist to solve the secret of their power."

Buy a case of Buffalo Lithia Springs Water from your druggist. 6 to 8 glasses a day will do much toward bringing back your good health again.

Write for our booklet,
"Springs of Health"

Buffalo Lithia Springs Water Company
Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia



\$5.00
by mail,

**Made of
thick furred glossy
black dog skins**

Above are lined with lamb skins. Price with mohair fleece linings \$4.50. Any buyer not entirely satisfied may return them before soiling and have his money. Our illustrated catalog gives measure directions and a whole lot of other information about custom tanning of hides and skins with hair or fur on; coat, robe and rug making; taxidermy and head mounting; also prices of fur goods and big mounted game heads we sell.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y.

prohibition of new short sales indicate determination to bring about a resumption of the trade in American cotton and to restrict the opportunity of speculators to beat the price down. The American cotton-grower will shortly have the opportunity to move his crop, but at a low price, which will involve a loss to Southern farmers of \$450,000,000, the difference between the value of this year's crop at 6.3 cents a pound, the present farm price, and 13 cents, the price before the war. With the resumption of British buying, the price ought to increase. Probably the New York Cotton Exchange will soon follow the Liverpool example. The closing of this Exchange may at least show the Southern grower that the exchange performs a valuable service in the distribution of cotton and may do much to dispel the feeling that the exchange has been primarily a means of keeping the price down to the grower, and extracting an exorbitant profit.

Poor Business to Bankrupt Customers.

A BELIEF that it is desirable for a country to export goods and undesirable to import them crops up continually. "The Onlooker," writing in the N. Y. *Annalist*, assails this belief held by those who advocate an extensive campaign for the sale of goods "Made in America" and at the same time advocate a high protective tariff to prevent the importation of goods. He says:

"If we are going to trade with the world, then we must buy from the world; and we must be prepared, indeed, to buy as much as we sell. The only way in which you can sell people more than you buy from them is to lend them the capital to buy with, and this is not a lending country yet. . . . Indeed, this thing called international trade is so wonderfully and delicately ramified that you not only cannot stop buying from the world if you want to go on selling your own goods, but you cannot steal, appropriate, gain, or preempt another nation's trade without having to pay a high price for it in the end, because in so far as you impair another nation's power to sell you impair its power to buy, and that may easily react upon yourself. The English are just beginning to perceive that if they seize the whole of Germany's foreign trade, as at first they thought of trying to do, they would, on the other hand, so cripple Germany that they would lose Germany's custom for English goods."

The German toy trade was one thing the English were extremely hot for, thinking that the only price to pay would be the direct cost of winning the trade; but here is another price, to which attention is directed by a writer in *The New Statesman*:

"The war cry, 'Capture German trade,' implies a belief that British prosperity will be increased by the collapse of German in-

An Excellent 6% Investment for Your Present Funds

Thoroughly secured First Mortgage \$500 and \$1,000 bonds of established, growing company.

Security nearly 3 to 1.

Excellent earnings.

Capable management.

Strong ownership.

Valuable water power and other rights.

Strategic location.

Send for Circular No. 843T before deciding on your Fall investments.

**Peabody,
Houghteling & Co.**

(ESTABLISHED 1865)

10 S. La Salle Street, CHICAGO

7%

Your Money Will Earn 7% & 8%

Invested in First Mortgages on Oklahoma City improved real estate. We have never had a loss. Interest paid promptly. Value of property three times amount of loan. Write for free booklet describing our business and list of loans. We have loans of \$150.00 to \$10,000.00.

AURELIUS-SWANSON CO.
27 State National Bank Building, Oklahoma City, Okla.

LEARN TO EARN

Learn ladies' and children's hairdressing, incl. marcel waving and shampooing, complexion improvement, face and scalp massage, manicure, etc. Home correspondence course. Easy, fascinating, refined; unusual opportunities. Suitable for women of all ages, married or single. All or parttime. Your own home, parlor, or visiting patrons. Send for FREE book. 100 pages, profusely illustrated. Address:

Elizabeth King, 32 B, Station F, New York City



This year, the—

CORONA
Folding Typewriter

—is going to be a favorite Christmas gift with many people.

There is now no reason for writing a letter, report, or anything else, in long hand—whether traveling, at home or elsewhere. Carrying a Corona is no trouble at all—it weighs only six pounds, and when folded occupies about the same amount of space as a large camera.

Thousands upon thousands use the Corona; so should you—and so should that someone dear to you who you are going to remember this Christmas. So, to be sure of pleasing, give him or her a Corona Portable Typewriter.

Send for Booklet No. 8

Corona Typewriter Co., Inc., Croton, N. Y.
New York Salesroom—141 West 42nd Street and Broadway

dustry. It is apparently forgotten altogether that by robbing Germany of her toy trade with Great Britain, amounting in 1912 to £1,147,400 worth of German imports, her £1,404,500 worth of toy trade with the United States, and her considerable trade with France, Russia, Argentina, Italy, Australia, and various other countries, we may also rob her of her capacity to purchase, for instance, British cotton goods. We may have much to gain by the collapse of German militarism, but we have nothing whatever to gain by the collapse of German industry, and one of the first things to be done after peace is restored will be to remind the public that we are a nation of admirable shopkeepers, and that there is no advantage for us in the bankruptcy of our customers."

JUDGE GARY ON BUSINESS WARS AND NATIONAL WARS

NOT only is the world—especially the business world—awaking to the foolishness of wars between nations but to the foolishness as well of employing the principles of warfare in business. Judge Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the U. S. Steel Corporation, believes that those principles are equally abominable in both cases. He spoke recently before the American Iron and Steel Institute, on the similarity of the results of the European War and competitive warfare in business. He said:

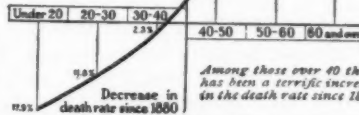
"The nation that wins will surely lose, altho this would seem at first blush a paradox. The enormous cost and the long-continued suffering on the part of the survivors will not be fully covered by any success or glory or indemnity. Before now every participant in the contest must realize that it would have been better to have settled, if possible, all the existing differences, real or imaginary, on a basis approved by some competent and impartial tribunal. The sums expended and to be expended by the different nations would have greatly extended their opportunities for success and happiness if wisely used for those purposes. Personally, I believe in a positive and binding agreement between all the nations for the final settlement by arbitration of all international disputes by a competent and impartial tribunal, and for the enforcement of decisions by the nations not personally involved in the question at issue. Such an agreement could be made, such a tribunal could be permanently established and such an enforcement made practical if the nations were so disposed. . . . I hope the time will come, even tho not in my time, when wars and rumors of wars will cease altogether."

"All that I have said applies forcibly to our business. We who are here to-day are engaged in competition; we are naturally selfish. We are often inconsiderate and indifferent. In representing the interests of those who place us in official position, we feel obligated to strive for success, and we go beyond reason or justice. As many of you have remarked

Why Men Die Too Young

My twelve years' experience in life insurance work plainly showed me the reason. Over half the deaths of those in the prime of life are from insidious diseases of liver and kidneys—diseases which develop dangerous—even fatal—stages before their presence is suspected. Men who think themselves in perfect health suddenly "give out." Without warning they find themselves "on the shelf" just when business demands their matured ability. Why should this be so? Can not a man by taking intelligent precautions discover these usually unsuspected diseases in time to head them off? To head off these diseases—that's the problem.

Among those under 40 the number of deaths per thousand has decreased remarkably since 1880.



Among those over 40 there has been a terrific increase in the death rate since 1880.

You can see the matter a little clearer when you know on what grounds life insurance companies base their rejections of applicants. All the examiners rely on analysis of the urine as the one sure proof of the applicant's bodily condition. Sounding the chest and listening to the heart reveal only what is on the surface, so to speak. To discover the hidden, unsuspected and yet the most surely fatal diseases nothing will satisfy them but a scientific urine analysis.

And what is the result? More than half the applicants over 40 years old show signs of the early stages of Bright's Disease or Diabetes—and are rejected by "standard" companies. If you are over forty the lesson is plain. You need to keep informed of your condition. If more than half the men of your age are not safe risks for insurance companies, you can't afford to risk an early death when knowledge and a little care will prevent it. Yes, the one hope of curing Bright's Disease and Diabetes lies in detecting them in the early stages. It was largely to make this possible that I founded the National Bureau of Analysis.

From Maine to California we have thousands of subscribers—mostly men of affairs who realize the importance of being informed of their balance of health as well as of their

balance in the bank. Year after year they have continued to subscribe the small annual fee—many stating that the longer they have received our service the more they appreciate its value. Writes one Chicago man:

"I wouldn't be without the assurance your service gives me if it cost ten times your small fee. Here's my check for another year."

A well-known importer wrote us:

"Last week we entertained a friend at dinner. Yesterday we attended his funeral. He died of Bright's Disease. When talking of the suddenness of his taking off I told my wife such a thing was impossible with us (from that cause) while under the watchful care of your Bureau."

A physician's brother kindly says:

"I went to my brother, a physician, with your first report, which showed the presence of albumin."

"He exclaimed, 'You great, strapping athlete, who would have thought it?' But he found it as you reported and now has me on a rigid diet. He was much interested in your automatic service, and says I owe the Bureau more than its small membership fee."

Keep Informed of Your Condition

And this wonderfully valuable service is so simple and automatic that it takes no time—no trouble on your part. Every three months we mail you a receptacle in plain wrapper marked "Personal." You simply fill the receptacle, replace it in mailing tube, tear off outer label, and the inner one is ready stamped and addressed to us. We do the rest. No trouble. Absolutely secret. In a few days you receive, certified report of your condition written so you can understand it. It will tell you when it is necessary to consult your physician, and will never send you to him unnecessarily. Your physician himself will recommend our service once he understands that we have no treatment to offer—nothing but a scientific report of your bodily condition.

Don't guess about your health. Keep informed of your bodily condition through scientific urinalysis. Long before the actual appearance of trouble, tendencies to disease are shown and explained which may easily be corrected by a little care. Don't take chances with your health. It doesn't pay.

Write to-day for book of Grateful Reports from many of America's prominent men, and we will also send you one of the copyrighted keys which accompanies each report and explains its significance. Write now.

FRANK G. SOULE, Founder

National Bureau of Analysis, 1901 Republic Bldg., Chicago

FOREST HOME SAUSAGE

Test its delicious goodness on your table now! Choice cuts of little milk-fed Virginia-grown pigs, prepared under an old Colonial recipe. Parchment wrapped in 1 lb. packages—at the farm. Shipped direct to you in 5, 10, 25 and 50 lb. boxes at 30c. lb. prepaid. Forest Home Farm, Dpt. A, Purcellville, Va. **30c**

NEW \$2.50 AUTOMATIC ADDER

Absolutely accurate, quickly and easily operated, durably made. All metal casing. Capacity \$999,999.99. New unique principle. Biggest value ever offered in an adder. Guaranteed accurate one year. Makes adding, subtracting or multiplying easy for anyone. Saves time, money, and eliminates errors. Sent prepaid for \$2.50. Order today. Good agents wanted. Address J. H. BASSETT & CO., 5921 Indiana Ave., Dept. 19-C, Chicago, Ill.

Weis Files Serve Me Splendidly For Letters, Orders, Catalogs, Etc.

Thousands of satisfied users attest the excellence of this demand-filling cabinet. Has all the constructional advantages embodied in higher priced files. Its 30 frame-joints are interlocked, glued and held by 60 screws. Dust proof yet easy of operation. Inexpensive yet serviceable. Fitted with follow blocks which hold contents on edge, classified for quickest reference. Handsomely finished Golden, Natural or Weathered.

Solid Oak—Capacity 20,000 Letter Size Papers. Roller Bearing Drawers \$13.25

Made also in 3 drawer height \$11.25, 2 drawer \$8.00. Also Cap, Invoice and other standard sizes and finishes at proportionate prices. Freight paid in Eastern and Central States



Weis Swinging Desk Stand

For typewriter, reference books, card index, etc. May be fastened to either side of any desk or table. Swings away when not in use. One twist of Locking Lever holds it firmly where wanted. Does not collapse nor vibrate. Oak top 14x18 in. on strong, Black enameled metal frame. Post paid on receipt of price.

Helpful Booklet "Filing Suggestions" solves filing problems. Sent with 96-page catalog "F" of modern office appliances and catalog "H"—2 lines Sectional Bookcases.

THE WEIS MANUFACTURING CO.
53 Union Street, Monroe, Mich.
New York Office, 75 John Street

Made in Canada by the Knechtel Furniture Company, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario



MONEY FOR YOUR EDUCATION

Read of the experience of two ambitious young people who have entered college on the money earned through the

CURRENT OPINION SCHOLARSHIP FUND

November 7th, 1914.

CURRENT OPINION SCHOLARSHIP FUND, New York City.



FRANCIS S. HARMON

Gentlemen:—The work with your company during the past summer was remunerative, pleasant and profitable and I consider it the best proposition of its kind that I ever heard of. During a working period of less than nine weeks my gross proceeds amounted to about three hundred and forty (\$340) dollars, and by working in my native city and state at very little expense, I am able to report a clear profit of over three hundred dollars (more than one hundred and fifty dollars per month) for my summer's work.

The work brought me in contact with the best people of every community and offered an unexcelled opportunity to study human nature from an entirely new viewpoint.

The courteous treatment and even cordiality with which I was received by those with whom I came in contact together with the royal treatment at your hands, made the work a pleasure. Too much cannot be said for the manner in which I was treated in my dealings with you, and knowing by actual experience that you will live up to your half of a bargain, I feel no hesitancy in saying that if a candidate fulfils his part of the contract as well, there is no reason why success should not crown his efforts.

I know of no better way in which a student can secure pecuniary means necessary for obtaining a college education than by enrolling as a candidate under the Current Opinion Scholarship Fund.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) FRANCIS S. HARMON,
University of Virginia.

October 17th, 1914.

CURRENT OPINION SCHOLARSHIP FUND,
134-140 West 29th St., New York City.

Gentlemen:—I am now looking back over the summer just past and can safely say that it has been the most enjoyable and profitable vacation I have ever spent. And the reason for it all is the Current Opinion Scholarship Fund. I not only enjoyed every day of my vacation, but found myself the proud possessor of \$310, the first money I have ever earned. I find that it alone almost covers my college expenses.

I have made many friends in several cities and can easily expect a hearty welcome when I revisit them next summer. And as a last remark I wish to say that there are no words of praise in the English language that are good enough for the editor and manager of this Fund. No person but Mr. Clayton could possibly take such a personal interest in each candidate. I am grateful to him and to the assistant manager for their advice which surely was a help to me in getting the Scholarship. I take a great deal of pleasure in speaking of the Scholarship Fund to my friends and I hope to be able to represent CURRENT OPINION again next summer.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) HELENE BASKIN,
University of Cincinnati.



HELENE BASKIN

SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE

THESE MEN ENDORSE THE FUND

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT,
Ex-President of the United States.

JOHN H. FINLEY, LL.D.,
Commissioner of Education, State of New York.

DAVID STARR JORDAN, LL.D.,
Chancellor, Leland Stanford Jr. Univ.

ELGIN R. L. GOULD, LL.D.,
Ex-Chamberlain of the City of New York.

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, LL.D.,
Ex-President of Lafayette College.

EDWARD J. WHEELER, Litt.D.,
Editor of CURRENT OPINION.

Current Opinion
Scholarship Fund,
134 W. 29th St.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free booklet "THE OPEN DOOR TO A COLLEGE EDUCATION," and full information about the operation of the Fund.

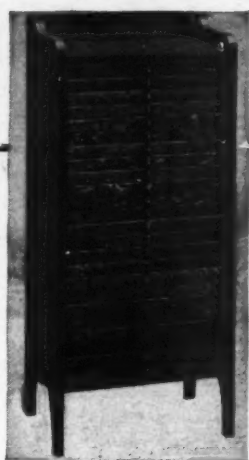
Name.....

Address.....

During the past six years the Current Opinion Scholarship Fund has helped over 1000 college and high-school students solve the problem of their college expenses. The fund is ready to help you solve your problem.

Send at once for free booklet, "The Open Door to a College Education." Use the handy Coupon.

CURRENT OPINION SCHOLARSHIP FUND
134-140 West 29th Street, New York City



The
Ideal
Christ-
mas
Gift
for
Music
Lovers

STYLE O, \$19

TINDALE Music Cabinet

There has never been a Cabinet like this for saving the time, bother and embarrassment of searching for misplaced music. Every selection at your finger's end when you want to use it.

Made for Sheet Music, Player-Piano Rolls and Talking-Machine Records. Cabinet illustrated is for sheet music. Mahogany and Oak, in graceful designs, beautifully finished. Prices from \$17.00 upward. Cash or convenient terms.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue No. 16
TINDALE CABINET COMPANY
No. 1 West 34th St., New York

FOR XMAS-A TYPEWRITER!

Look at these bargains! Typewriters Rebuilt in our own Factories, and guaranteed for one year.
Remington \$20 to \$25 Smiths \$18 to \$40
Underwoods \$25 to \$60 Royals \$25 to \$45
L. C. Smiths \$30 to \$50 Oliverts \$20 to \$35

We have all makes. Send for catalog and address of nearest branch office.

AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO., Inc., 345 Broadway, N.Y.



SPEND YOUR WINTER



Out of the Beaten Track!

January, February and March are the joyous, outdoor months in the gorgeous, blue-laved

Bahamas

Surf Bathing, Sailing, Fishing, Tennis, Golf, Court Golf, Polo, Pony Racing, Dancing, Cycling, Driving, English Rugby,

All Winter Long!

Accommodations to suit all tastes and purses. Steamer Service under American Flag. Three days from New York—seventeen hours from Miami, Florida.

Winter temperature averages 72 degrees. World's most equable climate—unequaled as a health resort.

Write **BAHAMAS GOVERNMENT AGENT**
Suite 39, 303 Fifth Ave., New York City, for Booklet

at previous meetings, it was customary in the days gone by to harbor the same feelings and to pursue the same line of conduct in the iron and steel trade that have been exhibited in the European conflict. Business men struggle for revenge, or conquest, or suppression, or other reasons just as bad. The graves of concerns destroyed were numerous. This has lately been testified to in open court by those who are familiar with the subject."

Cooperation Replacing Warfare in Business.

AS BEARING on these conditions, Judge Gary quoted from an address made by another member of the Institute at a former occasion: "The old basic principle," so ran the quotation, "was based on a distrust of one's competitors; on the feeling that, to succeed yourself, you must crush your rivals; and on the solid belief that they were mean enough to feel the same toward you. As a result, every man went out knifing for his competitors; and industrial panic ran like wildfire. The smaller concern went down to ruin, and the stronger, which worried through to harbor, required financial experts to heal or hide his wounds. No one benefited by this—all suffered, manufacturer and consumer alike." Judge Gary thus proceeded in the same view:

"To-day I congratulate you on your success in bringing about a new order of things in business. You have become well acquainted; you have confidence in each other; you believe what is told you; you recognize the interests of your neighbor; you are glad when he prospers and equally sorry when he fails of success. You have a better and clearer understanding of business obligations. You can faithfully represent your stockholders, or the owners of your properties, and indulge in the keenest competition without doing anything that is destructive and oppressive or unfair.

"And so I trust that in all our deliberations we bear these principles in mind. Commercial warfare, which means destruction and oppression, should be as distasteful as the battles which kill and maim the soldiers, for they are the same in pecuniary results. They are injurious to all of those who are engaged and they seriously distress those who may be dependent upon the concerns which are eliminated. Without taking more time to further discuss these questions, I suggest that it is to the benefit and interest of all of us to have each one of those engaged in competition proportionately successful with others; and that by all fair, honorable and proper means we should encourage these conditions.

"Communities succeed or fail together. Competitors in trade, producer and consumer, employer and employee, the private individual and the public—all secure the best results if they work together. The success of one on legitimate lines means the benefit of all, and the failure of one means loss to all."



Third Call for Christmas Dinner—

yet the only response is the merry click of the balls as mother banks the number "7"—right into the corner pocket.

"Bully shot!" cries Master Dick. Father groans—"That finishes me!" "And it also ends this hunger strike," adds mother.

A good laugh all around. Then they're off to the dining room, where everybody plays the whole game over at the feast!

This is the royal sport of *Carom or Pocket Billiards* that thousands of families are playing right at home! And now—this Christmas—give your own folks a scientific Brunswick Table. Only a small investment. Yet it keeps boys home, and pays big dividends in pleasure all your life!

"BABY GRAND" Carom or Pocket Billiard Table



Brunswick "Baby Grand" Pocket Billiard Style

Has the perfect playing qualities, the speed and accurate angles that have won the world's experts to Brunswick Tables. Built of genuine mahogany—a masterpiece of cabinet work—in sizes to fit all homes. Vermont slate bed, fast imported billiard cloth, and Monarch cushions known in all lands for their life and lightning action.

30 Days' Trial—A Year to Pay

With every Brunswick Table we give a high-class Playing Outfit free—balls, hand-tapered cues, rack, markers, table cover, tips, cue clamps, expert book "How to Play," etc.

Save all intermediate profits by buying direct from the makers. And spread your payments throughout the year—monthly terms as low as 20 cents a day!

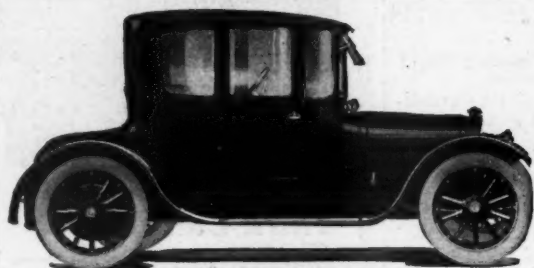
Valuable new billiard book sent free, postpaid, pictures these tables in actual colors and gives full details. Send coupon today—and learn the rousing sport thousands are planning for Christmas.

Mail For Billiard Book FREE

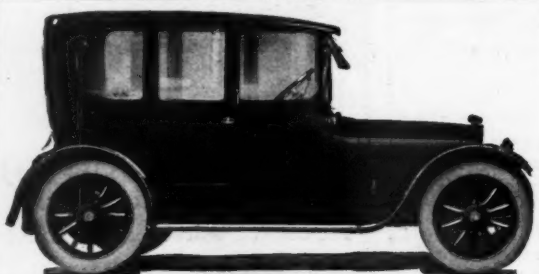
The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 7G—623-633 S. Wabash Av., Chicago
Please send me free color-illustrated book—
"Billiards—The Home Magnet"
and details of your 30-day free trial offer.

Name

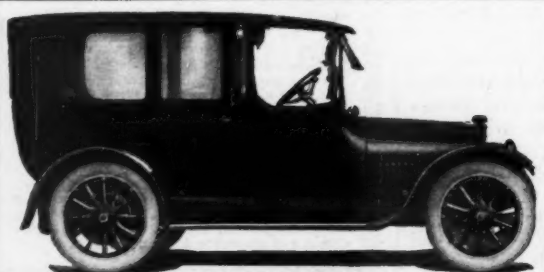
Address



LANDAULET COUPE
(Three Passenger)
\$2500 F. O. B. Detroit



SEDAN
(Five Passenger)
\$2800 F. O. B. Detroit



LIMOUSINE
(Seven Passenger)
\$3450 F. O. B. Detroit

CADILLAC ENCLOSED CARS

Here is provided the harmonious blending of the highest engineering achievement with the utmost in designing art and coach building skill.

The engineers have provided an eight-cylinder motor of superlative smoothness. The coach builders have provided a dignified and luxurious environment.

The liquid smoothness of these cars is supplemented by a sense of complete seclusion; the seclusion by a sense of rest and relaxation; the restfulness by a sense of unexampled ease and elegance.

Buoyant springs, deep soft upholstery, appointments in quiet good taste but still almost palatial—all of these soothing influences bring supreme comfort to mind and body, and leave you almost oblivious to the fact that you are borne along by mechanical means.

*Special Enclosed Car Booklet
on request.*

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

CURRENT OPINION

25 CENTS

EDITED BY EDWARD J. WHEELER

**CALLING THE MOSLEM TO ARMS
EXPANDS THE ARENA OF WAR**

Effects of Japan's Triumph in the East

Germany's Imperial Religion of Valor

Reversing the Lever in Our National Politics

Moslem Opinion of Christian Civilization

Woman's Uncomfortable Liberty

The British Peril in India

**GERMANY'S DESPERATE ATTEMPTS
TO BREAK THE ALLIES' LINE**

.....Name

.....Address

.....Occupation

University Society,
44-60 East 23rd St., N. Y.

Please send me, without charge, the book of Specimen Pages, set of pictures, and full details of the Standard Natural History.

C. O.
12-14

FREE

To any naturelover who mails the coupon above, we will send, without charge, our attractive Specimen Page Book, together with a set of eight (8) beautiful duogravure nature pictures, each suitable for framing.

The University Society
44-60 East 23rd St., New York

What Do You Know About Wild Things

Every Nature Lover will enjoy his outings more if he knows more about the things he sees. Many of us are town dwellers, and most of our knowledge must be acquired from books. The best book published on this subject is the

Standard Natural History

Five splendid volumes, 3000 illustrations,
200 well-known naturalist editors

Illustrated from real photographs. Thrilling stories of real adventure. Not a dull page in it.



Publishing Precedents Upset By the

Wonderful THIN-PAPER Booklovers Shakespeare

Sells for Less Than Ever Before

One slender volume, of exactly the same size and thickness, replaces every two of the original edition. The thin paper has every advantage of the old style paper but not the cumbersome weight and bulk. *Reading and wearing qualities are better than ever.* Best of all, this wonderful paper, expressly made for this edition, neither tears nor wrinkles easily.

Twenty sumptuous volumes, bound in soft, rich, red leather and gold stamped, make up this first Thin-Paper Edition. There are 7,000 pages, 40 magnificent full-page color plates and hundreds of rare old woodcuts.

Knowledge of the rare value of this thin-paper Booklovers Shakespeare makes us offer to send you the entire set, 20 volumes, charges prepaid, for

FREE Inspection

Your name and address on the coupon are all we ask until you see the set and decide for yourself. If you don't like the books we expect their return at our expense. If you do like the set, just send us One Dollar. The balance may be paid in easy monthly payments.

C. O.
12-14

UNIVERSITY
SOCIETY
New York.

Send, prepaid, for my examination, the Booklovers Shakespeare, twenty volumes, in full limp leather at your special price of \$29.50. If satisfactory, I shall pay you \$1.00 within five days and \$2.00 each month until balance is paid. Otherwise, I shall notify you and hold them subject to your order. Also send, prepaid, the \$8.00 Art Portfolio which I am to retain without cost if I keep the books.

Shakespeare's Every Word

is included in this famous Booklovers. Although *unexpurgated*, every hidden meaning and obscure word is explained. This makes the Booklovers as interesting to read as a novel.

For every purpose the Booklovers Edition is best. Notes, commentaries, glossaries, topical index, life, etc. (which are contained in no other edition), are the work of famous scholars and so clear that all enjoy them.

Sixteen-Picture Portfolio FREE

Presented absolutely free to early purchasers of this Limited Edition. This magnificent Art Portfolio consists of sixteen Shakespearean Gravure Plates, size 9½ x 12½ inches. They will beautify any home and would cost \$0.50 each in any art shop. With the Booklovers Shakespeare as a cornerstone and these wonderful pictures for decorations, you will have the foundation of a real library. Do not neglect the chance. You run no risk. You should know Shakespeare as only the Booklovers will acquaint you with him. Send the coupon today.

The University Society
44-60 East 23d St., New York

No Other Edition Contains

the following invaluable features. They make Shakespeare easy to read, to understand and to appreciate.

Topical Index

in which you can find instantly any desired passage in the plays and poems.

Critical Comments

on the plays and characters. They are selected from the writings of Coleridge, Hazlitt, Dowden, Furnivall, Goethe, and many other world-famed Shakespearean scholars.

Glossaries

A complete one in each volume explaining every difficult, doubtful or obsolete word.

Two Sets of Notes

One for the general reader and a supplementary set for students.

Arguments

These give a condensed story of each play in clear and interesting prose.

Study Methods

which furnish the equivalent of a college course of Shakespearean study.

Life of Shakespeare

by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical essays by Walter Bagehot, Leslie Stephen, Thomas Spencer Baynes, and Richard Grant White.

.....Name

.....Address

(If you wish cloth binding change \$29.50 to \$39.50)



Terra-cotta cylinder
Containing Cyrus'
own story of
the "Fall of Babylon"

The Writing on the Wall

It was at the famous feast of Belshazzar, King of Babylon, that the prophet Daniel read the awful dictum—"Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin." That night Cyrus and his army captured the city, but not until thousands of years later was unearthed the inscribed cylinder that told the real story of the "Fall of Babylon." This curious account, which is very different from the popular version, is but one of many thousand "original documents" contained in

The Library of Original Sources

now for the first time available to the general public. This remarkable Library has previously been sold by subscription, but by purchasing the *entire unsold edition* from the publishers, we secured it at an *absolutely unheard-of reduction*. Therefore we are able to offer a few sets to CURRENT OPINION readers at

AN EXTRAORDINARY BARGAIN

because we sell through the mails only. Note that the attached coupon specifies that **NO SALESMAN WILL CALL**—no agent's commission to pay. Send the attached coupon **AT ONCE** and we will mail **FREE** a book of rare documents and curious inscriptions and tell of our low price offer **ON EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS**. Mail the coupon now. You assume no obligation. No salesman will call. The book is **FREE**.

THIS MARVELOUS WORK is revolutionizing modern thought. It's turning upside down old notions and ideas. It gives the authoritative rock-bottom sources of our knowledge on **ALL SUBJECTS OF HUMAN INTEREST** from the earliest civilization down to today—the inside facts which the average person has never even heard of.

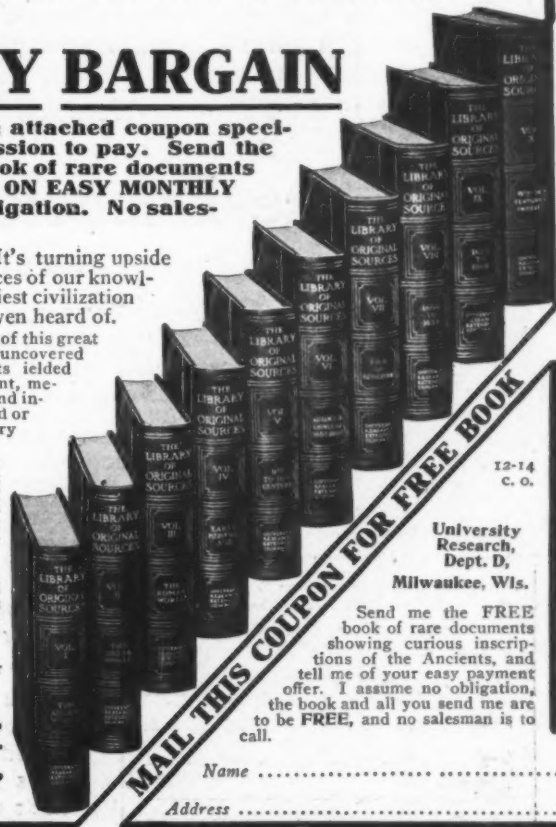
OVER 100 RESEARCH SPECIALISTS spent 10 years gathering the contents of this great work. Ancient and remote and forgotten civilizations in all parts of the globe were uncovered and age-buried hieroglyphics on monuments, tablets, sun-baked bricks and palimpsests yielded their secrets; untiring workers ransacked the hidden literature of every age, ancient, medieval and modern, to find the "original documents" that shaped the civilizations and influenced the thought and life of the world. Nothing like it has ever been attempted or thought of before. You'll be amazed at the wealth of information this unique library contains.

DO YOU KNOW that the old Egyptians 5000 B. C. had a Bible?—Do you know that the Assyrian literature gives the story of the Creation?—Do you know that books and newspapers were printed in Asia thousands of years before printing was invented by Gutenberg?—Did YOU ever read Columbus' personal log of his great voyage?—Do you know that there occurred in Mediaeval England the first great Socialistic protest?—Do you know by what unique process Harvey demonstrated the circulation of the blood?—Do you know who Macchiavelli was, or what world-famous treatise he wrote?

YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL—and thousands of others equally as curious and important—in the Library of Original Sources. Every document is in the exact words of the original, translated; every contribution is from the actual eyewitness or person who took part; every idea is in the words of the thinker, investigator, discoverer or inventor.

JACK LONDON SAYS:—"It is a whole library in itself. I certainly never could spare these books from my shelves."

10 sumptuous, massive volumes, bound in rich, deep, red leather; full-page illustrations, pure silk headbands, printed in large, clear type on handmade paper, gold tops—a triumph of the book-maker's art.



12-14
C. O.

University
Research,
Dept. D,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Send me the **FREE** book of rare documents showing curious inscriptions of the Ancients, and tell me of your easy payment offer. I assume no obligation, the book and all you send me are to be **FREE**, and no salesman is to call.

Name

Address

You Want to Know the Merits of the Great War, of Course

What you get in the newspaper is only the story of *one day*, or of a few hours of one day, and imperfect at that.

You cannot understand this great war by reading a newspaper any more than you can appreciate a symphony or an opera by seeing in print a bar or a phrase from it.

To *understand the present* or to *forecast the future* you have to get to *know something about the past*.

You don't hire office help without learning something of the record of the man you're taking on. You judge how he'll work for you by how he has worked for others.

So, to know something about the *war now*, you must learn what led up to it; you must get some idea of the diplomatic and military history of Europe in the past two generations; you must know the political undercurrents and international cross-purposes and rivalries in which the war has found its mainsprings.

To give you this foundation to build on we will send you free upon request

"The Britannica Book of the War"

This is a 76-page book, with 20 portraits and sketches of prominent European figures in the present war and in the doings that this war grew out of—from Bismarck and von Moltke to Admiral von Tirpitz and Viscount Kitchener and Field Marshal French and General Joffre.

It tells you, also, about strategy and tactics; about submarines and heavy mortars; about the different rifles used by the various armies, their equipment and organization. In a few words it gives you an interesting, connected narrative of the military, racial and commercial rivalries in recent European history, and it describes the diplomats, the armies and navies that are the tools for making war.

This book of the war quotes from and sums up a small part of the material in that great work,

The Encyclopaedia Britannica (11th Edition)

This BOOK of the WAR contains some 150,000 words. In the BRITANNICA itself you will find the equivalent of five good-sized volumes of matter dealing with the nations that are at war, their leaders in war and peace, their armies and navies, their internal politics and their external policies. The book we send you for the asking gives you merely a glimpse of what there is in the Britannica on the war.

If you will test the Britannica itself or ask any of the 70,000 individuals who bought it and have tried it, you'll find that this great Encyclopaedia is an interesting and valuable means of *being sure on every other subject* you may want to know about, whether it is something that occurs to you now, or something that you are as uninterested in now as you were a few months ago in the balance of power or the neutrality of Belgium or modern siege artillery.

Every one of these subjects is treated in the new Britannica by a writer who knows the subject thoroughly and conveys his information simply, clearly and attractively.

You will enjoy reading articles in the Britannica in the same way you enjoy the conversation of the few big, successful, broad men and women of your acquaintance who are never tiresome but always instructive, easy to understand, stimulating—good to meet. That's exactly the kind of people who wrote the new Britannica.

Cut out the Coupon and mail it today

Encyclopaedia Britannica	C. O.—3
120 West 32d Street, New York	
Please send me, free of cost, "The Britannica Book of the War."	
Name _____	
Street _____	
City _____	
State _____	



Like
**Hearing the
Greatest Speeches
Ever Made**

Without Stirring from Your Chair

The brightest thoughts of the world's most famous orators—the wittiest sayings of the wittiest men of the Nineteenth Century—epoch-making speeches that moved not only audiences but Nations. They are all here just as they were delivered by these distinguished speakers, and gathered in such form as to instruct and entertain you where and when you will in the great work

Modern Eloquence

Consisting of ten Beautiful, Richly Bound Volumes, elaborately indexed, beautifully illustrated with over 80 photo-gravures on Japanese vellum; paper, presswork, and bindings of very highest quality. Having recently purchased the plates of this work, and with them a limited number of sets, we are able to offer you

A Wonderful Bargain

at an *insignificant price* that you can easily afford to pay. Send us the attached coupon by return mail and we will name this price and tell you how you can get the books on *easy monthly payments*. We will also send you

Henry W. Grady's Great Lecture— "The Race Problem"—FREE

Reprinted from the work itself. Champ Clark says—"The most famous after-dinner speech within the memory of any living man." Sending the coupon places you under no obligation to buy. If you are interested, tear it off and send it NOW. Don't wait. The offer is limited.

Are YOU ever asked to respond to a Toast, to write an Address or to make a Speech?

If so, you will find these volumes the greatest help imaginable, because they contain nearly every variety of good pattern for the various classes of oratory. And many an inexperienced banquet chairman, toastmaster or honored guest, casting helplessly about him for a good story or appropriate remarks, has found here just the inspiration needed.

This Great Work is Sole Occupant of a New Field

It has neither predecessor nor competitor. The most brilliant men of the world endorse it unqualifiedly. To read it is a liberal education—a treasure trove of information accessible in no other form. No intelligent man or woman can fail to be moved by the words gathered here—words which have brought men to tears or laughter, to pity or scorn, to indignation or repentance. Each address is a separate gem and from the standpoint of inspiration alone is priceless.

300 After-Dinner Speeches

by Joseph H. Choate, Benjamin Diannel, James G. Blaine, Wm. M. Evarts, John Hay, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir Henry Irving, Chauncey M. Depew, Henry Ward Beecher, Mark Twain, Henry W. Grady, Joseph Jefferson, Robt. G. Ingersoll, Seth Low, Albert J. Beveridge, Woodrow Wilson, etc.

150 Great Addresses

by Lyman Abbott, Charles Dudley Warner, William Cullen Bryant, Rufus Choate, Theodore Roosevelt, Arthur J. Balfour, Jonathan P. Dolliver, Edward Eggleston, William E. Gladstone, Charles Francis Adams, John L. Spalding, Joseph Chamberlain, Grover Cleveland, Fisher Ames, Lawrence Parrett, Henry Drummond, Hamilton Wright Mabie, William Jennings Bryan, etc.

60 Classics and Popular Lectures

by Charles A. Dana, Robt. J. Burdette, Russell H. Conwell, Canon Farrar, John B. Gough, Andrew Lang, Wendell Phillips, Josh Billings, John Tyndall, Geo. William Curtis, Artemus Ward, Paul Du Chaillu, John D. Gordon, Newell Dwight Hillis, John Morley, John Ruskin, Henry M. Stanley, Wu Ting Fang, etc.

2000 Short Stories and Anecdotes

by Mark Twain, Chauncey M. Depew, Horace Porter, Champ Clark, Joseph H. Choate, John M. Allen, etc.



C. O.
12-14

GEO. L.
SHUMAN
& CO.
Dept. 106
Ohio Building
Chicago

Please send me free
Grady lecture and full
description of Modern
Eloquence with special
prices and terms.

Name

Address

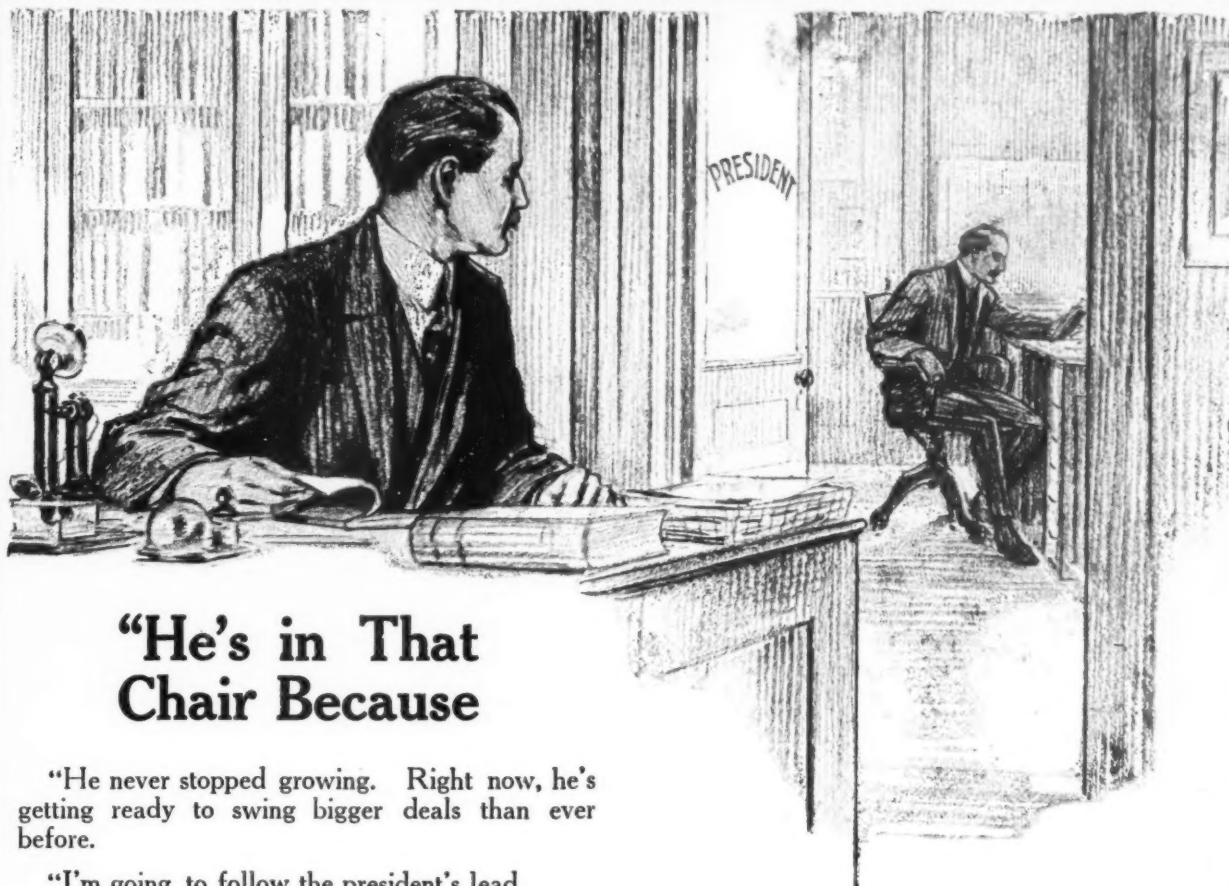


COPYRIGHT 1914 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

Before the days of Ivory Soap, it was a very serious matter to soil one's dainty frock.
But now —

"Ivory Soap and water, will not injure anything that water, alone, will not harm."

IVORY SOAP . . .  . . . 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



"He's in That Chair Because

"He never stopped growing. Right now, he's getting ready to swing bigger deals than ever before.

"I'm going to follow the president's lead.

"I'm going to prepare myself to swing big deals, too.

"I'm going to make myself a power in this business.

"I'm going to get hold of the knowledge and the training that other men are using to make themselves successful.

"I'm going to enroll, today, for the Modern Business Course and Service that the president is always talking about."

Here are a few of the presidents who are using and recommending the Modern Business Course and Service: H. C. Osborn, President, American Multigraph Sales Company; S. G. McMeen, President, Columbus Railway & Light Company; George D. Locke, President, Kansas City and Memphis Railway Company; C. R. Hardy, President, Rock Falls Manufacturing Company; Alfred I. du Pont, President, Du Pont Powder Company;

W. F. MacGlashan, President, The Beaver Board Companies; Melville W. Mix, President, Dodge Manufacturing Company; C. Edwin Michael, President, Virginia Bridge and Iron Company.

The Modern Business Course and Service is a short cut to the broad knowledge that makes a large part of the difference between the president and its subordinate.

It covers advertising, selling, financing, accounting, credits, banking, correspondence and commercial law.

It is big enough for the business leaders of America.

It is not too big for those who expect to be numbered among the leaders of tomorrow.

It is thorough, practical and interesting.

Your position and income two years from now depend on what you do now. You will get suggestions that will help you by sending now for "The Ability to Handle Men" and full information about the Modern Business Course and Service.

Simply request it on your business letterhead, or use the attached coupon.



Alexander Hamilton Institute

35 Astor Place, New York City

Without placing me under any sort of obligation send me your book, "The Ability to Handle Men," and full information regarding your Course and Service. (Write your name, address and business position below.)

Globe-Wernicke

Sectional Bookcases



HAPPY the family on Christmas morn that discovers a beautiful Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcase among the presents. Here's a gift that appeals alike to every member of the household. It will grow with their library, section by section, and will last as long as they live. Then—its unit construction permits them to arrange it as convenience or their room-space demands.

Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcases are made in many attractive styles and finishes to harmonize with all interior decorations. Built to endure—yet they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

"The World's Best Books"—This handsome brochure of lists compiled by eminent authorities will be sent Free on request with Catalog No. I.I. 121.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.

Mfrs. of Sectional Bookcases, Filing Equipment (Wood and Steel), Steel Safes, Stationers' Supplies.

Cincinnati

ON SALE BY 2,000 AGENTS.

FREIGHT PREPAID.



